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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

ALBUMS GET OUT OF HAND!

Ramones, Who, Devo, D. Straits in a plethora of plastic

PLUS!!
The Loneliness Of The Long Distance Commuter featuring

ELVIS COSTELLO

PLUS!!

The B-52s

The Raincoats

Fatal Microbes

DIRE STRAITS

Watch out Fleetwood Mac — here comes the new Wild Bunch!

Dire Straits' Mark Knopfler hits F-chord, Pennie Smith hist F-stop. Inset pix (from top) by Joe Stevens, Kevin Cummins and Pennie Smith.

CHARTS

Week ending June 9th, 1979

uk singles

This Week				Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(2)	**Dance Away**	Roxy Music (Polydor)	4	1
2	(1)	**Sunday Girl**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	3	1
3	(3)	**Reunited**	Peaches & Herb (Polydor)	6	3
4	(5)	**Boogie Wonderland**	Earth, Wind & Fire (CBS)	4	4
5	(4)	**Pop Muzik**	M (MCA)	8	1
6	(14)	**Theme From The Deerhunter**	Shadows (EMI)	4	6
7	(21)	**Ring My Bell**	Anita Ward (TK)	2	7
8	(9)	**Boys Keep Swingin'**	David Bowie (RCA)	5	8
9	(7)	**Bright Eyes**	Art Garfunkel (CBS)	11	1
10	(6)	**Does Your Mother Know**	Abba (Epic)	5	4
11	(16)	**Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now**	McFadden & Whitehead (Philadelphia)	3	11
12	(10)	**Shine A Little Love**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	3	10
13	(8)	**Parisienne Walkways**	Gary Moore (MCA)	6	8
14	(17)	**Hot Stuff**	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	3	14
15	(15)	**One Way Ticket**	Eruption (Atlantic/Hansa)	7	8
16	(11)	**Roxanne**	Police (A & M)	6	11
17	(20)	**The Number One Song In Heaven**	Sparks (Virgin)	3	17
18	(27)	**H.A.P.P.Y. Radio**	Edwin Starr (RCA)	2	18
19	(23)	**Masquerade**	Skids (Virgin)	2	19
20	(29)	**Are Friends Electric**	Tubeway Army (Beggars Banquet)	2	20
21	(26)	**Gertcha**	Chas & Dave (EMI)	2	21
22	(17)	**I Fought The Law**	Clash (CBS)	3	17
23	(—)	**We Are Family**	Sister Sledge (Atlantic)	1	23
24	(12)	**Knock On Wood**	Amii Stewart (Atlantic/Hansa)	7	5
25	(19)	**Jimmy Jimmy**	Undertones (Sire)	5	16
26	(13)	**Hooray Hooray It's A Holi Holiday**	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	6	3
27	(—)	**I Want You To Want Me**	Cheap Trick (Epic)	1	27
28	(—)	**The Lone Ranger**	Quantum Jump (Electric)	1	28
29	(—)	**Who Were You With In The Moonlight**	Dollar (Carrere)	1	29
30	(24)	**Banana Splits**	Dickies (A & M)	6	10

UP AND COMING: Up The Junction — Squeeze (A&M); **Prime Time** — Tubes (A&M); **Night Owl** — Gerry Rafferty (United Artists); **Living On The Front Line** — Eddy Grant (Ensign); **Pick Me Up I'll Dance** — Melba Moore (Epic); **Let's Lovedance Tonight** — Gary's Gang (CBS).

uk albums

This Week				Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	**Voulez Vous**	Abba (Epic)	5	1
2	(9)	**Do It Yourself**	Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	3	2
3	(5)	**Parallel Lines**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	10	2
4	(3)	**Fate For Breakfast**	Art Garfunkel (CBS)	7	3
5	(6)	**Manifesto**	Roxy Music (Polydor)	11	5
6	(2)	**The Very Best Of Leo Sayer**	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	10	1
7	(4)	**Breakfast In America**	Supertramp (A & M)	11	2
8	(11)	**At The Budokan**	Bob Dylan (CBS)	3	8
9	(7)	**Black Rose**	Thin Lizzy (Phonogram)	6	2
10	(—)	**Discovery**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	1	10
11	(10)	**The Billie Jo Spears Singles Album**	Billie Jo Spears (United Artists)	3	10
12	(8)	**Dire Straits**	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	14	4
13	(17)	**Outlandos D'Amour**	Police (A&M)	5	9
14	(13)	**Last The Whole Night Through**	James Last (Polydor)	7	10
15	(19)	**The Undertones**	The Undertones (Sire)	3	15
16	(16)	**C'est Chic**	Chic (Atlantic)	18	1
17	(18)	**A Monument To British Rock**	Various (Harvest)	2	17
18	(12)	**Spirits Having Flown**	Bee Gees (RSO)	18	1
19	(20)	**Country Life**	Various (EMI)	9	4
20	(23)	**We Are Family**	Sister Sledge (Atlantic)	4	18
21	(25)	**Go West**	Village People (Mercury)	4	21
22	(14)	**Out Of The Blue**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	71	3
23	(15)	**Barbra Streisand's Hits Vol 2**	(CBS)	13	1
24	(—)	**Lovedrive**	Scorpions (Harvest)	1	24
25	(29)	**Spectral Mornings**	Steve Hackett (Charisma)	2	25
26	(—)	**Knuckle Sandwich**	Various (EMI Int)	1	26
27	(—)	**Boogie Bus**	Various (Polystar)	2	27
28	(—)	**This Is It**	Various (CBS)	1	28
29	(26)	**Livin' Inside Your Love**	George Benson (Warner Bros)	6	21
30	(21)	**Manilow Magic**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	14	2

UP AND COMING: Bad Girls — Donna Summer (Casablanca); **Remote Control** — Tubes (A&M); **Night Owl** — Gerry Rafferty (U.A.); **Rhapsodies** — Rick Wakeman (A&M); **Reach For It** — Sky (Ariola); **That Summer!** — Various Artists (Arista).

us singles

This Week			
1	(1)	**Hot Stuff**	Donna Summer
2	(4)	**Love You Inside Out**	Bee Gees
3	(3)	**We Are Family**	Sister Sledge
4	(2)	**Reunited**	Peaches and Herb
5	(6)	**Just When I Needed You Most**	Randy Van Warmer
6	(8)	**The Logical Song**	Supertramp
7	(5)	**Heart Of Glass**	Blondie
8	(12)	**Chuck E's In Love**	Rickie Lee Jones
9	(15)	**You Take My Breath Away**	Rex Smith
10	(7)	**Shake Your Body (Down To The Ground)**	Jacksons
11	(13)	**She Believes In Me**	Kenny Rogers
12	(10)	**Disco Nights (Rick Freak)**	GQ
13	(16)	**Rock 'n' Roll Fantasy**	Bad Company
14	(14)	**Ain't Love A Bitch**	Rod Stewart
15	(22)	**Ring My Bell**	Anita Ward
16	(21)	**Boogie Wonderland**	Earth Wind & Fire with The Emotions
17	(20)	**Minute By Minute**	Doobie Brothers
18	(9)	**In The Navy**	Village People
19	(11)	**Goodnight Tonight**	Wings
20	(24)	**Making It**	David Naughton
21	(27)	**Shine A Little Love**	Electric Light Orchestra
22	(26)	**I Want You To Want Me**	Cheap Trick
23	(18)	**Renegade**	Styx
24	(25)	**Get Used To It**	Roger Voudouris
25	(—)	**Bad Girls**	Donna Summer
26	(17)	**Love Takes Time**	Orleans
27	(28)	**(If Loving You Is Wrong) I Don't Want To Be Right**	Barbara Mandrell
28	(—)	**When You're In Love With A Beautiful Woman**	Dr Hook
29	(—)	**Dance The Night Away**	Van Halen
30	(—)	**Gold**	John Stewart

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

us albums

This Last Week			
1	(2)	**Bad Girls**	Donna Summer
2	(1)	**Breakfast In America**	Supertramp
3	(5)	**We Are Family**	Sister Sledge
4	(4)	**Desolation Angels**	Bad Company
5	(8)	**Rickie Lee Jones**	
6	(3)	**2 Hot!**	Peaches and Herb
7	(6)	**Spirits Having Flown**	Bee Gees
8	(9)	**Cheap At The Budokan**	Cheap Trick
9	(7)	**Minute By Minute**	Doobie Brothers
10	(13)	**Flag**	James Taylor
11	(12)	**Sooner Or Later**	Rex Smith
12	(12)	**Van Halen II**	Van Halen
13	(11)	**Go West**	Village People
14	(16)	**At The Budokan**	Bob Dylan
15	(14)	**Parallel Lines**	Blondie
16	(20)	**The Gambler**	Kenny Rogers
17	(15)	**Disco Nights**	GQ
18	(19)	**52nd Street**	Billy Joel
19	(18)	**Destiny**	Jacksons
20	(23)	**Pieces Of Eight**	Styx
21	(—)	**State Of Shock**	Ted Nugent
22	(22)	**Evolution**	Journey
23	(30)	**Wave**	Patti Smith Group
24	(25)	**The Cars**	
25	(26)	**Running Like The Wind**	Marshall Tucker Band
26	(17)	**Dire Straits**	
27	(21)	**Blondes Have More Fun**	Rod Stewart
28	(27)	**Sheik Yerbouti**	Frank Zappa
29	(—)	**Hot Property**	Heatwave
30	(28)	**Enlightened Rogues**	Allman Brothers Band

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

years 5 ago

Week ending June 4, 1974

1	**Sugar Baby Love**	Rubettes (Polydor)
2	**This Town Ain't Big Enough For Both Of Us**	Sparks (Island)
3	**Hey Rock And Roll**	Showaddywaddy (Bell)
4	**There's A Ghost In My House**	R. Dean Taylor (Tamla Motown)
5	**The Night Chicago Died**	Paper Lace (Bus Stop)
6	**The Streak**	Ray Stevens (Westbound)
7	**Shang-A-Lang**	Bay City Rollers (Bell)
8	**Don't Stay Away Too Long**	Peters & Lee (Philips)
9	**Go**	Gigliola Cinquetti (CBS)
10	**The 'In' Crowd**	Bryan Ferry (Island)

10

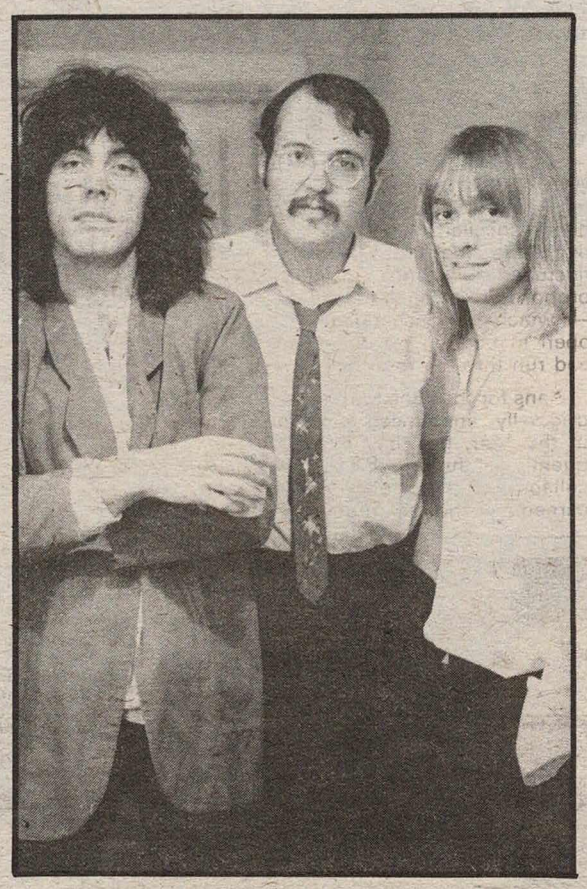
Week ending June 4, 1969

1	**Dizzy**	Tommy Roe (Stateside)
2	**Get Back**	Beatles (Apple)
3	**Man Of The World**	Fleetwood Mac (Immediate)
4	**My Way**	Frank Sinatra (Reprise)
5	**My Sentimental Friend**	Herman's Hermits (Columbia)
6	**The Boxer**	Simon and Garfunkel (CBS)
7	**Ragamuffin Man**	Manfred Mann (Fontana)
8	**Oh Happy Day**	Edwin Hawkins Singers (Buddah)
9	**Time Is Tight**	Booker T & The MGs (Stax)
10	**Love Me Tonight**	Tom Jones (Decca)

15

Week ending June 5, 1964

1	**You're My World**	Cilla Black (Parlophone)
2	**It's Over**	Roy Orbison (London)
3	**Juliet**	Four Pennies (Philips)
4	**No Particular Place to Go**	Chuck Berry (Pye Int.)
5	**Constantly**	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
6	**My Guy**	Mary Wells (Stateside)
7	**The Rise And Fall Of Flingel Bunt**	Shadows (Columbia)
8	**Here I Go Again**	Hollies (Parlophone)
9	**My Boy Lollipop**	Millie (Fontana)
10	**Someone**	Brian Poole & The Tremeloes (Decca)



God's in his heaven and everything's all RIGHT 'cos Cheap Trick have charted at last with a single they first issued about two years ago. Pondering (L-R): Tom Peterssen, Bun E. Carlos, Robin Zander, Pic: Pennie Smith.

disco

*** denotes import**

Ring My Bell	Anita Ward (TK)
Boogie Wonderland	Earth Wind and Fire with The Emotions (CBS)
Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now	McFadden and Whitehead (Philadelphia Int)
Hot Stuff	Donna Summer (Casablanca)
Livin' On The Front Line	Eddy Grant (Ensign)
Silly Games	Janet Kay (Scope)
Born To Be Alive	Patrick Hernandez (Gem)
Dr Jeckyll and Mr Funk	Jackie MacLean (RCA*)
Get It Up For Love	Tata Vega (Motown)
Ain't That Lovin' You	Dennis Brown (Laser)

reggae

Disco 12"

1.	**Love Talks Like Magic**	Junior Delgado (Greensleeves)
2.	**Plastic Smile**	Black Uhuru (D-roy)
3.	**Hard Time Pressure**	Sugar Minott (Sufferers Heights)
4.	**Ballistic Dreadlocks**	Yabby U (Yabby U)
5.	**What Sweet You So**	Bim Sherman (Yard Int.)
6.	**You're No Good**	Ken Boothe (Attack)
7.	**Reggae A The Best**	Woodrow Noble (Baby Mother)
8.	**Kingston 12 Tuffy**	The Morwells (Attack)
9.	**Babylon A Fall**	Yabby U (Grove)
10.	**Show A Little Love**	Patrick Andy (Yabby U)

Chart supplied by: Greensleeves Records, Uxbridge Road, London W12.

B-52s fly in

THE B-52s, America's latest sensation widely tipped for international stardom, have been lined up for their first British visit. They headline at London Strand Lyceum on Sunday, July 8 (tickets on sale now priced £3), and make two other provincial appearances at Liverpool Eric's (5) and Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (6).

The five-piece band, who hail from Georgia, are the latest cult rage in the States — though it's difficult to categorise them, with "pop dance band" possibly filling the bill most adequately. They're fronted by two girls — Kate Pierson (vocals, organ, guitar and keyboards) and Cynthia Leigh Wilson (vocals and bongos) — and the other three members are Keigh Stickland (drums), Cynthia's brother Ricky Wilson (guitar) and Frederick W. Schneider III (vocals and percussion).

They've just signed to Warner Brothers in America, and have been snapped up for this country by Island, who will release their debut album to coincide with their visit.

● *For more on the band, see page 7.*

Fitzgerald is on the move

THE FIRST dozen dates have now been confirmed for the major UK tour by Patrik Fitzgerald, plans for which were revealed last month. He'll be backed by his new band — Rab Fae Beith (drums), Charlie Francis (bass) and Colin Peacock (guitar, bass and keyboards) — and the gigs are:

AND HE DOES GLASTONBURY

FITZGERALD has also been added to the three-day Glastonbury Fayre event, along with The Leyon Buzzards, UK Subs and Matumbi. Among other confirmed acts, previously reported, are Steve Hillage, The Pop Group, The Only Ones, Barry Forde Band, John Martyn, Nik Turner's Sphynx, John Cooper Clarke, Carol Grimes, The Xdreamysts and Tim Blake. The festival runs from June 21 to 23.

Cure switch

THE CURE have switched the date of their major London show at the Lyceum in the Strand, originally planned for June 17, in order to accommodate a return appearance by The Police on that date — and instead, they now headline at the Lyceum on July 1. Other new dates set for the band are at Port Talbot Troubadour (June 28), Birmingham Barbarella's (July 5) and Manchester The Factory (6).

York Pop Club (June 13), Halifax Civic Theatre (14), Carlisle Market Hall (15), Leeds Fan Club (19), Liverpool Eric's (21), Nottingham Sandpiper (22), Derby Ajanta Cinema (23), Oxford College of Further Education (24), Birmingham Festival Suite (28), Manchester The Factory (29), Bridgend Drones (30) and Newport Stowaway (July 4).

A number of other dates, including at least one London appearance, are still being finalised and will be announced shortly. There will be two bands supporting Fitzgerald — The Teardrop Explodes play the full tour, while Pinpoint and The Wall alternate as the other act. Following the recent release of Fitzgerald's debut album 'Grubby Stories', Polydor issue his single 'Improve Myself' on June 15.

● GREG KIHN BAND fly in to headline at London Victoria The Venue on June 16, promoting their new album 'With The Naked Eye', released by Beserkley the previous day. One other UK date is being finalised for them.

Wonder, Wings sought for Loch Lomond No.2

STEVIE WONDER and WINGS are among acts being sought for a second Loch Lomond Festival, currently being planned for the late summer. Following the qualified success of the initial two-day event during Spring Bank Holiday weekend, the organisers have decided to go ahead with a follow-up — this time a one-day concert, to be staged on a Saturday in late August or early September.

It's expected again to be held in the Cameron Bear Park, though promoter John Caulfield is looking into the possibility of opening up an adjacent and somewhat larger site — but the chances are that it would not be ready in sufficient time.

Peak attendance at the recent festival was reached on the Sunday, when about 35,000 were present. The Saturday figure was lower, due to a combination of inclement weather and the conflicting England-Scotland soccer match. Even so, the organisers have every reason to be well satisfied with their first attempt, and there is every indication that Loch Lomond will become as regular a fixture in the festival calendar as Knebworth and Reading.

● Wings' spokesman in London was unable to give any indication as to whether they may accept the offer to appear. He commented: "Right now they're busy with video recordings to promote their new album and single. Live dates will undoubtedly follow later this year — possibly in the autumn, but quite conceivably it could be sooner than you think."

● Details of the support bill for the Knebworth concert on August 4, headlined by Led Zeppelin, are still not completely finalised. Hopefully they will be next week.

WHO: TWO MORE SHOWS AND WEMBLEY MYSTERY

PLANS FOR THE WHO to play a big open-air show at the giant Wembley Stadium in August — widely reported in the music Press last week, as well as in some nationals — took a new twist on Monday, when their management issued a statement saying that "at present there are no plans for them to play any outdoor concerts this summer".

This contradicts comments last Friday by their Press Officer, who said he was aware that Wembley was in the pipeline, but was unable to make an official announcement until the date was finalised. NME had forecast Saturday, August 18, as the likely date — based upon John Entwistle's tip-off, and the fact that most agents and bookers in the business were trying to avoid clashing with it — although elsewhere August Bank Holiday Monday (27) was suggested as an alternative.

The Who's spokesman had, in fact, intimated that the date was the only area of uncertainty. And at the weekend, NME heard that the band had settled on Saturday, August 25. There is, however, another rumour in circulation implying that they will instead opt to play a string of indoor concerts at Wembley Arena at about the same time — which might account for their sudden insistence that they're not doing an outdoor show.

One thing is certain — Wembley Stadium was mooted, and had reached the point where guest attractions and support bands were being negotiated. So The Who's statement offers a number of possibilities — either it's intended to put eager journalists off the track, or they've cried off because of the premature advance publicity, or they've genuinely opted out in favour of indoor gigs.

The mystery will doubtless be solved in a week or two. But at press-time, the general consensus of opinion was that Wembley in August — albeit in or out — is still firm favourite.

Meanwhile, The Who have decided to play another two last-minute concerts this weekend — in Glasgow and Edinburgh — in what's described as "their series of off - the - cuff gigs." As with their recent show at London Rainbow, a low-key announcement was made a few days ago, and tickets have already sold out for their appearances at Glasgow Apollo (tomorrow, Friday) and Edinburgh Odeon (Saturday).

Buzzcocks on HYDE PARK CONFIRMED

THE BUZZCOCKS have finally been given the green light to go ahead with their free open-air concert in London's Hyde Park on Saturday, August 18. As reported last week, the Department of the Environment — who had already granted permission for the event to take place — were wondering whether to countermand their decision. They had only just realised that The Buzzcocks are a new-wave act, and were not happy about the implications.

But after making a number of enquiries (NME was among those contacted), D of E executives were satisifed that the Cocks do not come into the "outrageous" category, and that the authorities can cope with the potential large audience. They have now told the Asgard Agency to proceed with the concert, on the understanding that no "out-and-out punk bands" are booked as support acts, and Asgard have agreed to this. The agency expect to be able to announce the rest of the bill in a week or two.

Groovies off UK TOUR IS CANCELLED

WOULD YOU believe The Flamin' Groovies' tour has now been cancelled? That is positively the final word on the fluctuating fortunes of the proposed UK visit by the band — which was scheduled to open in London on June 13 and run through to July 1.

Plans for the June tour were originally announced earlier in the year, but they subsequently fell through due to the collapse of the agency concerned. At the last moment, the Groovies' tour was then salvaged by ITB, who set up the itinerary announced last week.

Now it transpires that, at such short notice, the financial side of the tour couldn't be met — and so it's had to be called off. There are, at present, no plans for a re-arranged visit.

Left to right: EDWARDS, GALE, DUPREE, TEE, PARKER, GADD

GET STUFFED— at Hammersmith Odeon

STUFF, the band comprising six of New York's most renowned and in-demand session musicians, headline their first-ever major London concert at the Hammersmith Odeon on July 26 (tickets on sale now, priced £4, £3 and £2) — and promoter Paul Fenn of Asgard says there's a possibility of more UK dates being added.

The band's line-up is Eric Gale (guitar), Richard Tee (keyboards), Cornell Dupree (guitar), Gordon Edwards (bass), Steve Gadd and Chris Parker (drums and percussion). Between them, they've worked with virtually every big name from John Lennon to Aretha Franklin, and from James Brown to Paul Simon. Warner Brothers issue their single 'Love Of Mine' on July 13, to be followed by their album 'Stuff It'.

They fly into London from a gala in Montreux, and accompanying them — to be special guest in the Hammersmith concert — is Lee Ritenour and his five-piece band Friendship. Ritenour, who has been voted Studio Guitarist of the Year in the States, has his fourth album 'Feel The Night' out on Elektra this weekend.

● THE PRETENDERS are being lined up for a major headlining tour, with Interview as support act. Dates and venues will be announced in a week or two.

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Calvert quits Hawks

THE HAWKLORDS have lost vocalist Bob Calvert, who has left the band to pursue solo ventures, but ex-Hawkwind drummer Simon King has joined them. Rest of the line-up now is Dave Brock (guitar and vocals), Harvey Bainbridge (bass and vocals) and Steve Swindells (keyboards and vocals). They tour Europe in the summer, and plan a UK tour in the winter.

STATUS QUO have added yet another London date to their current UK tour — a third night at Hammersmith Odeon on June 27, their two previous gigs at the venue (25 and 26) having now sold out. Their full itenerary now stretches to a total of 34 dates.

STREETBAND are playing two final dates this week — at London Fulham Golden Lion tonight (Thursday) and Blackpool Norbreck Castle (Friday) — before starting work on their new album for release by Logo Records in early September. A single titled 'One Good Reason' is due in July.

THE FLOATERS, who registered in the charts last year with 'Float On', are in Britain for a tour of USAAF bases. But they're also playing public gigs at Slough Blues Entertainments Centre (tonight, Thursday), Norwich Cromwells (Friday) and Watford Bailey's (Sunday).

Names in the news

PHIL LYNOTT went down with food poisoning last week and, as a result, Thin Lizzy were forced to cancel the last three dates of their European tour. He and Gary Moore have now flown off to Nassau, where they will both be recording solo singles.

STEVE WRIGHT is the name of Radio Luxembourg's new resident disc-jockey, who joins the station this week. Aged 24, he comes to 208 from Reading's commercial radio station, Thames Valley.

JULIE COVINGTON will not now be joining The Albion Band for their UK tour, starting this week and reported a fortnight ago. She explains that, although invited, she never agreed to do the tour as she has arranged to go on holiday this month.

ROY HILL BAND have cancelled their UK tour, reported two weeks ago, which should have been in progress now. Reason given is that their big London date at The Venue (scheduled for tomorrow, Friday) was pulled out, and therefore the rest of the tour became impractical.

Otway London dates

JOHN OTWAY sets out shortly on his debut U.S. tour but, before leaving, he plays three nights at London Maunkberry's (Jermyn Street, W.1) on June 12, 13 and 14 — and for these gigs, he reverts to a duo format working with guitarist Ollie Halsall. And Duffo appears at the same venue for three nights in early July, exact dates to be finalised.

THE EAGLES, having dropped out of the running for Knebworth, are now expected to revert to their original plan — reported by NME on March 17 — to tour Britain and Europe in mid-autumn, coinciding with the release of their new double album.

NEW GOVERNMENT DECIDES:

Keith Richards is off the hook

THE CHANGE OF Government in Canada, following the recent General Election there, is the best thing that could have happened to Keith Richards! Because the attempts of Pierre Trudeau's outgoing ministers to have the Stone jailed are being dropped by the incoming Government — and this clears the way for the band to swing back into action.

The Stones' plans have been in a state of flux for well over a year. First, there was the worry about the outcome of Richards' trial in Toronto on drugs charges. Then, after he had received a relatively light sentence (probation plus an order to play two charity concerts), came the bombshell of the Justice Department's appeal against the sentence — in an attempt to have the probation revoked and a term of imprisonment substituted. The Justice Minister was confident the appeal would be upheld, and even spoke of extradition, should Richards fail to return to Canada to face the music.

But in last month's election, a new Government headed by Joe Clark was voted into power, and apparently they find the Richards affair something of an embarrassment. There is unlikely to be any official announcement on the subject, but it's understood that it is being quietly forgotten and swept under the carpet.

So at long last, The Rolling Stones are free of worries about their future and — theoretically, at any rate — they can pick up the threads and think seriously about those concerts they've been promising us. But of course, everything depends upon Mick Jagger, and when he decides to call the band together again.

LOFGREN LP, TOUR PLANS

NILS LOFGREN is being lined up for a British tour in the early autumn, A&M Records said this week. And to tide us over until he comes, they're releasing his new album 'Nils' on June 15, together with a single titled 'Shine Silently'.

RECORD NEWS

● New Southend band **Speedball** have signed with No-Pap Records, who this week release their first single 'Is Somebody There'/'There Are No Surviviors'. They also appear on Sonet Records' upcoming compilation set 'Southend Rock', due out shortly.

● With West Coast band **The Knack** currently on their debut UK tour, Capitol are putting out their album 'Get The Knack' as a white-label in a specially designed black-and-white sleeve. It wasn't possible to have the proper sleeve ready to coincide with the tour, so the company has decided to rush out the LP in this form at the reduced price of £2.99. Also out this week is the band's single 'My Sharona'.

● Irish band **Starjets,** currently touring with Stiff Little Fingers, have had the release of their first Epic album put back to the end of June. But their new single 'Ten Years' is out this weekend.

● Fresh from his tour with Alan Price, **Nick van Eede** has his second single 'All Or Nothing' issued by Barn Records this week. An album follows shortly.

● Due to both public and dealer demand, Trojan reissue 'Skinhead Moonstomp' by **Symarip** this week. Also on the single are two other tracks from the skinhead era. 'Guns Of Navarone' by **The Skatalites and** and 'El Pussycat' by **Roland Alphonso.** Price is £1.25.

● In a new long-term deal **Bill Haley** has re-signed with Sonet Records and has cut a new version of the classic 'Hail Hail Rock-'n'Roll'. It's out this weekend as a seven-inch in a picture sleeve or a 12-inch disco cut. Haley is just starting work on a new album.

● First album from **Fandango,** the new band headed by ex-Deep Purple bassist Nick Simper, is 'Slipstreaming'. It's issued by Gull Records this week, along with the LP 'Hot Chocolata' by **Julie Felix.**

● **Charlie Dore**'s long-awaited first single 'Fear Of Flying' is released by Island this week. It's taken from her debut album, due out in the autumn.

● Denny Laine's wife **Jo-Jo** has begun a solo career as a singer, and has cut her first single. It's a disco number called 'Hunk', a sort of tribute to 'The Incredible Hulk', and it's planned for release to coincide with the upcoming return of the TV series.

● A farewell single from **Menace** titled 'Last Year's Youth', recorded just before they split up, is released this weekend by Small Wonder.

● Aberdeen label Oily Records this week issue a single by Scottish band **The Tools.** The self-penned titles are 'Gotta Make Some Money Somehow' and 'TV Eyes'. Distribution is by Scotia of Edinburgh.

WRITZ LAUNCH BLITZ

WRITZ, the London-based rock band with the particularly bizarre stage act, have signed a major long-term recording deal with Electric Records. They have been recording for the past three weeks with Kevin Godley and Lol Creme, the first time the duo have taken on production work, apart from 10cc and their own Gizmo venture. The band's debut album is scheduled for September release, but meanwhile a single titled 'Night Nurse' is issued on June 22 in 12-inch picture disc form. They also begin an extensive tour this week

PUNS

NEW SINGLE BABYLON'S BURNING c/w SOCIETY

SPECIAL GUESTS OF THE DAMNED

ON TOUR

JUNE

8 WEST RUNTON Pavilion
10 HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion
11 SHEFFIELD Top Rank
12 EDINBURGH Tiffanies
13 BIRMINGHAM Digbeth Civic Hall
14 BLACKBURN King Georges Hall
15 STOKE (HANLEY) Victoria Hall
16 LEICESTER University (open to public)
17 BRISTOL Locarno

Virgin VS271

The line-up (left to right): JOHN McCOY (bass), BERNIE TORME (lead guitar), IAN GILLAN (vocals), MICK UNDERWOOD (drums), COLIN TOWNS (keyboards and flute).

BERNIE TORME JOINS GILLAN

GILLAN, the band fronted by ex-Deep Purple singer Ian Gillan, has undergone a major personnel upheaval. Into the line-up comes dashing guitarist Bernie Torme, who has disbanded his own outfit to join Gillan, where he replaces Steve Burd. The second new member is drummer Mick Underwood, who takes over from Pete Barnacle.

The new-look outfit will headline a series of summer club, college and concert dates, starting with a three-day stint at London Marquee Club (July 10-12), followed by Birmingham Barbarella's (13) and the Isle of Man Festival (15). Other dates are being finalised and will be announced shortly.

Due to the personnel changes, material already recorded for the band's new album has been scrapped, and sessions are under way with a view to an LP release in October. And UK release of their set 'Live At The Budokan', recorded during a Japanese tour, has been shelved because that edition of Gillan no longer exists.

SPLIT RUMOURS SQUASHED

Rods major tour in late summer

EDDIE & THE HOT RODS are currently routining new material and rehearsing a new stage show, in readiness for a UK tour starting in the late summer. They announced their tour plan this week to counteract widespread speculation of a split — rumours which have gained momentum following their departure from Island Records. In fact, they are now negotiating a new recording deal and confirmation is expected by the end of this month, with a single and album to be issued at the time of their tour.

Manager Robert Harding explained that the band have deliberately been keeping a low profile for the last couple of months, but insisted that no-one is leaving the line-up. He commented: "Paul Gray's association with The Members is purely temporary — he stepped in to help when their bassist was taken ill. And as for Plus Support, in which Barrie Masters and Steve Nicol are involved, it's strictly a one-off fun band with no long-term commitment."

REDBONE, GORDON PLAY THE VENUE

LEON REDBONE — one-time Dylan protege, and variously described as an ethno-musicologist and blues archivist — returns to London next month to headline at The Venue in Victoria on Wednesday, July 18. And the previous day, he appears in the previously-reported Capital Jazz Festival at Alexandra Palace. Redbone was last here in January, 1977, when he played a few dates with Leo Kottke.

ROBERT GORDON is also set for an appearance at The Venue — he plays there on Saturday, June 30, when noted guitarist Chris Spedding will be among backing musicians. Gordon is currently touring Europe with Ian Dury and, at present, this is his only UK date — but a spokesman said that one or two other gigs may be slotted in.

ROBERT GORDON

Zydeco hits Britain —AND SO DO BLUES LEGENDS

ROCKING DOPSIE and The Twisters, leading exponents of the Louisiana black cajun music known as Zydeco, pay their first visit to Britain next month to take part in two major events — the Capital Jazz Festival at Alexandra Palace (July 17) and the Cambridge Folk Festival (28-29).

And sandwiched between appearances in various outdoor events on the Continent, they are also playing a number of London club gigs — including Camden Dingwalls (15), Wimbledon Nelson's Club (18) and Kensington Nashville (27). Their latest album 'Hold On', produced by veteran blues expert Sam Charters, will be issued by Sonet next month.

THE BLUES LEGENDS package will tour Britain for four weeks through October, after an absence of three years. This year's line-up features two guitarists — Lefty Dizz (with whom the Stones gigged for several nights recently in Chicago) and Eddie Clearwater — plus Lester Davenport (harmonica, piano, guitar), Good Rocking Charles (harmonica), Little Smokey Smothers (bass) and Chico Chism (drums), and all six musicians also sing. They'll record an album in Chicago in July, for release by Big Bear Records to coincide with the tour.

HUMAN LEAGUE BACK WITH HEADLINE TOUR

THE HUMAN LEAGUE, just back from a European tour with Iggy Pop, have been lined up for a series of dates in their own right — at Liverpool Eric's (tomorrow, Friday), Nottingham Sandpiper (Saturday), Reading Caribbean Club (June 11), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (12), Bradford University (13), Edinburgh Astoria (14), Manchester The Factory (15), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (16) and London Marquee Club (20 and 21). The Scars support on the first four dates, Flowers at Edinburgh and Middlesbrough, Essential Logic at Manchester, and Spizz Energi at Bradford and the Marquee.

Lew Lewis sets up shop — as a pavement artist

LEW LEWIS REFORMER, who start touring this week as special guests of Rockpile (see Gig Guide), have come up with a novel way of promoting their new Stiff single 'Win Or Lose' out this week. They'll be performing free in front of selected shops in the towns visited on the tour — at lunchtime and in the early afternoon of the day of the gig. They'll set up their practice amp and play a 15-minute spot on the pavement outside the chosen shops, giving away harmonicas to fans, and strategically placing a cap on the ground to collect money for charity. In true Stiff tradition, the band's first album 'Save The Wail' won't be issued until after the tour!

MORE GIG AND TOUR NEWS ON PAGE 46

OF THE WEEK

NEW PISTOLS SINGLE AND PICTURE ALBUM

THE SEX PISTOLS' hit album 'Never Mind The Bollocks' is now available in picture disc form, featuring an early photo of the band on each side, and retailing at £6.99. And June 22 sees the release by Virgin of a new Pistols single, comprising three tracks which originally appeared on the first limited edition of 'The Great Rock 'N' Roll Swindle' — they are 'C'mon Everybody' (vocal by Sid Vicious), 'God Save The Queen Symphony' and 'Whatcha Gonna Do About It' (vocal by Johnny Rotten).

● 'The Boss' is the title of the new **Diana Ross** album, issued by Motown on July 13. The title track precedes it as a single on June 29.

● **Interview**, the band who supported Peter Gabriel in his Christmas shows at Hamersmith, have their new album 'Big Oceans' issued by Virgin on June 29. It's preceded on June 15 by a single titled 'You Didn't Have To Lie To Me'.

● **Manfred Mann's Earth Band** have their single 'Don't Kill It Carol' issued by Bronze this weekend, to coincide with the opening of their UK tour (see Gig Guide). It's also available as a picture disc.

● The first seven-inch picture disc to be released by an independent label, Christy Records, is out this week. It's "By Your Side' by rock band **Mainland**, produced by Martin Birch.

● On June 29, United Artists reissue the first six **999** singles. They include 'I'm Alive', originally released on the band's own Labritain label, but now re-packaged in a new picture sleeve. The other five — 'Nasty Nasty', 'Me And My Desire', 'Emergency', 'Feelin Alright With The Crew' and 'Homicide' — appear in their original sleeves.

● UK disco group **Liquid Gold** have their second single out on Creole this week. Titled 'Mr Groovy (It Feels So Fine)', it comes in three different forms — 12-inch, seven-inch and picture disc.

● Sylvester's back-up vocalists **The Two Tons O'Fun** (Martha Wash and Izora Rhodes), who will accompany him on his UK tour starting later this month, have signed to Fantasy Records. Their debut album is planned for the autumn.

● **John Potter's Clay**, the band launched by Wilko Johnson's former keyboards man, have just finished work on their four-track EP 'Speeding On'. It's due out shortly on the Nighthawk label.

● Manchester band **Joy Division** have their debut album 'Unknown Pleasures' released in mid-June by Factory Records.

● **The Ruts**, currently touring with The Damned, have their new single 'Babylon's Burning' issued by Virgin tomorrow (Friday) . . . and on the same day, the Front Line label releases a 12-inch disco mix of one of **Gregory Isaacs'** best-known songs 'Soon Forward'.

● Birmingham band **Fashion**. currently supporting John Cooper Clarke on tour, have their single 'Citinite' out this week .Their debut album 'Product Perfect' follows in early July. They're on their own Fashion Music label, marketed and distributed by Faulty Products.

● **Inner Circle**, who've been touring Europe with Ian Dury, have their single 'We Are Rockers' issued by Island on June 29. They've now returned to Jamaica, but a spokesman said they'll be back in Britain soon.

● **Reg Laws**, recently signed by Chrysalis Records, has his debut single 'Rebel' out this week. With his band Alibi, he plays London gigs at Camden Dingwalls (this Saturday), Covent Garden Rock Garden (June 14 and 15), Kensington Nashville (27) and West Hampstead Moonlight Club (30).

● **Motorhead**, currrently touring France, release their new single 'No Class' on Bronze on June 15. It will be available in three different coloured bags, each featuring a member of the band.

● **Bram Tchaikovsky** release their third single on Radar Records this week, titled 'I'm The One That's Leaving'.

LOOKING FOR A JOB?
See next week's issue

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WELCOME

Hot Pants, Cold Sweat And A Brand New Beehive Hair-do

PAUL RAMBALI boogaloos with The B-52s

"Y'*AHL* WANT gumbo?" Kate Pierson peers around the kitchen door, tea-cloth slung across a sunburnt shoulder. Her deep southern accent tells us ahl that her deep southern dish is ready.

Ricky is asleep on the sofa, Keith is reading, Fred is upstairs resting his back, Cindy is drying her hair and gazing at the ocean. The ocean is not responding. This is almost a tropical latitude, where dusk falls still and the evening air subdues the citizens. Nobody even stirs.

The bright, modish furnishings of the Delaporte Beach house where The B-52s have been staying for the past three weeks are conspicuously tidy. On the table are copies of *National Enquirer, OMNI,* and a book of Dylan Thomas' stories, offering between them: frontier technology, mystical annointment, and the real truth behind *Charlie's Angels.* Piled in the corner is some black snorkelling equipment, and some pink snorkelling equipment; a big gaudy beach ball is slowing deflating on the sideboard. The only casualty is the sofa, which has collapsed at one end, and the cnly luxury is Keith's portable compact tape system, still going strong.

Native African top 40 music beats out a tattoo in the night. Heady stuff. Kate and Cindy both agree that this is one of Keith's best tapes. The mode — black church music — is familiar but the drums and the patois are strange and hypnotic.

I let my bare feet rub the deep pile in appreciation.

One more time . . .

'Y'ahll want some gumbo?"

Here it is.

KATE WAS born at 9.30 on a Tuesday in Hackensack, New Jersey, and grew up in a house whose senior offspring dug the folk protest scene: Woody Guthrie, Pete Seeger. They gave her a Bob Dylan album for her 14th birthday.

On her 18th birthday she left New Jersey for the first time ever, to go to college, a fruitless episode, followed by a two-year odyssey in Europe, sampling life in the underbelly, working menial jobs for the thrill of new experience.

Nowadays she lives in a tennant house on a farm outside Athens in Georgia, a rough homestead she shares with two goats, Angie and Sapho. "I had to build a drip-tank to catch rain-water on the roof because I grew tired of fetching my water from the well every day."

Kate is resourceful, petite, polite, but secretly very sharp. She sings and plays organ, keyboard bass and second guitar with the B-52s, a neoteric pop group. She likes to dance and swim, and apart from African top 40 and James Brown records, she is also fond of Ima Sumac, Nino Rota and music of the upper Amazon. She hopes The B-52s get to tour South America so she can visit the (vanishing) equatorial rain forests.

Top — B-52s: Keith Strickland, Ricky Wilson, Fred Schneider, Kate Pierson, Cindy Wilson (front). Pic: ANN STATES

Above — Ricky Wilson. Pic: ANN STATES

Left — Kate Pierson, Cindy Wilson. Pic: JILL FUMANOVSKY

Her favourite sound is the sound of "insects at dusk". She remembers "dreaming I was terrorised by the jolly green giant as a small child."

Cynthia Leigh Wilson also lives in Athens. She is bongo player and vocalist with The B-52s. Born, bred and educated in Georgia, Cindy possesses the kind of sassy southern lilt that adds 'h's rather than drops them, a complement to her blonde belle looks and vivacious personality.

Her hobbies are raising chihuahua, dancing, and improving her posture. The place she would most like to be found is in a bathtub in the tropics. Cindy likes James Brown too, but her favourite record is The Jackson Five's greatest hits.

Says Cindy: "When I was a kid I saw two hairy beings walk down the hall. At the time I thought they were the famous Boogie Men . . . Now I don't know what they were."

Keith Strickland, sometimes known as Bam Bam, plays the drums with The B-52s. His parents run the Greyhound bus station in Athens, where Keith used the work with Cindy's brother Ricky, The B-52s soft-spoken, self-effacing guitarist.

Keith, in contrast, is robust and cheerful. It was he who named the group. "We thought for months about what we were going to call ourselves, and finally I suggested B-52s because that's the name of a bouffant hairdo and the girls had started going on with their hair all teased up."

Then there's Frederick W. Schneider III. Fred sings and plays toy percussion with the B-52s. Without the moustache, his features resemble an anaemic Kenneth Williams, and like that comic his tone is permanently dry, almost despondent, and unwittingly funny.

He was born in Newark, New Jersey, and went to Athens to attend the University of Georgia, more or less, he admits, as a means of evading the draft. "It obviously didn't do me any good, I almost had a nervous breakdown. But I met my friends and I learned a lot after dropping out."

Since when he has worked for a meals for the elderly service, which he quit because of the low standards involved, and was also a waiter at the El Dorado vegetarian restaurant. Otherwise . . . "a career of loafing, so to speak".

He mostly likes just soul and Tamla, and his all time favourite record is 'Dancin In The Street'.

Fred, the eldest of the group, is adamant when he says that the '60s were more alive than the '70s. The others aren't so sure, but they all seem to share the legacy he carries from that decade of a strong ecological awareness. Nukes and "bad attitudes" provoke his ire.

"When that Harrisburg thing happened most Americans just didn't realise what was going on. They think you can put a blanket around a baby's head and that will keep radiation away. In Philadelphia there were official warnings to close windows to keep the radiation out. *Close windows?* That's the sort of level of awareness."

His favourite film stars are Jayne Mansfield and Wilma Flintstone. One of his hobbies is comparitive grocery shopping and he remembers once shaking hands with Pope Paul.

"*Ah* jus' *love* gumbo." Cindy wipes her bowl clean.

"Mmm-*Hmm.*" Keith is too busy eating to talk.

Gumbo is a Creole regional special: rice, sweetcorn and okra cooked in tomatoes and hot peppers.

"I just love tomatoes," Kate declares, "anything with tomatoes. And they're so easy

■ *Continues over*

B52s

■ *From previous page*

to grow. I grow them all the time back home."

Tomatoes are easy to grow. They are also, incidentally, the third biggest industry in the Bahamian islands to which the B-52s have come to make their debut album. The second biggest is fishing and the biggest is tourism. These figures exclude any offshore banking business facilities this tax haven might have to offer. Not that The B-52s are in any position to benefit . . .

To come to Nassau, the capital, on a small island seven miles wide by 20 miles long, they had to pool all the money they had between them, a total of $600.

It is only the second time that The B-52s have ever been inside a studio. Nine months ago they spent a day and a half recording two of their songs, 'Rock Lobster' and '52 Girls', because a friend of Kate's offered to lend them the money and it seemed a good idea at the time. The album they are making with Chris Blackwell and Robert Ash at Blackwell's Island Records studio will eventually cost the group somewhere around ten grand.

Now, in Nassau, as at all resorts, there is a curious sense of ennui: a mood of abstract boredom created by the desperate pleasure-seeking of tourist life rubbing up against the slow even measure of the island's real life while the hot sun burns down on the dry scrubland.

You can hear it in the way people here greet each other; a jive-talk *"Wa's Happenin'?"* answered in kind but never directly.

The question just hangs there, like the heat dancing on the roads. *"Heey!* Wa's *Happenin'?"*

THE B-52s. That's what. Ask any rock culture vulture the news and they'll tell you The B-52s. They might even add that they bought 'Rock Lobster', oh, ages ago, before they'd read anything about them, and isn't it great? One of the best singles of last year . . . Aside from which, The B-52s are an unknown commodity, assigned hot property and so hip that it hurts.

At the end of July, or perhaps in August, Island will release their first album, the contents of which will promptly eclipse 'Rock Lobster' (really one of their lesser songs) and will generally surprise everybody with its wit, style and variety. Then they will tour. That is certain.

Beyond that . . . There is a great deal of confidence. The B-52s seem to have inspired the people around them. The producers' faces beam with a kind of conspiratorial pride as the rough mixes are slowly worked into their proper shape.

"I'm looking for something I can sell all over the world," states Blackwell, talking about the difference between cult and mass appeal.

The B-52s?

"Obviously. I don't think I would have signed them otherwise . . ." But I think he would.

So would a lot of other companies, given the chance, because though the B-52s are by no means a straight commercial gambit, they do *have something.*

"We had offers from all over," recalls Kate. "All these people from the companies were taking us out to dinner at expensive restaurants. Chris just came backstage after one of our shows looking like a playboy who had just stepped off a yacht. He said 'I'd like to make you an offer'. Simple as that. I think it was his smile that did it."

"ARE YOU all sure you're happy with that?" Blackwell scrutinises the faces gathered in the air-conditioned, hermetically sealed studio control room.

A studio, to the layman, is like a hotel bedroom: once inside you could be anywhere.

The B-52s glance anxiously at each other . . . "—because if you aren't happy, now is the time to speak up. Once the record is made it'll be too late. That's it. It will always be The B-52s first album."

Kate, who takes the most diligent interest in the protracted and distracting mixing process, pipes up first: "Do you think you could push Cindy's voice up a little at the end? When she slides up the register on the *real* hot lava' harmony . . . the effect is kinda lost."

Keith also applied himself; ensuring that none of the group's tightness is submerged. He wants to hear the guitar brought up a little. Or something.

So a new mix is made of 'Hot Lava', a wickedly lascivious song equating lover with Lava, and featuring Ricky's experimental guitar tunings. Ricky has been playing guitar since he was in High School and now has an old Epiphone and two Mosrite 'Ventures' models tuned to exotic chords and also minus certain strings. But it's a secret.

"Lotsa guitarists do it," he says. "And they won't tell either."

He enjoys a chaotic relationship with his guitars; which, being somewhat warped and decrepit, often tend to go out of tune. "And sometimes, when I get real excited, I turn around to change guitars between songs and I can't even

remember which one to pick up!"

Ricky likes the new mix. Fred, meanwhile, is still wrestling with a conundrum. He thinks his voice sounds like a Chipmunk. Nobody else does, mind you. He looks dejected, as if he'd just become the butt of his own joke.

Fred writes most of the words to the songs, while Ricky and Keith concoct the music, and the girls supply the icing. His themes tend towards the off-beat. 'Hot Lava', for instance, is an extended metaphor involving lines like *"Turn your lava lamp on!"* and *"Don't let your lava turn to stone".*

"Well," offers Fred, "I was looking at the 'V' volume of an encyclopaedia, and I saw volcano and had an idea."

Other songs — 'Dance This Mess Around', '606 0842', 'There's A Moon In The Sky' — are less whimsical. They are essentially about people and desires and the distress that sometimes results. There's nothing ponderous about them; they would be non-starters in any intellectual sweepstakes. But they are very sly though, full of *double-entendres,* and little snares to make your imagination do a double take.

It's no great surprise to find that Fred admires Captain Beefheart's ability to conjure so vividly with words. He is, however, overly diffident about his own achievements.

"They're just nonsense songs," he demurs.

Not quite. If The B-52s didn't bring their songs alive so well they would long ago have been dismissed as a novelty, a downhome Bonzo Dog Band. Yet clearly Fred has lost some sleep over how the songs will be received, especially the more risque sections.

"We often wondered whether things in our songs would cause problems, but we just figured . . . so what? Lyrics like '606 0842' are just, well, funny, whatever, but people are always looking for intent or message.

"And rock'n'roll lyrics have always been sorta suggestive," adds Kate.

"Yeah, you know, puns and so forth. On the other hand, we aren't consciously trying to load our songs with hidden meanings."

But they do seem to feel the innuendo, which is heightened by the sexy vocalese of the two girls as they trade off Fred's croaking deadpan. Cindy's voice is strong and abrasive, seething with emotion, like early Patti Smith. Kate's is more controlled, able to deftly characterise.

She says '606 0842' is just . . . "another dirty little song."

"It's not dirty." Fred is taken aback by this suggestion.

"I never thought of it as dirty, I thought it was another *moon* song," muses Cindy, more than a little mysteriously.

"Heey. Maybe churches and schools will try to stop people from playing it!"

She quite relishes the thought, and its historical precedent. Rock'n'roll would always rather be the devil.

TO UNDERSTAND The B-52s' relative cultural position and the factors which have singled them out so swiftly from the hopeful hordes requires certain background knowledge.

Like the fact that Athens is primarily a college town, with a large student population and an inevitable reputation for revelry. A few years ago *Playboy* voted its university the wildest campus in the US. *Animal House* was due to be filmed there until the Administration decided it wouldn't exactly boost the image of a place that still holds the all-time mass streaking record.

"And after that, nothing happened."

Fred doesn't know why.

"It's become very conservative in the fraternities and sororities."

Another section of the town's society, meanwhile, had different ideas. Before The B-52s became The B-52s, they and their friends operated some sort of loose alliance called the Bon-Vivant Society, dedicated to most of the usual vices and sub-divided in to small mobile units . . .

"There was the Waitress Club, The Waiters Club, The Roller Skating Society, The Laundry Club . . . There was a Laundromat that had a juke box and everybody could get together and go dancing while they did their laundry. There was a liquor store nearby too."

It appears that the primary form of social action in Athens is the 'dance party'. Dig this: James Brown and Ray Charles grew up in Georgia; Little Richard and Wilson Pickett were born there. The records played at these parties were "lotsa dance music; soul, people like Junior Walker and James Brown.

"When the first Ramones album came out everybody heard it and started to 'Pony' intensely. It was a whole different thing of course, but it was very popular at the time. So was Patti Smith's first album."

The B-52s never really gave a thought becoming the B-52s back in February '77. According to Cindy . . . "we just jammed. It was for parties. It was this girl's Valentine's party at an old rented country club — a dance party — and we just thought it'd be fun."

So Ricky and Keith made a backing tape of guitar and drums and everybody jammed. "I hid behind the curtains. Ricky played with his back turned. We all talked between songs. Once the tape came unplugged. But people thought we were the *neatest* thing. They were fascinated. They didn't care."

A few parties and six months or so later they discarded the backing tapes and went live, though they still use tapes for rehearsing and for sharpening up their superior song arrangements, honing them to the bone.

Because, make no mistake, they play for dancers. And everybody, these days, wants to dress up and jump back.

Why?

"Seems like people would always be in the mood to dance if there was something there to dance to," Kate conjectures. "Except if it was really out of vogue and they were afraid."

"There was a time when dancing really went out," adds Fred, "but I guess it's because there wasn't much to dance to. It's hard for us to play at places where people can't move around. We're a dance band basically. We always try to have a dance floor. When we went to New York they said people don't dance up there and I just couldn't picture it."

"But we played and they started dancing."

Their reputation preceeds them. In the year that they've been playing the US clubs they've accrued a fanatical following. People like to get down low and do a lot of screaming when The B-52s get into town.

"And dancing too . . . It's impossible not to dance at some places when it's really packed because everyone else is moving around so much," says a friend of the band. "And they're completely different on stage — not at all the relaxed people they are off it."

As a group of people The B-52s seem to enjoy a cordial existence. As a band they are remarkably indivisible.

"It's strange," thinks Chris Blackwell, "but they don't have an obvious leader. Most bands have someone who seems to become the spokesman. But not them."

You can hear it in the music. There's no slack at all. Everybody contributes as much as each other, though perhaps in different ways and the sum of the parts has given some pundits problems — they've had to find them a brand new bag.

"I think it's because people don't know exactly what we are," opines Kate. "It's hard for five people to identify . . . to put their finger on the same thing. We do have a certain image — what we do on stage — but it's not easy to translate that into the mass media."

"We were lucky though," Fred admits. "All the companies said they'd let us do whatever we want. We wouldn't work any other way.

"We were worried and they might want to change the arrangements and things," says Ricky.

But if anything is going to sell The B-52s it's going to be themselves. It would be foolish to tamper.

"We didn't know if they'd realise that. They might have wanted to make us a bit less unusual."

"Or try to build up an image and sell it," interrupts Fred. "We sort of dread being the next camp band; being blown up into something awul and artificial.

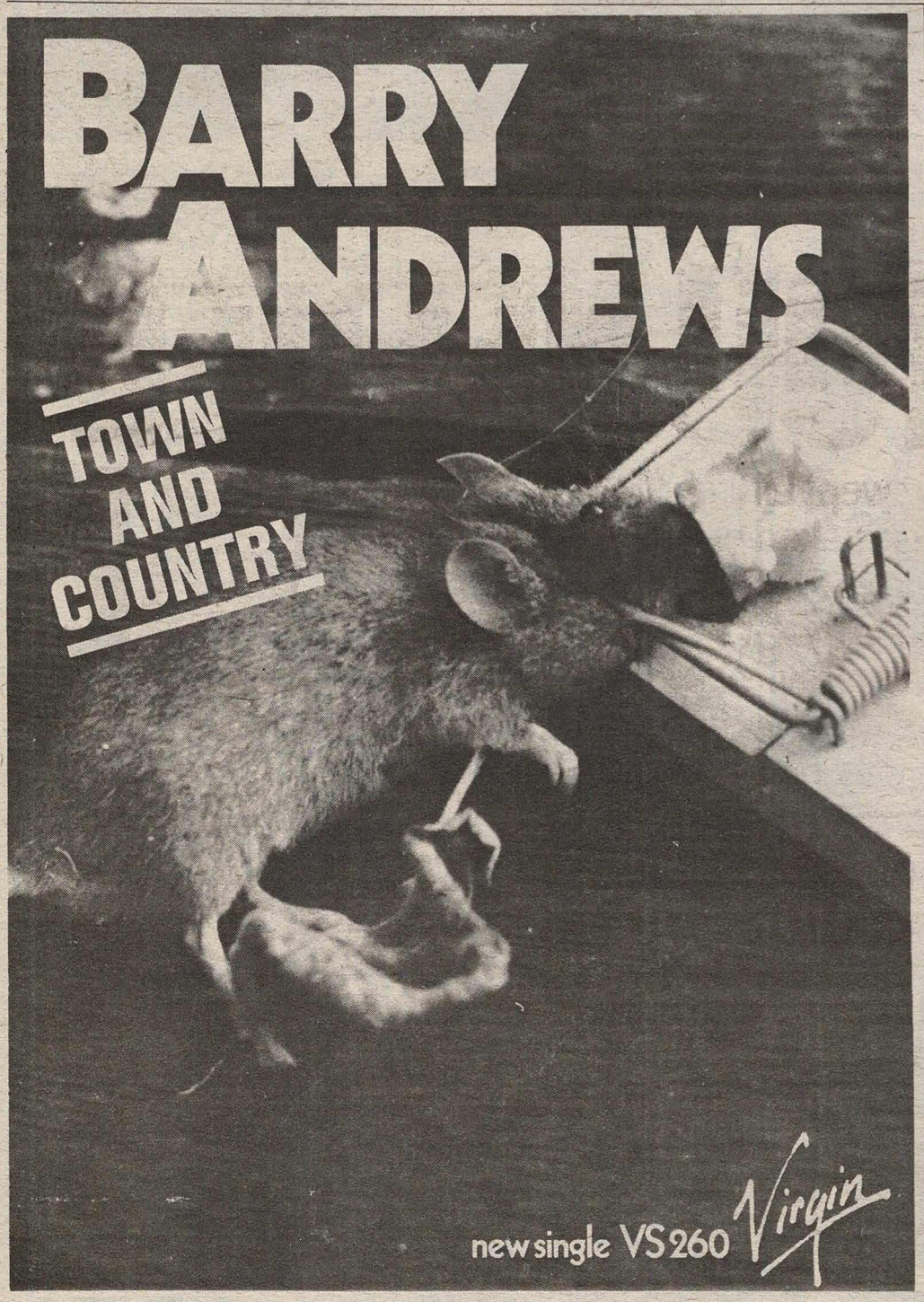
"I try not to be a ham. It would kill me if I ever thought I was a ham. I'd stop playing."

Then what would you do?

"I'd probably get another job."

And Kate?

"I'd go jump in the ocean."



THE NIGHT YOU NEEDED REVIVAL

Remember the magical night when you swept Linda off her feet in the rented salmon Stingray? You whisked her away to the coast with the hood down.

You turned on the radio. It was 'Proud Mary' by Creedence Clearwater Revival.

You touched her knee. She dislocated your shoulder.

You changed channels. It was 'Down on the Corner' by Creedence Clearwater.

You kissed her cheek. She gave you a hairline fracture of the nose.

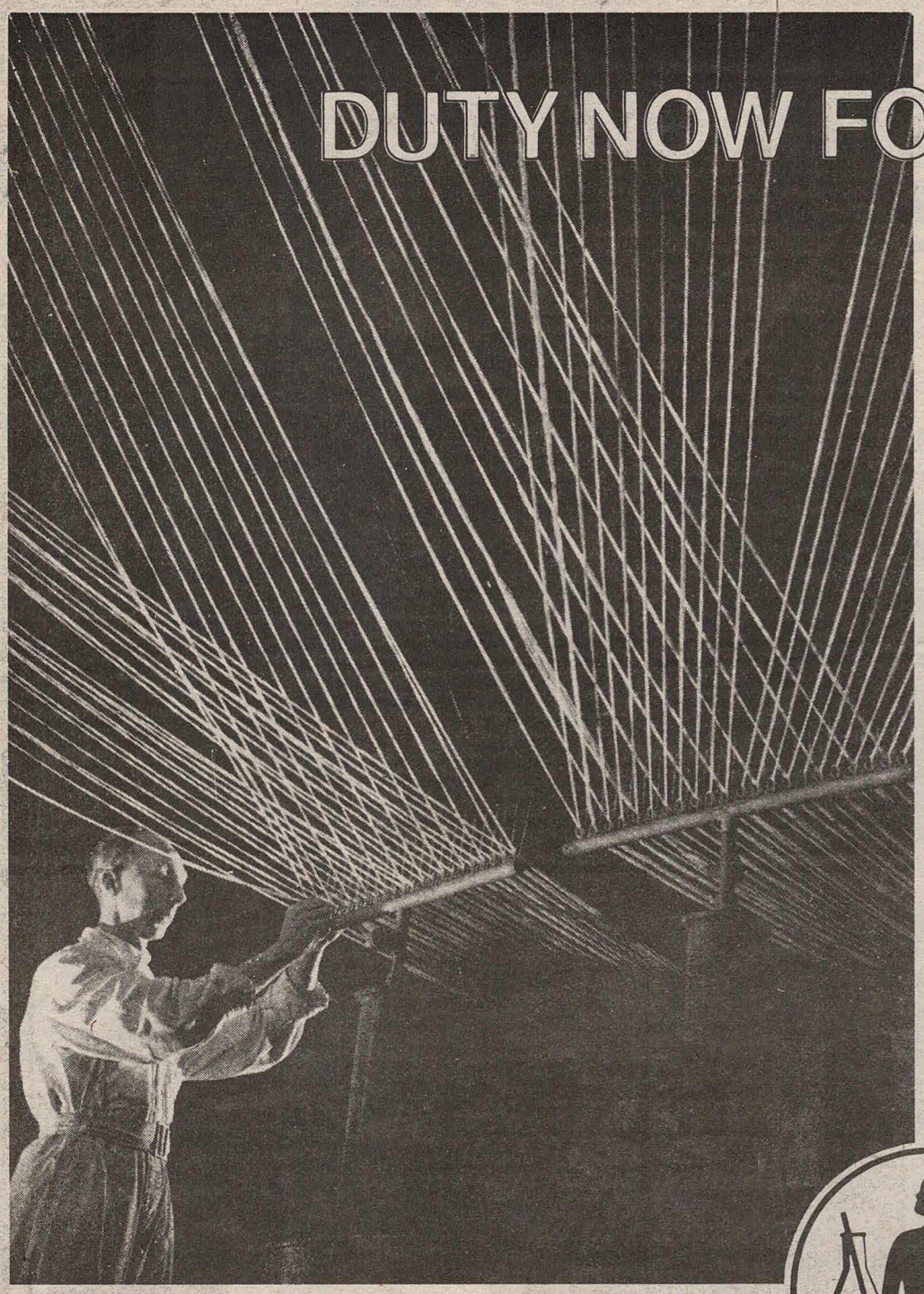
You switched stations. It was 'Bad Moon Rising' by Creedence. She asked you to marry her. You passed out.

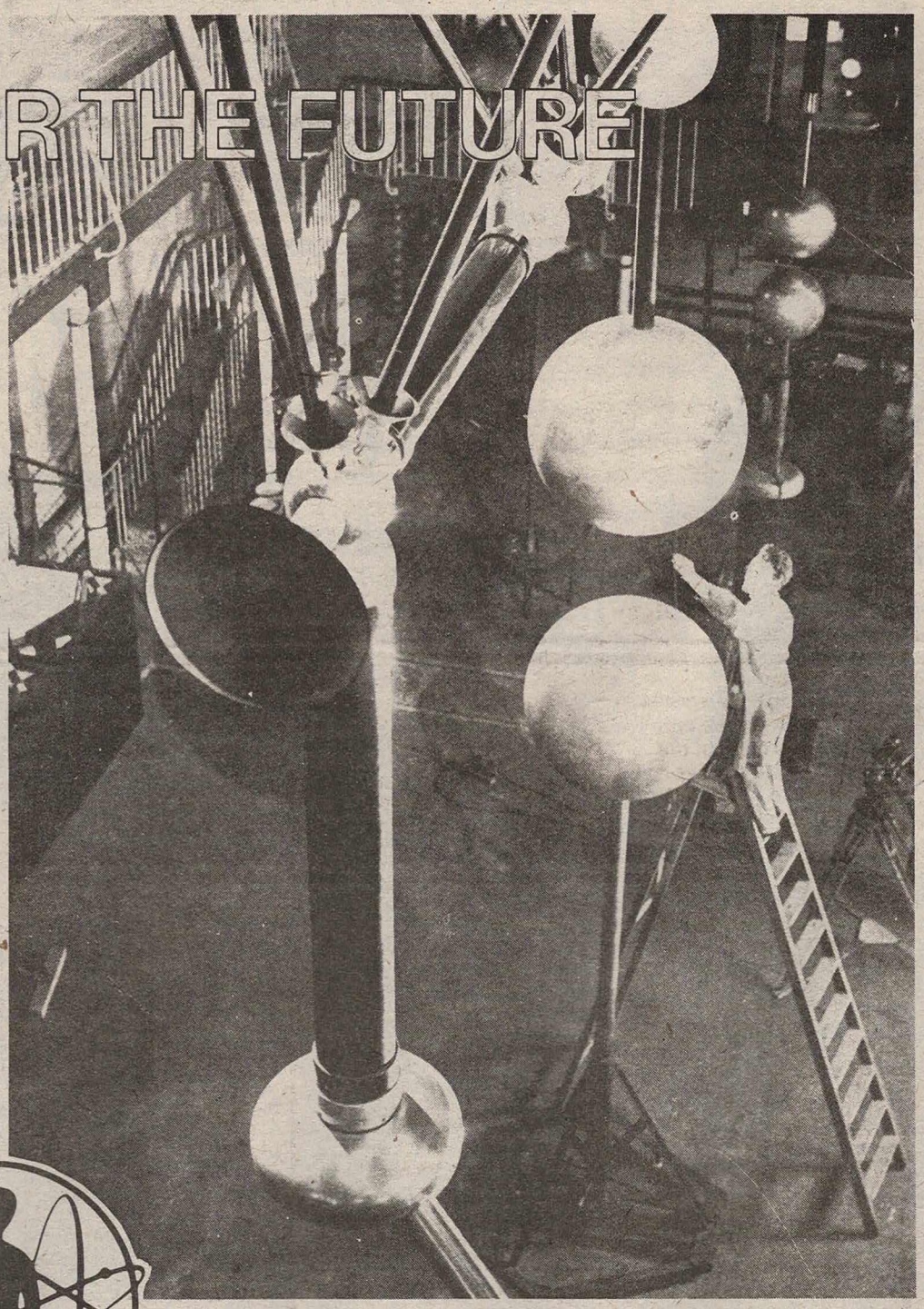
Thank heaven for modern surgical techniques. And Creedence Clearwater Revival.

Album FT 558 Cassette TCFT 558

Fantasy **20 GREATEST HITS. CREEDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL** EMI

DUTY NOW FOR THE FUTURE





DEVO

ALBUM NOW

V2125 – produced by Ken Scott for KOMOS productions

Virgin

THRILLS

Murder On The Liverpool Express

Nick Kent takes a train. E. Costello takes the strain

SO THERE I was at Euston station, seated comforably in the 1st class compartment waiting for the Inter City to speed me to my destination — Liverpool's Lime Street.

My thought processes revolved around whether to peruse a copy of the latest *Rolling Stone* or wade into a hefty-looking biography of John Coltrane.

Being a lazy sod, I chose the former. Amongst the usual grist, there was a lengthy and totally inconclusive article on one Elvis Costello. This piece of hard-hitting journalism turned out to be a lengthy account of how one of *Rolling Stone's* staffers had attempted — at no small expense — to procure an interview with the big El, only to be furnished with three quotes.

One was "Fuck off!"

The second was "Piss off!"

The third was "Stick it . . ."

Anyway, I was digging into a piece on Steve Dunleavy, the blood and guts reporter for Rupert Murdoch's tabloids, when I felt a hand touch my shoulder. Looking up I was face to face with the most reclusive rock star media-wise currently in existence. He was wearing a polka dot shirt, like the one Bob Dylan used to wear. He was wearing shades very similar to the ones Bob Dylan used to wear. And he sported the ubiquitous Johnson & Johnson jacket. There he was, smiling, nay virtually beaming . . . Elvis Costello!!

Not a sign of the cagey figure of our last encounter a few months back. This was not a man living on his nerve ends, but an amiable soul offering hospitality via the compartment it turned out he was sharing with his wife Mary, an extremely attractive, bright girl with sandy-coloured hair, and the couple's son Matthew, whose face was virtually hidden by a Fidel Castro cap. It goes without saying that a reconciliation had taken place, and throughout the three hour jouney, er, what's-her-name wasn't even mentioned.

Other matters however *were* discussed — topics ranging from Costello following the J.Geils Band around Europe (he'd been at the final stages of mixing 'Sanctuary', Geils' last album, got pally with the group and made the trip from France to London to watch them play, so enraptured was he with them) to animated impersonations of Robert De Niro in *Mean Streets*.

Inevitably the touchy incident when a drunken Elvis made the mistake of harrassing Bonnie Bramlett and Steve Mills was broached — an encounter which involved Costello referring to Ray Charles and James Brown as "niggers".

"Well I though it would make for a more original exit than the usual motorcycle accident," he quipped.

"The thing is though, none of the fucking reports got it right. Not one single one."

Costello contends that yes it was he, in a drunken stupor, who started the whole thing off by referring to Stills as "old tin nose". Things quickly escalated, however, to the point where after Ms Bramlett had taken her swing — and missed, according to Costello — he was set upon by somewhere in the region of five Stills roadies.

"It was one of those ridiculous barroom fights where you're too pissed to know what's going on. It was more like slapstick than anything. I only remembered that the thing had even taken place when I returned to my hotel room and discovered that my arm hurt somewhat."

Not one to let bygones be bygones, Elvis considers the subsequent media fracas to be the work of a publicity famished Bonnie Bramlett.

"Yeah, I said at one point though it wasn't recorded as far as I know: 'That woman has made one reputation off one E.C. (Eric Clapton, whose impromptu gigging with Delaney and Bonnie helped break the pair initially). She's fuckin' well not going to get more publicity off of another one!"

The 'racist' charge — which drew such negative reaction (including numberous death threats) that Costello was constantly accompanied by two plain clothes policemen — wasn't the only incident of consequence to happen to our El in the U.S. What with every rock star, new or old wave, making movies these days, the Elvis film — mentioned in the piece by yours truly earlier this year — was completed somewhere amidst the mayhem. Entitled *Americathon* — about a giant telethon held to save America from bankruptcy — it has Costello starring opposite Meatloaf, and playing an invented English rock star. It's a portrayal that caused our hero to dust off one of his golden - though - unused oldies for the final fitting touch.

Back when 'Watching The Detectives' was conceived musically as a cop from Don Covey's 'It's Better To Have (And Don't Need)' (before Steve Naive added his Bernard Herman touches, thus altering the arrangement totally), one of the songs written alongside 'Lip Service' and 'Lipstick Vogue' was 'Crawling To The USA'.

"When I checked out the part, I suddenly realised that that 'USA' song would fit perfectly".

Also featured is another song from that period, entitled 'Hoover Factory', which Costello had intended to use as the B-side of 'Oliver's Army' before the idea of doing 'My Funny Valentine' took precedence.

('Hoover Factory' also turns up on the '50,000,000 Elvis Fans Can't Be Wrong' bootleg, which has lately been soiling certain hands. It was recorded when Jake Riviera sent El and the newly-formed Attractions to a make-shift four-track studio in Cornwall to make some demos. The title is, of course, a swipe from one of the original Elvis records, another of which, 'Girls, Girls, Girls', was once mooted as the title for 'This Year's Model'.)

In between eluding the flack and making his screen debut, Elvis also found time whilst in the States to meet with country singer George Jones — one of Dave Edmunds' big heroes. Elvis and Jones dueted on Jim Reeves' 'He'll Have To Go' at the Palomino, fabled haunt of the late Gram Parsons, and also cut a verion of Costello's 'Stranger In The House'.

"He was in really excellent health," said Elvis of Jones. "I felt really uncomfortable being around such professionals."

Finally, Elvis revealed that before he exited from the land of Coca Cola he turned down the chance to appear on the covers of both *Rolling Stone* and *Newsweek*.

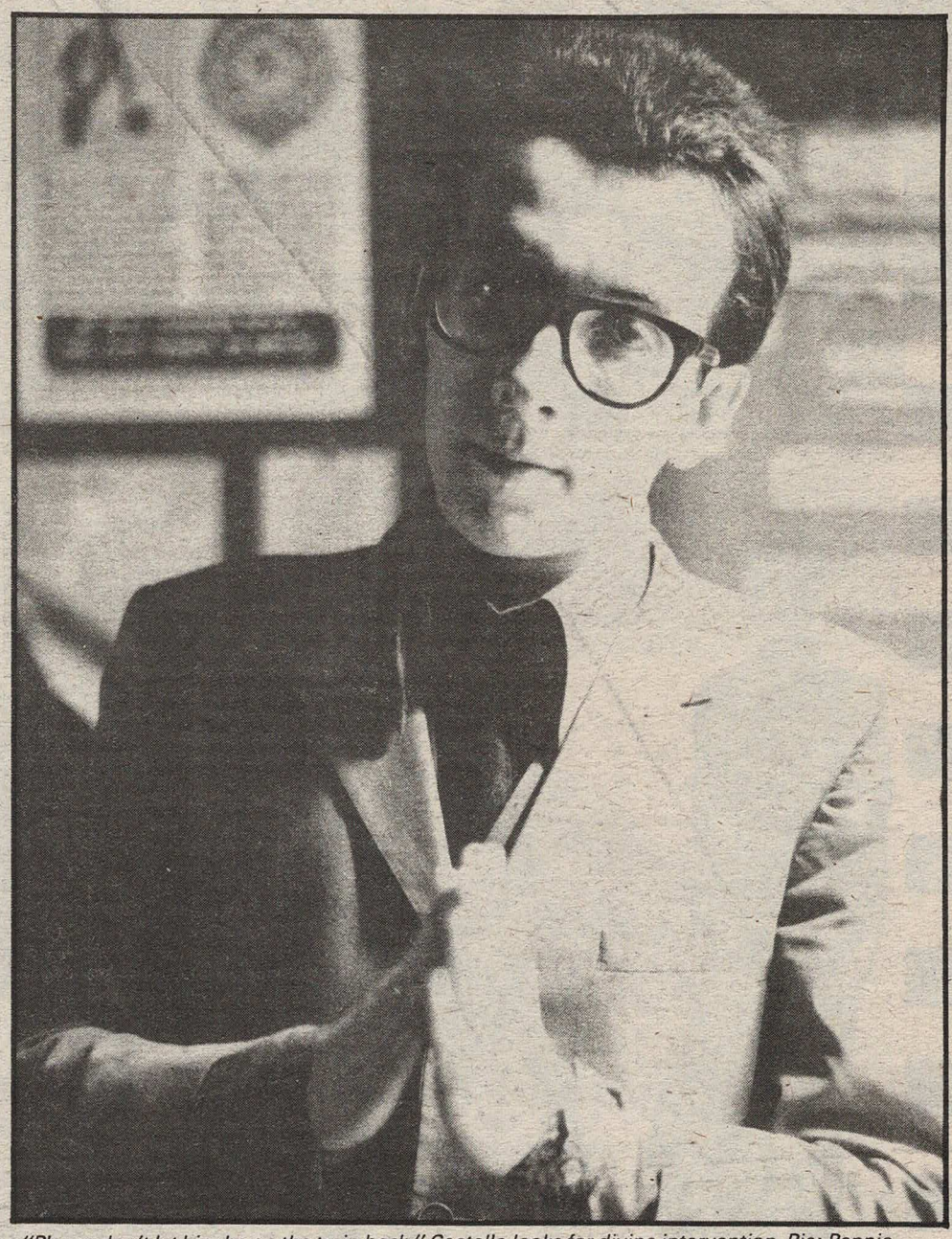
"Why make life easy for yourself?" he said, as he reached up to pull the communication cord. Minutes later Costello, wife, son and suitcase dropped stealthily out of sight behind the sidings. I decided to wade into John Cotrane after all.

Suddenly I felt a light tap on my shoulder. I looked up.

"Why, Bob!" I cried. (Cont. page 65.)

NICK KENT

THRILLS



"Please don't let him be on the train back." Costello looks for divine intervention. Pic: Pennie Smith.

'National Front' invade Angelic Upstarts gig

FIVE PEOPLE were injured, two seriously, when over 50 youths chanting National Front slogans attacked the stage of Wolverhampton's Lafayette Club during an Angelic Upstarts gig last Friday.

Shouting "Sieg Heil" and "NF," the mob bombarded the group with beer glasses in what was apparently an unprovoked attack. Only on their first number, the Newcastle punk band abandoned their set, came off stage and tried to restore order.

Upstarts manager Keith Bell was stabbed in the stomach during the battle and four others were injured.

Bell, who needed eight stitches in his wound, and a 16-year-old Birmingham boy called Warren Keegan are still recovering in the Royal hospital, Wolverhampton. Three others were discharged after treatment.

But Upstarts lead guitarist Mond claims that despite the seriousness of the fight, the Lafayette club manager at first refused to call the police.

"He said that the club had its own bouncers," Mond alleged, "and they could handle it. But the bouncers got flattened. It was a real mess. The club was absolutley levelled."

When contacted by *Thrills*, a club sokesman refused to comment. "We've got nothing to say whatsoever," he said.

Even when the police did arrive, no arrests were made. A spokesman later said that it was just a bar fight which had got out of hand. "As far as I know it wasn't anything to do with the National Front."

But Mond claims otherwise.

"It was definitely an organised thing. We could see these guys pushing their way forward. They weren't punks or skinheads or anything like that; they were all wearing flared jeans and T-shirts, just ordinary guys.

"We were talking to the police afterwards and they said they thought it was the National Front. It could well have been, because they were chanting 'sieg Heil' and 'NF'."

Describing the violence, Mond continued, "Originally there were about 50 of these guys throwing glasses and we jumped off stage to sort it out, but we couldn't get near them. Beer glasses were coming from absolutely everywhere.

"The violence just spread. It was really crazy."

Mond doesn't know why the Upstarts should have become a Front target.

"We've never actually said anything against the National Front," he explained. "We've never slagged them off."

JOHN HAMBLETT

THRILLS

Pursey, Cook & Jones invade Undertones gig

LAST WEEK *Thrills* received an unsigned letter from a thoroughly disgruntled and profoundly disgusted Undertones fan who had witnessed what promised to be a righteous night of live rock 'n' roll degenerate into a bizarre and frightening free-for-all. The blame for the unsavoury incidents was placed fairly and squarely on the head of one James Pursey and his two current cohorts — Alias Cook and Jones.

The missive claimed that towards the climax of what had been a fine Undertones set at The Civic Hall Guildford, "Steve Jones raided the stage and had to be restrained by some bouncers. A fight broke out. The Undertones stopped playing and the fight subsided."

After this The Undertones finished their set undisturbed, but on returning for an encore were faced with all manner of rampant silliness.

"The stage became filled with punks led, yes you guessed correctly, by Jimmy Pursey, backed up by Steve Jones and Paul Cook. By now The Undertones had disappeared and Pursey was shouting for the PA system to be turned back on. It wasn't, and Pursey shouted: "Fuck yer Guildford' several times and then led them through a rendition of 'If The Kids Are United'..."

In an effort to verify these claims *Thrills* spoke to Undertones manager Andy Ferguson. He confirmed that the stage invasion had actually occurred. According to Ferguson nobody was unduly surprised when Pursey appeared on the scene, as The Undertones' support were The Chords, a recent JP Production signing.

Said Ferguson: "Pursey, Cook and Jones came round to our dressing room and the boys were very flattered — y'know, Sham's vocalist and two ex-Pistols — but when Pursey asked if he and his

■ *Continues over*

WRITZ

WRITZ BLITZ '79

June		29th	Birmingham, Barbarellas
7th	Rock Garden	30th	Good Mood Club, Halifax
8th	Bishop Otter College, Chichester		
9th	Dartford College, Dartford	July	
11th	Penthouse, Scarborough	20th	Sheffield Limit Club
12th	Nottingham University, Trent Park site	21st	Middlesborough Rock Garden
13th	Newport, Stowaway Club	22nd	Fford Green, Leeds
14th	Exeter College of Art, at Routes Club.	28th	Granary, Bristol
15th	Exmouth Pavilion	29th	Memorial Hall, Newbridge, S. Wales
16th	College of St. Mark & St. John, Plymouth	31st	Brunel Rooms, Swindon
21st	Troubadour, Port Talbot		
22nd	76 Club, Burton on Trent	August	
25th	Cardiff University	3rd	The Village, Newport, Shropshire
26th	Golden Lion, Hammersmith	4th	Porterhouse, Nottingham
27th	Music Machine	10th	Kirk Leamington Country Club
28th	The Greyhound, Fulham	11th	J.B.'s Dudley

Single NIGHT NURSE
available end of June WOT 35

PYE RECORDS GROUP

ARMY'S OVER ARNHEM...

Looking through Gary Numan's eyes

THE LIST went something like: 2.00pm — *Jackie*, 2.30pm — *My Guy*, 3.15pm — *Patches*, 4.00pm — *Record Mirror*, 4.45pm — *Smash Hits*, 5.30pm — Paul Morley.

I am part of someone else's blur. For Gary Numan — who is Tubeway Army — the last few days have been a blur of brand new excitement and confusion. His song 'Are Friends Electric' has surprisingly sneaked into the Top 30.

The success went something like this:

The first few singles are pressed as an attractive picture disc, which pushes the single into the lower part of the chart. The single then receives some airplay and, not being especially repulsive, slides a little deeper into the charts. There then comes the invitation to appear on *TOTP*, which coincides with an appearance on *The Old Grey Whistle Test*. The single then strolls into the Top 30. For Gary Numan all this has happened within a month.

Three weeks ago no one wanted to talk to him. Except me. Now there's a queue. And I'm at the end of it.

"I'm enjoying it," Numan admits limply, coughing from the strain of the day's interviews, "and I'm making the most of it in case the single bombs next week. Two weeks ago I was nothing. For two years it's been like that, exactly the same, and then bang! I've been on the telly twice and done half a dozen interviews in a day. It's like being blinded by your own dream really . . ."

We talk in a noisy pub just off Wardour Street in the centre of London. In such surroundings Numan flinches a lot and looks a little worried. Numan dislikes pubs. He's teetotal, and the smoke that wafts all around us doesn't help his cough. He also confesses a dislike for crowds of people.

"I'm over the top paranoid," he explains. Wary, weary eyes set deep into a forlorn face seem to confirm this. His hair is black and threatens to recede. Clothes are black and tight, his boots are button up high heels. He's 21.

GARY NUMAN has been Tubeway Army for two years. His backing personnel has constantly switched and changed: "I'm very intolerant and I get fed up with people easily."

Prior to conceiving Tubeway he spent time with groups on the British Legion circuit, and four or five months in Meanstreet, who appeared on the lamentable 'Live At The Vortex' album — by which time Numan had been thrown out. It's a period he looks back on with distaste.

"Some of the songs from that period I used on my first album. I was attracted to them like old photographs and I just wanted those songs out to show *them*, if nothing else. There's a lot of that in it, a lot of revenge motives all over the place. There's a lot of people who I haven't forgotten who were unkind to me. Now when I'm in the charts and on the telly I sort of smile inside, that they're watching. I'm waiting for them to ring up — 'Oh do you remember me, I used to go around with you'."

I ask Numan what his ambitions were during those Meanstreet days, expecting him to say "I wanted to make my own music". Instead his answer comes quick and wistful: "I want to start my own airplane business. I'm going to buy two Dakotas, paint them up in war colours and do, er, nostalgia trips to Arnhem — you know, where the old paratroppers used to go — and charge them about twenty quid a time. I'd go on

■ *From previous page*

friends could get up and jam with The Undertones they said no. The boys aren't into that sort of thing.

"They did say that if Pursey wanted to play with Cook and Jones they could use their equipment after The Undertones had finished their set. Pursey was acting very strangely though, shouting and demanding that he should be able to get up and jam. Eventually he left and went to the bar."

The Undertones' manager went on to tell *Thrills* that Pursey left the venue, only to return with a bunch of friends.

"Pursey got up on stage and invited all the crowd up. One of our lighting rigs went over — thankfully it didn't hit anybody, if it had've done somebody would've been dead.

"In the course of the affair we had several hundred pounds of equipment stolen: four £100 mikes, various bits of drum kit and a load of leads. It was the hall manager who switched the power off. Evidently Jimmy Pursey and Sham have been banned from playing that venue because of violent incidents at a previous gig."

In conclusion Fergusen added: "If Jimmy Pursey wants to jam with The Undertones let him come back to Ireland and sing

'Union Jack' in Derry."

Despite repeated attempts to reach Pursey in order to hear his side of the story *Thrills* lucked out. We did however speak to a spokesman for The Chords who insisted that the incident had been blown up out of all proportion. Hmmmm.

If Mr Pursey would like to comment *Thrills'* doors are always open.

JOHN HAMBLETT

THRILLS

Tubeway Army (L-R): Duffo, Ivor Biggun, Gary Numan. Pic: Chris Horlicks.

the same route as they used during the war. I'm more interested in this than keeping the music going. I don't want to stay in music for too many years.

"I got involved in music because I love everything about it, but now I'm in it you see the other side and it isn't much fun. Not as glamorous and enjoyable as you imagine . . . All this chart and TV thing, it's only fun while it's new and then it won't be long before it's a job and a strain, and when the whole thing becomes too much business then I'd stop."

Wouldn't there be anything seductive in prolonged success?

"No, I'd find it easy to stop because I'm so interested in flying, I'd have another complete love to go into. It's like giving up Raquel Welch and going into Brigitte Bardot, innit?" If you say so.

The original Numan/Army sound was guitar orientated fast rock, aimless and painless. The impressionable Numan constantly altered the sound, absorbing and exploring.

"Tubeway Army have always been a group on the playing side, but not the creative side. The music changes so quickly. If I have an idea, in three months time it's changed. You hear a new album, new ideas, new instruments . . . I mean, somebody bought me a piano a year ago, so I started playing keyboards — and look how much that's changed the music."

Numan's new-found love for keyboards — synthesiser and all things electronic — has deepened to such an extent he plans to drop all guitars from his next LP. The next move is to withdraw all human involvement. Then to fly off into the clouds.

MARGINALLY acquainted with his early work for Beggars Banquet — the singles 'That's Too Bad' and 'Bombers', the LP 'Tubeway Army' — and teased a little by the new LP 'Replicas', I had become intrigued if not intoxicated by the nature of the Numan pursuit. As Numan/Army had developed, and the music had begun to complement the blue-cold Numan world view, which consisted of a series of simple and savage future projections, I began to hear maybe a budding Bowie, or the stirrings of a possible wandering Eno character, or the brother spirit of John Foxx, he of Ultravox, a dealer in adolescent alienation. Wishing to sort out just which pimple Numan was squeezing, I made to interview the man. When I requested the interview Numan was unknown and unfashionable and destined to stay that way, which intrigued me even more, but by the time I came to meet him he was a real chart star, which made me smile.

I still determined to discover his sources, his future route, and how often he grins. He grins quite often, a nervous toothy sort of grin. His main modern musical likes appear to be Bowie, Human League, Kraftwerk and most especially . . . Ultravox. "I think they're brilliant, the best band in the world and no one's realised it!" he enthuses.

I drop the word pretentious into his lap. "I've never understood this pretentious bit, to be honest. As far as I'm concerned it's showbusiness. You put on a show, you dress up, create characters in your songs, you look like the characters you're creating to portray them, so that people can understand the songs better — and then people say 'Oh it's pretentious' just because you wear make-up or whatever.

"Pretentious means making claims of great importance doesn't it? Well, there's no way I'm making claims to anything. My songs are just ideas."

If Numan resents accusations of pretentiousness then he's cheerfully and slyly willing to be accepted as contrived. He had mentioned a fondness for

■*Continues page 15*

IT WAS just another photo session for just another band. Routine stuff for publicity purposes. Find a location. Expose a few frames. Send 'em the bill.

Verne Morgan slung his tripod and camera into the reinforced aluminium case and caught the first train to Dorset. Six hours later he was standing on a desolate back road out between the sleepy farms of that arable county, nimbly fingering the F stop as The Martian Schoolgirls chose an appropriate repose. *The Martian Schoolgirls?*

Of course they're not from Mars. Or even schoolgirls. They were formed by Dan Kelleher, a former 101'er, and will soon be releasing their faberoonie first waxing on the fearless Chiswick record label, so called because they have nothing to fear and even less to lose.

But imagine the photographer's amazement when he developed the shots and saw, hovering discreetly in the background, a *genuine* UFO.

Well, that's what he says.

Light spectrum analysis has proved conclusively that it wasn't The Cramps arriving for their British tour.

There can be only one conclusion, but we thought you wouldn't believe it either.

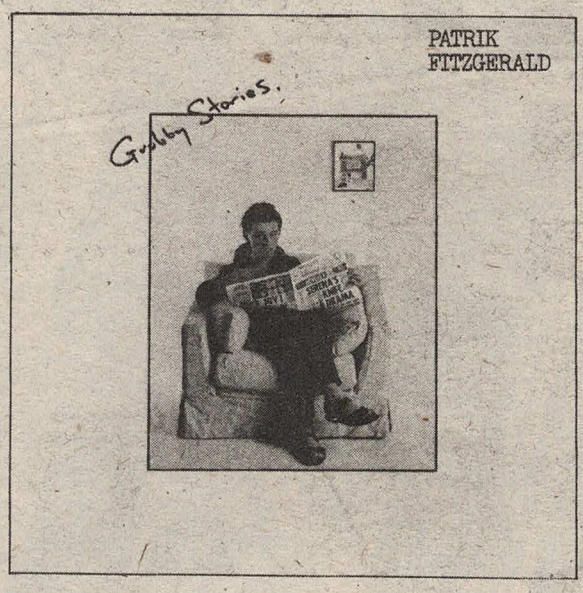
STEVE MERCURY

THRILLS

PATRIK FITZGERALD

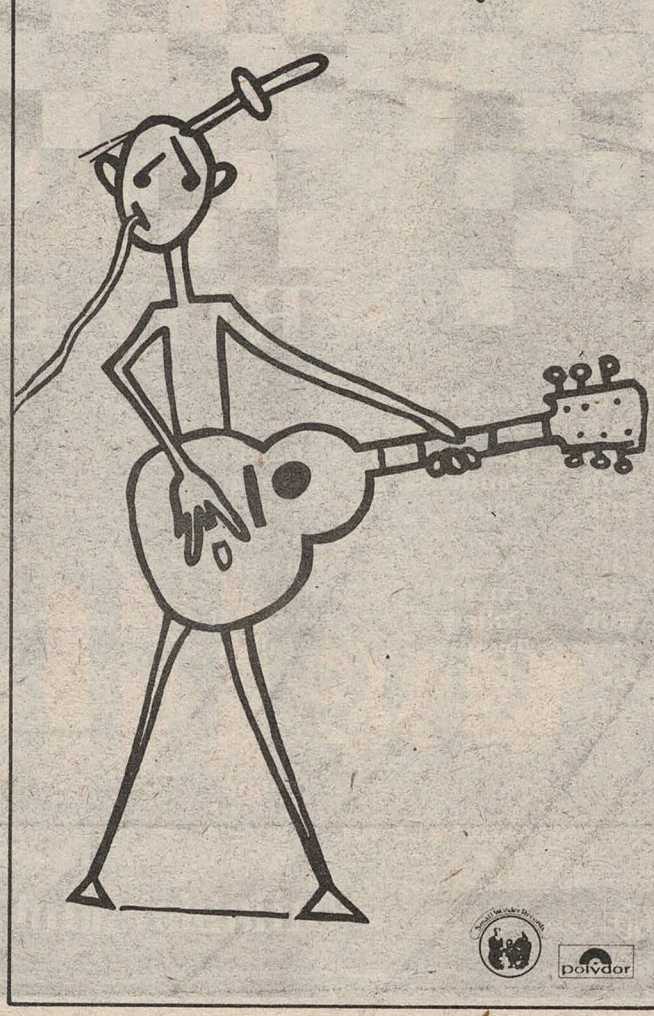
NEW ALBUM

Grubby Stories.



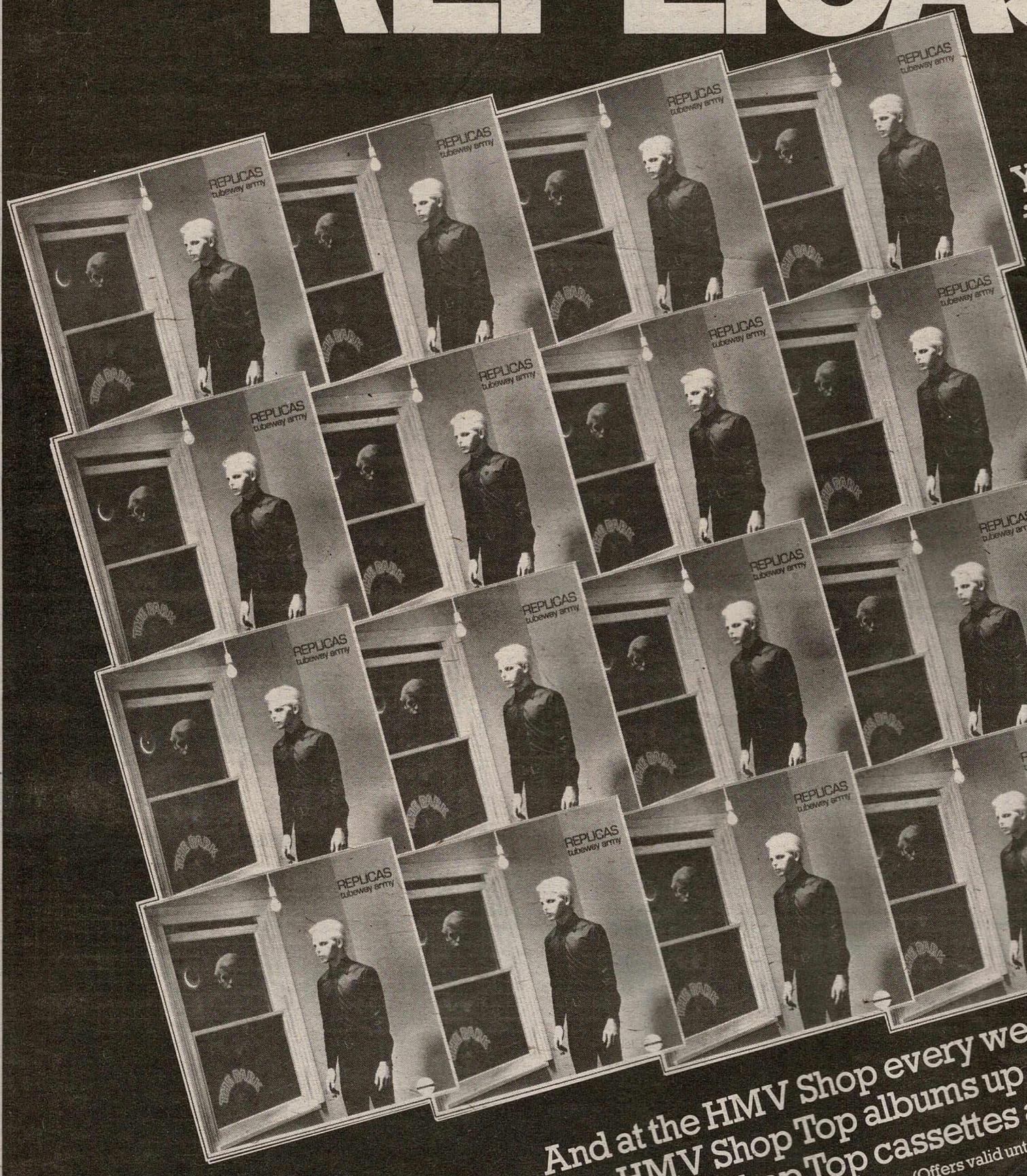
ON TOUR

JUNE		
Wed 13th	YORK	Pop Club
Thu 14th	HALIFAX	Civic Theatre
Fri 15th	CARLISLE	Wigton Market Hall
Tue 19th	LEEDS	F Club
Thu 21st	LIVERPOOL	Erics
Fri 22nd	NOTTINGHAM	Sandpiper
Sat 23rd	DERBY	Ajanta Cinema
Sun 24th	OXFORD	College of Further Education
Thu 28th	BIRMINGHAM	Festival Suite
Fri 29th	MANCHESTER	Factory
Sat 30th	BRIDGEND	Drones
JULY		
Wed 4th	NEWPORT	Stowaway



polydor

UNREPEATABLE REPLICAS.



You've seen him in the T.V. ad.
You may have heard his single 'Down In The Park'
Now here's **REPLICAS** the new album by Gary Newman's 'Tubeway Army'.
And HMV Shops are offering it at **£1 Off** list price, now.

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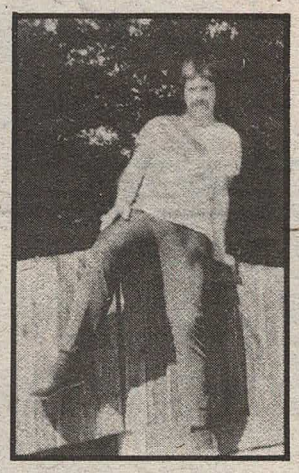
SUSS THE SCHNOOK

SO DID YOU make the touchline or what? The big husky athletic muscular cleancut All-American oaf with whose identity we oh-so-cruelly teased your ass last week was none other than — wait for it — spindly epicine squeaky-voiced redundant old glam-rock bore Russell Mael of Sparks!!!! Wowee gang, how could anybody have been sufficiently dodoed out not to spot the bleeder virtually instantaneously especially since a Mondo Compassionato sub-editor gave the whole sodding game away in the headline. Zerefore, ve are takink *nicht* chances this time, hein! Our subject for this week is a magnetically successful chappie, deeply involved in sports and the arts, renowned for his physique, personal habits and sartorial-cum-tonsorial excesses, not to mention sundry other spectacular achievements on both sides of the curtain. The pictures below were taken before he became a Cool Person (i.e. over a week and a half ago). On your marks — get set — MAKE A PRAT OF YOURSELF!

(Oh yeah — that's young Russ in the No. 10 shirt above — Compassionate Sub-Ed.)



TUBEWAY ARMY FIGHTS ON

☐ *From page 13*

Jobriath, and I had dropped the word contrived into his lap. "Yeah, but I don't mind contrived things. Cos if something's contrived it shows that someone has gone out and thought about something and worked for it. That's what contrived is. Commendable, isn't it?" The way you say it, maybe.

A picture forms. Mix Ultravox, Jobriath, Biggles and Burroughs, add a dash of mascara and a squirt of childishness, and the dark vulnerable shadow on Numan emerges.

I ask him if he feels some kind of commitment to people who have begun to buy his records, and he's quite taken aback at the idea.

"People shouldn't expect things. If they do it isn't my fault. I make a record and then buy it, but because I make a record they shouldn't have the right to say I've got to make another record.

"I shouldn't have to play live just because I've made a record. I get lots of letters cos I'm not into the street credibility thing. I don't like that whole thing at all, I've always thought of it as a very glamorous business, the whole thing about putting on a show. All the anti-hero punk thing, it went against everything I've ever wanted to do.

"Maybe I'll be able to do the plane business *and* stay in the music business," he eventually decides. So that Arnhem trip business really is serious?

"Yeah, it's serious, it's probably childish . . . But I think there's a very good market for what I want to do.

"You imagine how many people would want to go in an old war plane, for a start just to be in an old war plane, then to actually fly in it, with the war colours, and then to fly the actual route the paratroopers took back in the war in formation with the another one, together across the ocean, low level runs. There must be an incredible market for that."

I'll be first in the queue.

"You go to Blackbush Airport every weekend where I go flying and the aeroplane that does the pleasure flights is going up with six people every fifteen minutes non-stop eight hours a day, so you can imagine what it will be like for what I want to do.

"I'll give it a go. If it doesn't work then I'll still have two Dakotas that I can play with myself. I mean John Travolta's got a Dakota."

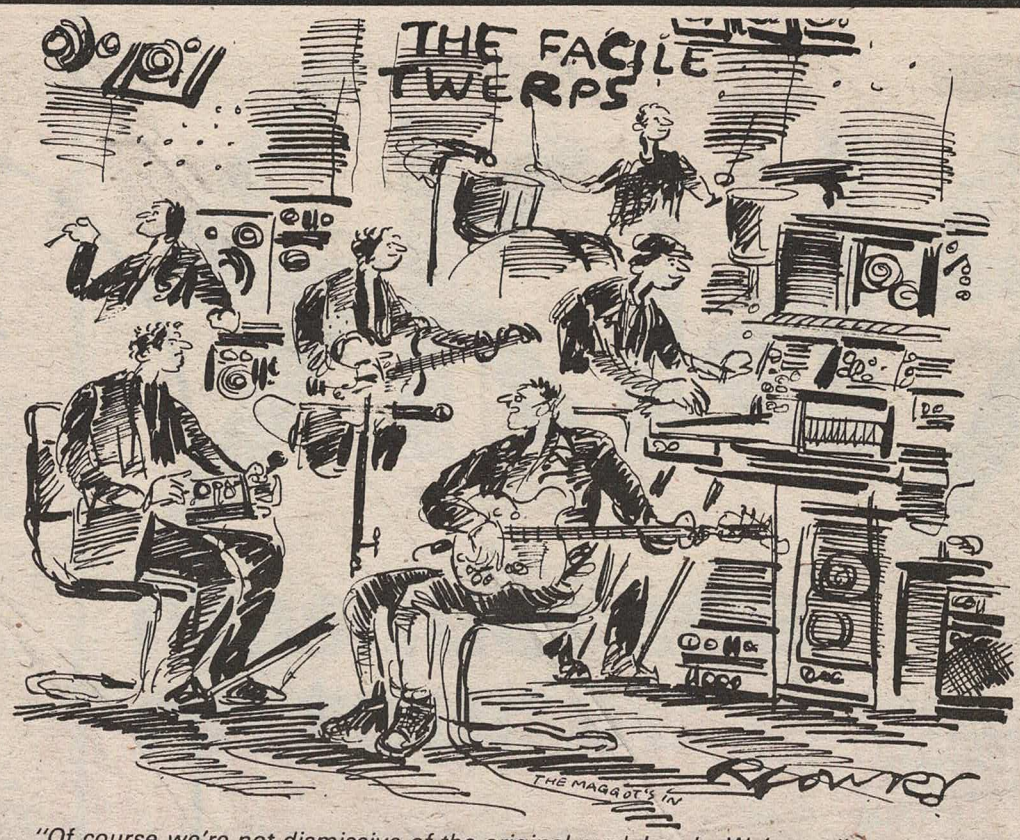
Of all the Beggars Banquet oddities — Duffo, Lurkers, Ivor Biggun — Numan is the most endearing, and he's due a few more minutes fame than any of those people. And of the fragile freaks that have happily stained the outer limits of rock over the years, from Jobriath to Kid Strange, he is the most likeable and for whatever reasons the most popular.

But of course he has neither the stamina nor the regularity to drift like a Bowie, flirt like an Eno or even whine like a John Foxx. After our conversation, Numan dons neither goggles and gloves to take off for Arnhem, nor slips into a silver suit to swish into a distant metallic androgynous future, but climbs morosely into a taxi for a ride to the Beggars Banquet shop in Earls Court. A sad figure in black who's suddenly been thrust into the unknown. And tomorrow it's *Melody Maker*.

PAUL MORLEY

THRILLS

A grave situation . . .



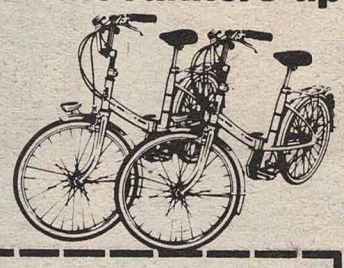
"Of course we're not dismissive of the original punk bands. We're really grateful to them for creating a major upheaval and clearing the way for people like us to step into the limelight and deal with the really important subjects like school meals, household appliances, car numbers and striped jackets."

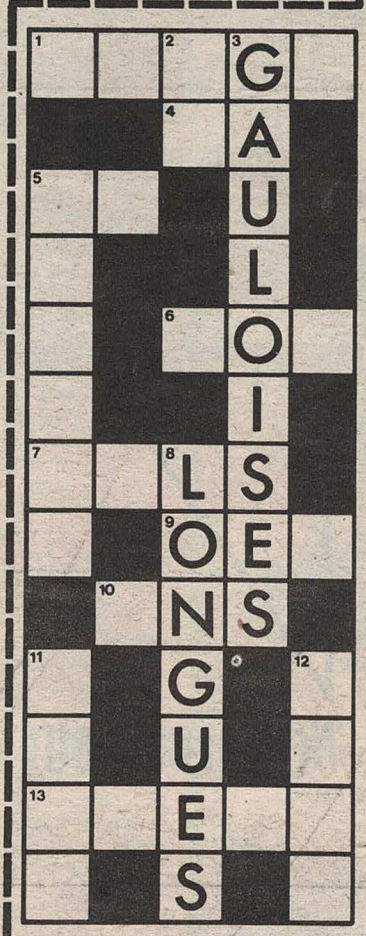
GAULOISES LONGUES

LE CROSSWORD COMPETITION

WIN ONE OF THREE CITROEN 2CV6s

PLUS 10 PEUGEOT FOLDING BIKES to be won by the runners-up





HOW TO ENTER

Simply complete Le Crossword, and in not more than 15 words complete the sentence below. Send in your entry form, along with a Gauloises Longues packet to Gauloises Longues Competition, 21 Seymour Road, East Molesey, Surrey KT8 0PE.

ACROSS

1. Big. It's grand in French.
4. Its members don't drink And drive.
5. Short for Mum.
6. It's easy to fall off this!
7. Jellied meals!
9. Initially it's the Oxford English Dictionary.
10. Short for inches.
13. Looks closely.

DOWN

2. One of Thor Heyerdahl's vessels.
3 & 8. Twenty milder French Kings!
5. Less strong.
8. (See 3).
11. Gratuities. For cigarettes?
12. Mademoiselle in English.

I think that Gauloises Longues are different from other cigarettes because (in not more than 15 words)

Mr/Ms _____

Address _____

_____

_____

Shop where you purchased your Gauloises Longues

Name _____

Address _____

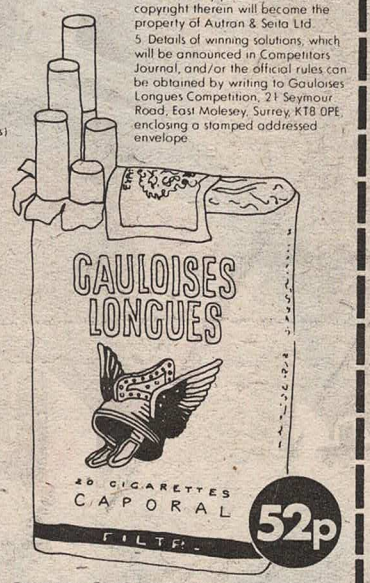
_____

_____ NME2

I am a smoker aged 18 years or over ☐ Please tick

RULES OF ENTRY

1. This competition is open to all smokers aged 18 years and over, with the exception of employees and their families of Autran & Seita Ltd. and their advertising agents.
2. Copies of entry forms or answers submitted on sheets of paper will be accepted. All entries must be filled out in ink or ball point pen and must be accompanied by an empty Gauloises Longues packet. Entries that are damaged, altered, incorrectly completed or include the wrong packet will automatically be disqualified.
3. No cash alternatives to prizes will be offered. The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.
4. The competition closes 17th August, 1979. Winners will be notified by post. All entries and copyright therein will become the property of Autran & Seita Ltd.
5. Details of winning solutions, which will be announced in Competitors Journal, and/or the official rules can be obtained by writing to Gauloises Longues Competition, 21 Seymour Road, East Molesey, Surrey, KT8 0PE, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

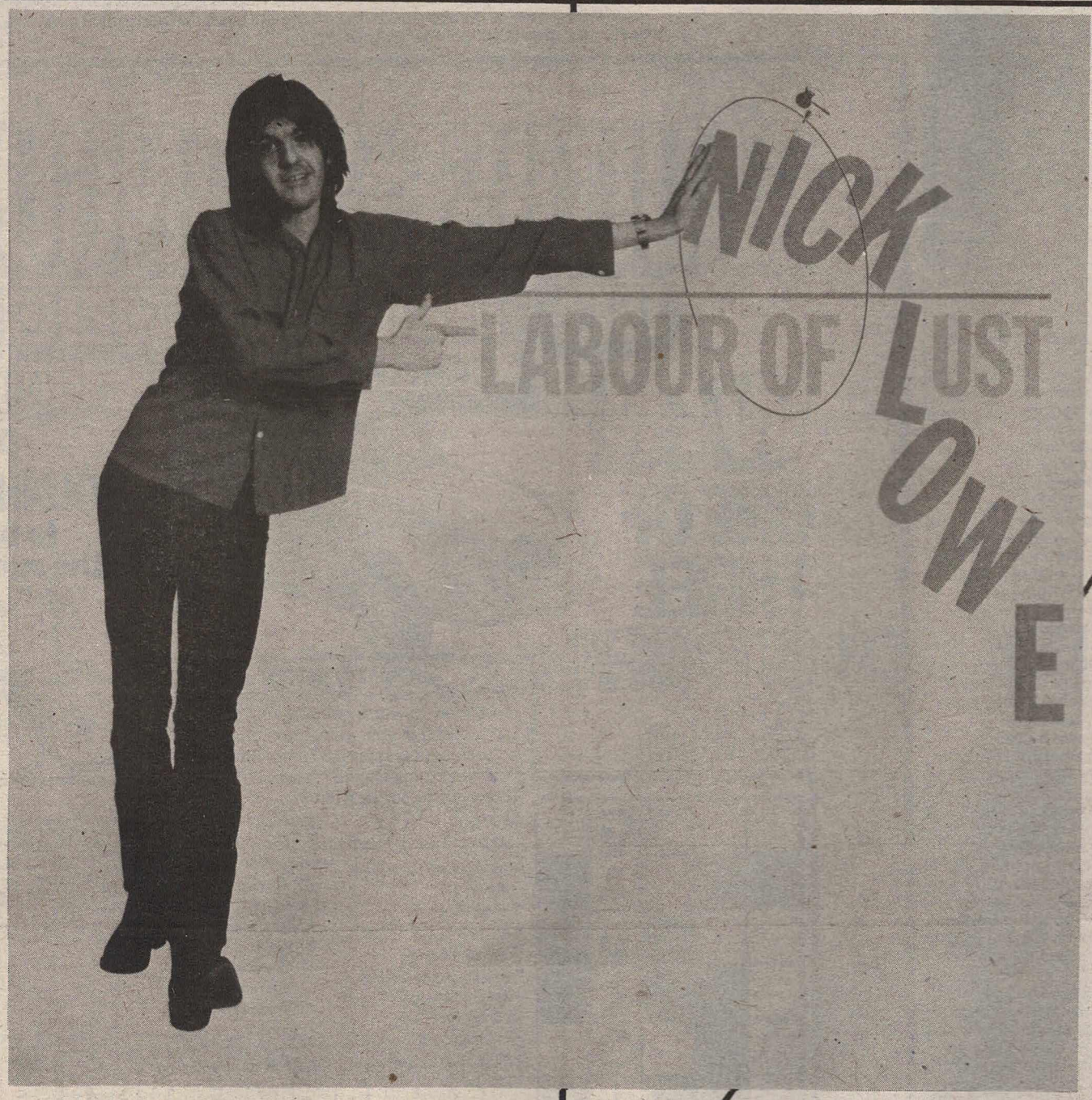


GAULOISES LONGUES Milder French Kings

LOW TO MIDDLE TAR As defined by H.M. Government

H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING: CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

NICK LOWE LABOUR OF LUST



NEW ALBUM OUT NOW

DAVE EDMUNDS REPEAT WHEN NECESSARY

NEW ALBUM OUT NOW

SWAN SONG

SSK59409

RICKIE LEE JONES

Cocktails for Kerouac and an appointment with the hype machine

ABOUT THE crassest tag anyone has tried to hang on Rickie Lee Jones is that she's "the female Tom Waits". It is also the kind of tag that will probably cause the recipient a good deal of discomfort over the next year or so.

Unfortunately it's also kind of apt. The similarities between Ms. Jones and the aformentioned Waits are more than a little marked. Both have a basis in '40s jazz nostalgia, both seem to be trying to turn themselves into characters from some beat generation/Damon Runyon world where Nick the Greek slips through the shadows and Jack Kerouac could show up any moment in a beat-up Hudson.

The resemblance doesn't even stop there. On stage, in a beat-up cocktail dress, pink beret pulled down over one eye and a Sherman brown cigarillo hanging out of the corner of her mouth, Rickie Lee slugs back drinks with the confidence of someone who believes she has a cast iron liver.

Just to complete the Waits connection, she even hung round with the same L.A. bohemian street crowd, in the bars of Hollywood and Venice.

Like a lot of people who seem determined to turn themselves into an instant legend, Ms. Jones is unwilling to talk much about her background.

"It's a long story, a year and a half long."

What she does give away is straight romantic American fantasy. Her father was the son of a vaudeville family who spent too much of his childhood dumped in orphanages while mom and pop worked the circuit. In his turn he wound up as a less than successful musician and songwriter.

When times were hard he worked as a waiter. And, by all accounts, times were often hard.

"We'd move most every year. I was back and forth mostly between Chicago and Phoenix. I went to as many schools as the years I was in school."

Although reticent about the past, she seems to relish telling how she and a teenage boyfriend stole a car so they could run away together, and how she was one of 12 students booted out of High School in Olympia, Washington, for refusing to conform.

A lot of this carries echoes of early Patti Smith legend laying. But unlike La Smith's studied posturing, there is an essential robustness about Rickie Lee Jones that makes it much more credible.

Without any insult, the term *broad* could have been coined for her. Contrary to the publicity pictures from the Warner publicity machine, Ms. Jones is no Joni Mitchell sorrowful waif. Big boned, wide hipped and with a face out of the classic Bardot, Faye Dunaway mould, she has moves that, if her voice gave out tomorrow, would guarantee a headline spot in any strip joint.

Rickie Lee Joni, her mother's finest Mitchell lookalike . . .

Nice album, shame about the film

AS SUMMER slips slyly into our hearts, mongering its honey-jar weather and popsicle packets, our anaemic anticipation of hols expands to bursting point.

Even as I type, Monty has slipped out of his England strip and is flexing a comely tattoo of Great Yarmouth pier, his chest recalling with every ripple Junes, Julys, and Augusts long gone and fondly filed in the unconscious store of sandcastles and whelks. CSM is under the arc ray lamp, shades peeling a wholesome raspberry colour, and Angus has taken to Bermudas and disconcerting line in Martini ad chit chat.

A song blast from the office transistor . . , young love, first relationships, the search for adventure . . . the 'reefers' and bongoes are out around the water cooler, the frisbees and frisky young thangs.

And Roy Carr (Inc.) has just booked up a package deal outing to see . . . *THAT SUMMER!* . . . the film about Steve, "rejected by his East End family", "encouraged by his Borstal swimming coach" to "give himself a new self-respect and the chance to be a winner again".

This is a story of "three raucous Glaswegian lads — Tam, who is determined to win the swimming marathon by fair means or foul, Georgie, who keeps"— naughty — "hyperactive on pills", and Stu, who is "tagging along for the ride". . .

They meet . . . Carole, and . . . Angie, who have packed up their jobs in a Northern factory to work as "chambermaids in a smart seaside hotel."

Stendhalian romance ensues. Tam tries to chat up the girls, angering Steve. Angie's plans are thwarted by the hotel rules forbidding the girls from taking men into their rooms.

The plot thickens. Angie finishes Simone de Beauvoir's autobiography . . . Steve tries to make her jealous by dating an ageing chorus line impresario . . . "she rejects Tam's sexual advances because of her feelings for . . ."

"Young people looking for fun and new experiences." Typical Ramones fans too.

When singing, she is so aggressively animated that the audience is drawn in and all disbelief is suspended. This is crucial for any performer attempting to move the audience not only at gut level but also to take them out of present reality and transform the place that she's playing into a mythical sleazy jazz joint some 30 years in the past.

Although not so far down the road as her friend and hero, she seems determined to do what Waits has done: become virtually indistinguishable from one of his own characters.

It could soon be hard to tell the real Rickie Lee Jones from the hipster/hooker/hustler/bar room broads who show up in the rest of her songs.

This may be something of a problem.

Tom Waits has never had to go through the whole media, star-making process. For the most part he was left alone by the record company to develop in his own time, and to slowly build his now considerable cult following.

Rickie Lee Jones, on the other hand, is slap in the middle of the hype spotlight. With an album only just in the stores, her management are already vetoing interviews and instructing muscle to stop photographers at her shows.

She has been jerked out of small L.A. clubs like the A La Carte and the Comeback Inn and set adrift in the rock 'n' roll big league to record with the likes of Willie Weeks, Mac Rebbenack, Randy Newman, Tom Scott and Buzzy Feiten.

Right now, she seems to be relishing the experience.

"Most girls, most artists for that matter, aren't real secure. They walk into a situation and they don't direct; the producers direct. So you don't have any collaboration, any involvement. It's very unusual for someone to get this much support. Now I know that I won't have to fight to make these songs heard, I feel a lot more confident about writing and performing my music."

Sadly, however, sometimes the fight to be heard is what shapes and matures talent. The big hype may get instant results, but all too often it can destroy an artist. Bruce Springsteen was one of the exceptions who managed to find his way back.

Rickie Lee Jones indisputedly has talent. Whether she has the strength to ride the machine rather than allow the machine to ride her remains to be seen.

MICK FARREN

THRILLS

Deck chairs are wrecked; chemist's shops are raided; the day of the big race approaches; the rotting body of a prehistoric sea mammal is found in Stu's suitcase. The CID are called in . . .

And then there's the soundtrack! Cliff and The Shadows! Helen Shapiro! Bobby Darin! Charlie Drake! The Beachcombers! Joe Banana and The Bunch! The previously unavailable classic 'punk rock' single 'Sex And Drugs And Great British Social Realism' . . .

Other featured beat groups like Elvis Costello, Ian Dury, and The Ramones — to name but three — aren't in fact featured, if you see what I mean, and do not make cameo or any other kind of appearances in the film, though they have between them managed to donate Arista the most classic laden soundtrack set since *Fantasia*.

THAT SUMMER!, claim its producers, captures "a moment in everyone's life, which . . . for many of us . . . took . . . pl . . . ace . . . during . . ."

Behind the back of the youth club, is it, gal?

RICHARD CLIFF

THRILLS

MOTHER'S FINEST

Bad acid, Kiss, vegetarianism — and how to kick a phe-NOMENAL amount of ass

PERCHED apprehensively on a hotel sofa, your reporter is having tea with Mother's Finest.

Why the name, he asks, as they hand him a cup?

"'Cos we wanted to call it Mother Fucker. But we couldn't, so we just kept the MF — *Muthuz Faaanest.*"

Ah . . . Right. No sugar, thanks.

The six of them settle back, scattered loosely around the furniture.

The white contingent, 'Moses' Mo (guitar) and B. B. Queen (drums), are quiet, composed and have very long hair.

The rest — The Wizard (bass), Mike Keck (keyboards), Glen Murdock and Joyce 'Baby Jean' Kennedy (vocals) — are black, cool, loud, confident and archetypally *funky*.

MF are a funk/rock/soul extravanganza from Atlanta, Georgia. They've flown in for a one-off London debut, and your man with the microphone has been dispatched for 45 minutes of perceptive repartee. It's not to be a milestone in communication.

Joyce, in mid-Southern drawl, is filling in the background that led up to their present stage act — a vigorous, slick funk work-out that forsakes their more original album material in favour of minimal technique, cat-suits, frayed boots and dry ice.

"Me an' Glen got together about ten years ago doing commercial pop — you know, long gowns, tuxedos, 'I Left My Heart In San Francisco', and the whole comedy bit, the whole male/female counterpart kind of trip — and they really got off on it, Ah *swayer*.

"About four years ago we formed a whole band, but we kept that kind of showman thing happenin' the whole time. I mean that was our survival without havin' a hit record — because our show is really together and we can *draw*."

How about these rumours that they've all become vegetarians and got into "clean living"?

"We have *now*," grins Glen. "We went through it to get to it, but it was literally out to lunch for a while!"

How literally?

MF en masse: "Bad acid, speed, THC, lots of marijuana, downers, coke, hashish, anything we could smoke. We finally figured that we just couldn't *hang* being stoned all the time — you know, the realism gets kinda shattered."

So much for my assumptions about an Earth Wind & Fire-type spiritual purity, eh?

"Right," agrees Joyce, "we're not into *preachin'* at all. We just write very realistic lyrics, very down-to-earth. But we are sharin' the problem of a unique band. I imagine that every unique band has had to go through confusion, and we're goin' through that because our music is in all those different directions — soulful, funky and rock, okay?"

Who's contributed to this split in direction?

"We were influenced by Sly, The Who and The Rolling Stones in the early days. All those people were really hot. Our biggest breakthrough as far as seeing what we wanted to do is concerned was *Woodstock*. We saw that film about 15 times and it's like all those people were really *gone*. Then when Sly comes on it's just like the show has started all over again, because of the energy and freshness, and because of the unity.

"There was no frontman — everybody was a star and everybody shined, which is what we want to do."

Don't they feel the format of their live act limits any change of musical direction?

The Wizard careers off at a tangent. "There are no limitations in our music because times are always changin' and new generations are always comin' in, and we as people — luckily enough — we are always changin' and gettin' better. So there's no boundaries."

Great, but how does their music reflect these changes?

Joyce shifts into overdrive. "We're all influenced by each other, right? Even though we're a *vibe* within ourself we're still influenced by everyone else who's in the same business. See what I'm sayin'?" (I don't). "We're just images of each other."

Things are looking bleak. I'm talking about *external* influences.

The Wizard reckons he's with me on this one. "This tour . . . this tour has influenced us and given us more reason to be ourselves and be more unique, cos we found that our own ideas are best cos they make the people *move*."

Exasperation is setting in. By external I mean are they — for example — influenced by any other types of music?

Glen's in on the case. "Yeah, you always have to stay open to ideas. Disco has been a bit of an influence. It's got a lot of energy and we *thrive* off of energy. It's also got a lot of listeners right now, so we're gonna fuse a little of that into our own stuff."

I decided to tread some stony ground. Were they aware that in England people tend to approach MF's brand of on-stage excess with a little more caution than the average American audience?

Blank looks all round.

Didn't they feel that their stage show and the expression "over the top" had something in common?

Glen veers towards disbelief. "Everybody's told us the same thing as you're tellin' us — every country we've been to. 'Don't be offended if nobody moves.' Don't you like your music, gutsy, loud, punchy . . . and your sound systems good?" (That we do). "Okay!"

'Moses' Mo suddenly springs to life. "They told us this in Holland, Germany and every place, and all the shows have been hysteria. The whole house has been crazy and jumpin' up and down. It's not like we bring on a 40-foot long worm or anything. We just play our music with our bodies as they're the effects that have been cheapest to sustain."

Joyce weighs in with a tone of authority.

"It's like this, right? You've got Kiss and they're all show; then you take The Commodores and they're all showtime and funky R'n'B stuff; then you take Earth Wind & Fire who have more of a jazz type thing with the showtime; then you've got The Who with all that rock 'n' roll — WAAAANG . . . Get it up — with a front singer who's pretty.

"Then you've got the Stones who're got Mick Jagger, and you might as well say the Stones *is* Mick Jagger; then you've got Roddy Baby who's doing a sex symbol trip right now, okay?; then you have Rufus, who started out as Rufus and all of a sudden it was just Chaka Khan, right?

"And then you has us — and we're just a little bit of all of them.

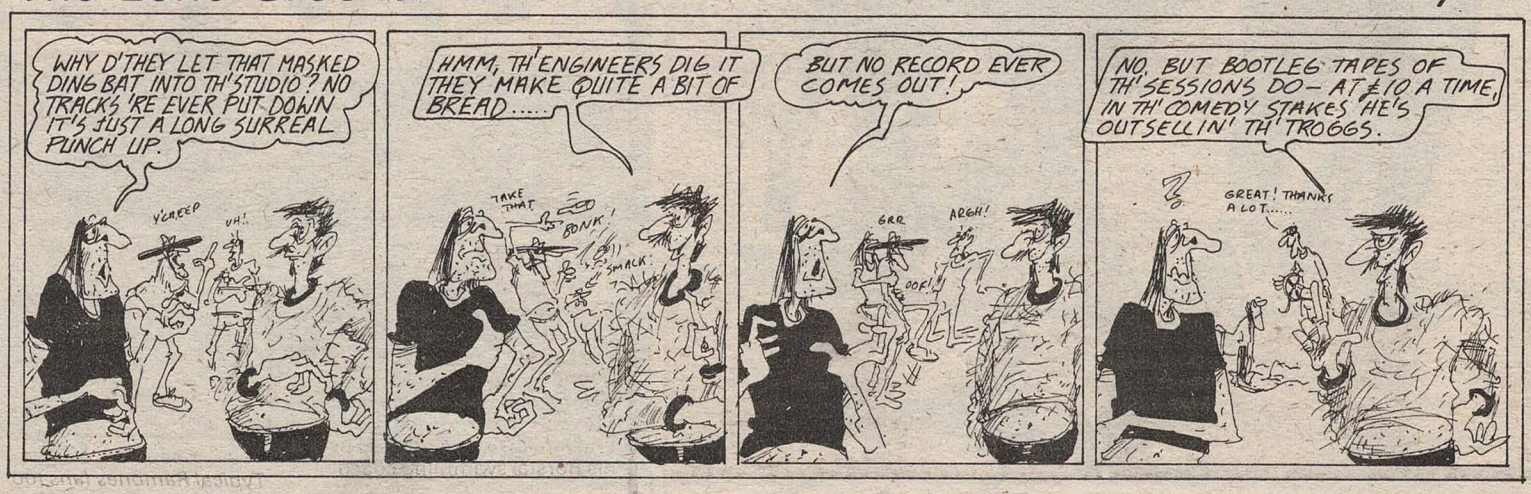
"All I know is for a no-hit group, we do kick a phe-NOMENAL amount of ass."

MARK ELLEN

THRILLS

Joyce Kennedy plays it cool. Pic: Alain de la Mata.

The Lone Groover — *Benyon*


WHY D'THEY LET THAT MASKED DING BAT INTO TH'STUDIO? NO TRACKS 'RE EVER PUT DOWN IT'S JUST A LONG SURREAL PUNCH UP.
Y'CREEP
UH!
HMM, TH'ENGINEERS DIG IT THEY MAKE QUITE A BIT OF BREAD.....
TAKE THAT
BONK!
SMACK
BUT NO RECORD EVER COMES OUT!
GRR
ARGH!
OOF!
NO, BUT BOOTLEG TAPES OF TH'SESSIONS DO — AT £10 A TIME, IN TH'COMEDY STAKES HE'S OUTSELLIN' TH'TROGGS.
GREAT! THANKS A LOT.....

Our apologies to Mr Benyon and his fan for the non-appearance of last week's comic strip. This was due to an editorial cock-up.

PATTI CAKES . . .

IN A recent phone interview with the *New York Daily News,* Patti Smith had the following to say for herself: "I love New York, but it's a matter of heart why I've been living in Detroit these last eight months. I'm in love with Fred Sonic Smith (ex-MC-5) who brought me out here.

"Together we've been involved in a process of building up an area, as far as starting a communicative underground in clubs and a series of benefits here. I just felt I did everything I could have done in my 12 years in New York. It's my spiritual home, where I flourished as an artist and gained confidence as a person. But I've never been afraid of change.

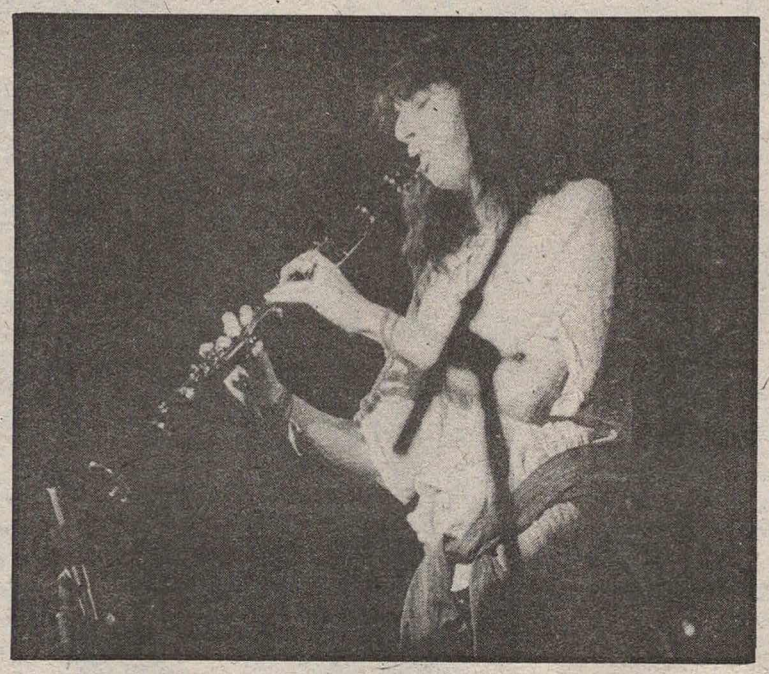
"I really have no patience at all for so much of the crap in the punk rock scene. New Wave is romantically political, but all this shit sticking safety pins in cheeks and all the fucking violence, I feel, is just a style and fad.

"I came into rock as a purist with a motivation to communicate, something I see as man's greatest gift. If the kids could remember their motivation, where they come from, then the positive aspects could be developed."

Commenting of the Sid Vicious affair when her brother Todd pressed assault charges after a bottling incident which led to Sid's incarceration for 55 days, Patti sounds nervous.

The inclusion of 'So You Want To Be A R&R Star' with the two lines *"it's all a vicious game, it's insane"* on her latest album reveals apparent guilt pangs incurred by the sordid affair."

"Both me and Todd felt a lot of compassion for Sid. He was crying out for help. He didn't slit his wrist and slash Todd's face because he was happy. The only reason Todd pressed charges was that Sid needed to be away from everyone, even if it meant jail. As soon as he was released, he committed suicide, so we were right. Sid was a mixed up kid who was trapped in his own image. I liked him, it was a shame."



Pee Wee Smith. Pic: Joe Stevens

Other heavyweights in the entertainment world like funky Pope John Paul I get a name check in Patti's phone rap with the *News.*

"There was something about John Paul I that deeply affected me; he made me feel very happy inside. I had no question where I stood as far as my relationship with my creator. I'm not some borne-again Christian. He just inspired me to reconsider several theological questions about myself."

As a result of this religious encounter of a weird kind Ms. Smith now has trouble playing 'Gloria', which starts with *"Jesus died for somebody's sins — but not mine".* She's broken down several times on stage in the middle of the song.

Judging from her recent New York shows, Patti — gaunt and incessantly scratching at her nose — seemed strained and unhappy with having to deal with her large audience, who oohed and aaahed at whatever she said.

Then again, Patti Smith has always been into sharing her pain.

JOE STEVENS

THRILLS

TWO "jam buttie" boy runaways were being hunted yesterday.

Robert Plant, 12, and his ten-year-old brother, Stuart, sneaked out of their home in Vernon Avenue, Stockport, Cheshire, on Tuesday.

They took two anoraks, one sleeping-bag and a pile of jam sandwiches.

So they are playing Knebworth after all. Sent by P. Gosling of Tottenham.

Whatever happened to John and Yoko?

AS EXCLUSIVELY sneak-previewed in *T-Zers* last week, the Lennons are silent no more. Now *Thrills* brings you — hot from the Capital airwaves — recorded highlights of the moment the prophetic pair woke up, prayed, brushed their socks, changed their teeth, and sent out for a gallon of Ajax.

Yoko Ono phoned Kenny Everett to tell him about "The Spring Cleaning Of Our Minds" in a statement entitled "A Love Letter From John And Yoko". This dumbfounding document was read on Capital Radio by Nicky Horne in the early hours of Sunday May 27.

It was dedicated to "People who ask us what, when and why", and in it they claim:

"We kept finding things in old closets in our minds that we hadn't realised were still there, things we wished we hadn't found. As we did our cleaning, we also started to notice many wrong things in our house . . . We started to love the plants which one of us originally thought were robbing the air from us. We began to enjoy the drum beat of the city which used to annoy us.

The plants are growing. The cats are purring . . . and there is love between us, our city, the country, the earth. If two people like us can do what we are doing with our lives, any miracle is possible . . . As the Good Book says, 'Where two are gathered together . . .' It's true. Two is plenty. A Newclear Seed.

It's true we can do with a few big miracles right now. The thing is to recognise them when they come to you and be thankful. First they come in a small way, in everyday life, then they come in rivers and in oceans. It's goin' to be alright. The future of the earth is up to all of us.

More and more we are starting to wish and pray. The things we have tried to achieve in the past by flashing a V-sign, we try now through wishing. We are not doing this because it is simpler; wishing is more effective than waving flags. It works. It's like magic. Magic is simple; magic is real. Magic is logical. Try it sometime.

If you think of us next time, remember our silence is a silence of love and not of indifference. Remember we are writing in the sky instead of on paper — that's our song.

Lift up your eyes again and look around you, and you will see that you are walking in the sky, which extends to the ground. We are all part of the sky, more so than of the ground. Remember, we love you.

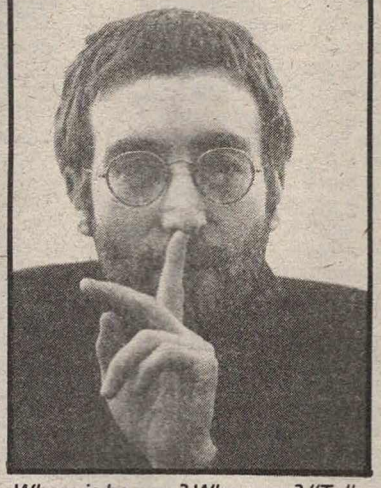
John Lennon and Yoko Ono, New York City.

P.S. We noticed that three angels were looking over our shoulders when we wrote this!"

What? *When!?* And WHY!!-

MARK ELLEN

THRILLS



Where is he now? Who nose? "Talk to you in five years' time, folks . . ." Pic: Annette Green

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THE EDGE

FIRE 3

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The Tourists

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JUNE Thurs 7th, Limmit, SHEFFIELD ● Fri 8th, The Factory, MANCHESTER ● Sat 9th, Bath College of Education, BATH ● Thurs 14th, Barbarellas, BIRMINGHAM ● Sat 16th, Jack Stales Grey Topper, NOTTINGHAM ● Fri 22nd, Leicester University, LEICESTER ● Sat 23rd, Rock garden, MIDDLESBOROUGH ● Sun 24th, Stagecoach, DUMFRIES ● Mon 25th, Tiffanys, EDINBURGH ● Tue 26th, Queens Hall, Grenoch, GLASGOW ● Thurs 28th, Encs, LIVERPOOL ● Fri 29th, Lafayette, WOLVERHAMPTON ● Sat 30th, JB's, DUDLEY ● JULY Thurs 5th, F. Club, LEEDS ● Fri 6th, Pavilion, WEST RUNTON ● Sat 7th, Penthouse, SCARBOROUGH

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Words

KEVIN CUMMINS
Pictures

Palmolive

Gina

Ana

Vicki

RAINCOATS

YOU ALWAYS get the odd one or two, even on Rough Trade tours. The sight of four women on a stage with guitars in their hands demanding attention solely by virtue of the music they are playing still proves too much of a threat to the (in)security of some pint-supping piss-pot at the back of the hall.

Even on supposedly alternative ventures like the just-completed Kleenex/Raincoats/Spizz Energi tour.

This, the second package to go out under the banner of the worthy Kensington Park Road set-up, swung into its final leg at an art college in deepest Canterbury, a gig policed by a firm of local bouncers (hired by the college, not Rough Trade) decked out in black shirts and pinstripe suits as if to resemble Paper Lace on *TOTP* singing 'The Night Chicago Died'.

Tonight The Raincoats are playing last, taking their turn as headliners on a three-sided rota, and they amble onstage to an audience well charged up after the perky pop of Kleenex and the redoubtable Spizz.

The Raincoats are greeted initially by a few beer-stained cat-calls — all of which subside after the first couple of songs — and then mainly by stares of bemused interest.

Well, they looked like stares of bemused interest to me. However, the local newspaper chap who managed to worm his way through the pinstriped barricade guarding the dressing room afterwards obviously thought differently, since he asked violinist and guitarist Vicki Aspinall: "Do you think it's an advantage that the audience ogle at you onstage?"

Her riposte to such an inane line of probing was no doubt short and sweet. I forgot to enquire at the time. But five days later when I took a train to Manchester to catch up with the tour again at The Factory, I did get a chance to ask.

"In other words, do we think it's an advantage being a sex object so we can get on," replies Vicki. "People still have this certain image of women on the stage and they try to put us into it all the time. 'We've had several reviews which have been very bitter, putting us down because we don't fit into any convenient category. We're not sex objects and we're not a feminist band as such.

Gina Birch (bass and vocals): "It's very patronising. It's just because they can't find another way of assessing what we do. Like one review said something about our supposed 'all girls together anti-men lyrics' and another said something about us not being able to play our instruments because we are 'little girlies'.

"It's just madness. They're threatened by it. We're open to criticism. In fact, we'd like criticism of the music if it could be done without criticising us as women."

What, I wondered aloud, did they think was the best way of dealing with the odd bouts of sexist heckling — by confronting or ignoring it?

Palmolive (drums): "By ignoring it and confronting it, by putting something else across before they have time to do it.

Gina: "There's no point in getting into a blatant argument from the stage just because someone shouts get your knickers off."

The roots of your thoughts
They're essentially polaroidal.
When you look at my picture
Don't say it's your mirror.
Tear me, make me glad
Don't ask me anything.
I'm no secret agent
Got no colours to give to you.

But don't worry, honey, don't worry.
This is just a fairytale
Happening in the supermarket.

— 'Fairytale In The Supermarket'

Raincoats indoors

THE RAINCOATS began life a little under a year ago when Gina Birch met Portuguese vocalist Ana in West London. Their early gigs, in places like Paddington's Cryptic Club and Notting Hill's Acklam Hall, were more or less free-for-all sessions in true Mekonite gang style.

From such beginnings the group progressed through a motley collection of male and female drummers (including the current Public Image man Richard 'Snakes' Dudanski) and even guest saxophonists.

However, after a four-day trip to play at an arts performance festival in Poland, a temporary split caused a halt to the gigs, leaving just the two original members, Gina and Ana.

The ranks were next swollen by the arrival first of Palmolive from The Slits and then Vicki from another all-girl band, Jam Today. The band as they are now played their first gig at the Acklam Hall in early January.

Palmolive's departure from The Slits, which came very much as a surprise when announced, had been at the request of The Yachts' manager Frank Silver, who was also handling The Slits at that time. But as Palmolive recalls the split barely a hint of acrimony permeates her rich Spanish tones.

"They decided they wanted to get professional and they thought I couldn't play drums so they chucked me out. It came from the manager. "But I don't think I'm that professional anyway. As it is, I'm still a bit dodgy. But I was very pissed off that you had to be a stylish musician to be in a group. I just didn't really fit in with the things they wanted to do."

Vicki, a classically-trained violinist, was found after Palmolive posted an ad' 'Female Musician Wanted — No Style But Strength', in Camden's Compendium bookshop. Vicki had been inactive for a couple of months after growing disillusioned with certain aspects of the hard-line feminist approach of Jam Today.

"It was a completely different attitude. Jam Today were very self-consciously feminist, which meant playing preferably only to women and not taking part in any commercial structures at all — which meant not making any records and keeping very much as an isolated alternative.

"At the time I thought it was a good idea as I couldn't see much of a future in the rock 'scene' but in the end I left because their attitude was so isolated that they were cutting themselves off.

"They were completely anti-capitalist in every sense, which was totally unpractical. You end up playing to nobody apart from the people who know about you already, and I just can't see that attitude getting you anywhere. I think you should try to work within things to get something done.

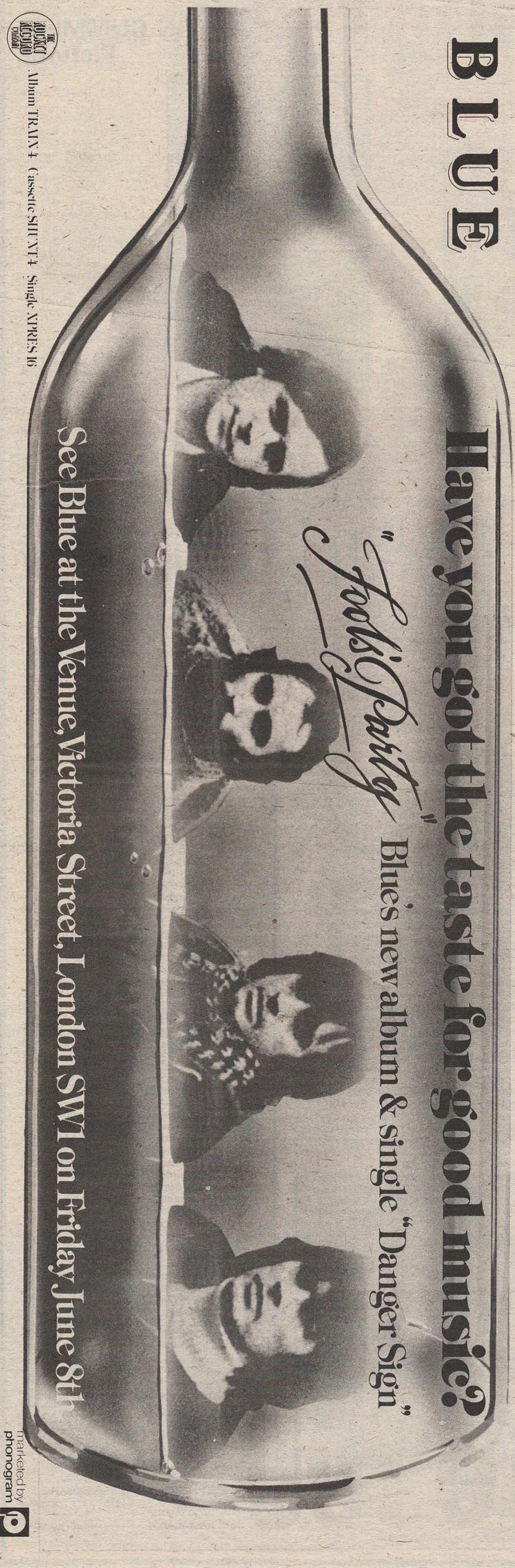
"I'm still sympathetic to their feminist views but I think they have an unpractical way of going about it. It's unrealistic. For a start, you have got to play to men. You can't cut yourself off from half the human race."

THE RAINCOATS as they are now are living proof that music played by non-virtuosos can still be remarkably sophisticated. That their crude sophistication is achieved by taking risks and without losing any of the abrasive edginess is no small bonus.

And, though you can sometimes spot the odd reference points — anything from The Mekons to Pere Ubu, but most noticeably The Velvet Underground And Nico — their sound is intense and totally individual.

Moreover, like, say, Gang Of Four or the early Clash, they draw their creative strength from an internal tension imposed by the marked character differences in the group; crudely, the hot-blooded Iberian romanticism of Ana and Palmolive on one hand and the hard-headed English rationalism of Vicki on

■ *Continues over*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Have you got the taste for good music?
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See Blue at the Venue, Victoria Street, London SW1 on Friday June 8th
Album TRAN 4 Cassette SHUNT 4 Single XPRES 16
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RAINCOATS

■ *From previous page*

the other, with Gina falling somewhere in between the two.

The gaps are further underlined by the fact that all four members contribute individually to the songwriting score. Thus on their recently-released Rough Trade single there was one song of Ana's ('Fairytale In The Supermarket'), one of Gina's ('In Love'), and one of Palmolive's ('Adventures Close To Home'), while more of Vicki's contrasting pieces are gradually being introduced into the live set.

"We all write songs and we all have our individual styles," elaborates Vicki. "I think it's a varied set because all the songs are written by different people. There's no overriding musical style or whatever.

"Some of them — especially Ana's and Palmolive's — are very intense and emotional, but I don't think they are romantic in the traditional romantic sense.

"It would be too easy to say that we are women and therefore we write romantic emotional songs. That's a mistruth."

"It's horrible!" adds Gina. "It's the other way around. We are women and we have different perceptions. Even The Raincoats have emotions!"

Passion that shouts
And red with anger
I lost myself
Through alleys of mystery
I went up and down
Like a demented train

Chorus:
Don't take it personal
I choose my own fate
I follow love, I follow hate

Searching for something
That makes hearts move
I found myself
But lost my best possession
Walked into the shade
And threatened to drift away.

Full of myself
I left you behind
As if I could
Possessed by Quixote's dream
Went to fight dragons
In the land of concrete.

— 'Adventures Close To Home'

THE IDIOSYNCRATIC use of English in songs like 'Fairytale' and 'Adventures Close To Home' is indicative of a rare and charming talent at work. But, on the other hand, the very private visions of the lyrics and intensely personal styles of the writers (Ana and Palmolive) occasionally cause confusion for the listener.

Bearing this in mind I asked Ana to explain 'Supermarket'.

"It's about several different things. Originally it was two songs which were combined with a short drum burst in the middle. Each line is about a different thing more or less. I thought you could write different lines which didn't really have something to do with the line before.

"The idea of a title is just a contradiction. It has the visual of all these things happening today in the age where supermarkets exist and at the same time you have fairytales which are a sort of contradiction to that."

Much harsher and direct are Vicki's songs, particularly 'Off Duty Trip', based on the true case of a British soldier involved in an extremely violent rape but punished only very leniently so that his career could be saved.

"The judge considered the priority to be saving his career rather than obtaining any justice for the woman who was mauled to bits by him."

Just a couple in the park
Pounding out their games in the dark
Those who walk past her screams
Are only reminded of love's young dreams

Seaside town, off duty trip
Taking flesh, going to let rip
With rings on his fingers,
Sharp like the taste that still lingers.
Join the professionals, save one of our professionals
No, no jail for a professional!

— 'Off Duty Trip'

The most disorientating song in The Raincoats' set at the moment is their one and only cover: a version of Ray Davies' 'Lola', performed word for word to the blueprint of The Kinks' original. A courageous enough song — about transvestite homosexuality — when it was written ten or so years ago, The Raincoats believe it takes on added dimension when performed by women.

Ana: "It keeps it totally open to interpretation and, besides, the song was so well written, the whole humour, the whole use of words so well done that it's a really good song to do. But I think it goes even further sung by a woman."

Vicki: "I think the fact that it's about two men and it is being sung by women dislocates the whole thing. When we sing it you have women singing about a man falling in love with another man!

"If I was listening to it like that, I'd feel quite shocked into listening to what it was about."

THE ODD live review aside, you won't have read too much about the Raincoats in the rock press. They don't shun publicity but they don't exactly come begging for it either and, initially, they were even slightly unsure about committing themselves to this interview.

Ana, particularly, is anxious that the band should have the chance to grow at their own pace without the pressure of having to live up to any great hype. And though I personally rate them very highly, I don't intend providing any such fare here.

Ana and Gina formed The Raincoats with a subconscious vow not to involve the band in anything which might entail presenting a false image of themselves. It is a resolve that has scarcely weakened over the past year.

Vicki: "That's one of the reasons we don't want to be involved with a big record company. We'd be under a lot of pressure inevitably to change the way we are onstage."

Gina: "Basically, we don't want to say that we're not going to sign with a big company. Everybody seems to let people down by making statements like that.

"But at the moment we're not even considering it. I can see no advantage to us as a group. We're already in a position where we can make records, play gigs and do what we want to do."

Ana: "We're not even thinking of the big company alternatives. I don't think it would be an advantage to reach a larger audience by saying increasingly stale things. I haven't seen many people going on being true to themselves after going to big companies. It doesn't even interest men to talk about it.

"All we want really is to be in a position to do the music we want to do and be as free as we can in doing it."

BRIAN MAY · STATUS QUO · SUZI QUATRO · ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA
THE SKIDS · HELLMUT HATTLER · XTC · JOHN ENTWISTLE · GENESIS · ROGER WATERS · BOOMTOWN RATS
The all-round sound
music strings

PRINCE BUSTER
THIS GUN FOR HIRE

DOWN THE Ricky-Tick, Windsor's only teenbeat haven in the mid-'60s, us blokes didn't get a look in. The girls were *always* the best dancers. Handbags in a big pile in the middle, staring into the distance, they did some great little dances, especially to Prince Buster's 'Al Capone', swinging their hips and toting their hands like guns, while wallflower me just stood and gawked.

I didn't rate ska anyway. All bluebeat and red and white Island labels meant to me was second-rate soul music, which just goes to show what cloth ears I've got.

But even a purist fart like me had to laugh at Buster. He was such a loudmouthed sod: *'Hey Cincinatti, people say you're good — I think you're the best I've ever met, but when I'm around you're second best,'* he claimed on 'Cincinatti Kid'. And who'd dare to argue with him?

Walking past Melodisc Records on Earlham Street, you could see all his albums in the window, including one with a picture of him strutting in African robes; what a buffoon, I thought, and still didn't pay much attention.

But eventually, when soul looked like dying on its dancing feet (ca. 1973) we all turned to reggae; ska and Buster began to look good, and now that we're being force-fed a mod revival, perhaps Buster gets a second chance for some serious attention.

Well, not too serious, but he's definitely worth a listen still.

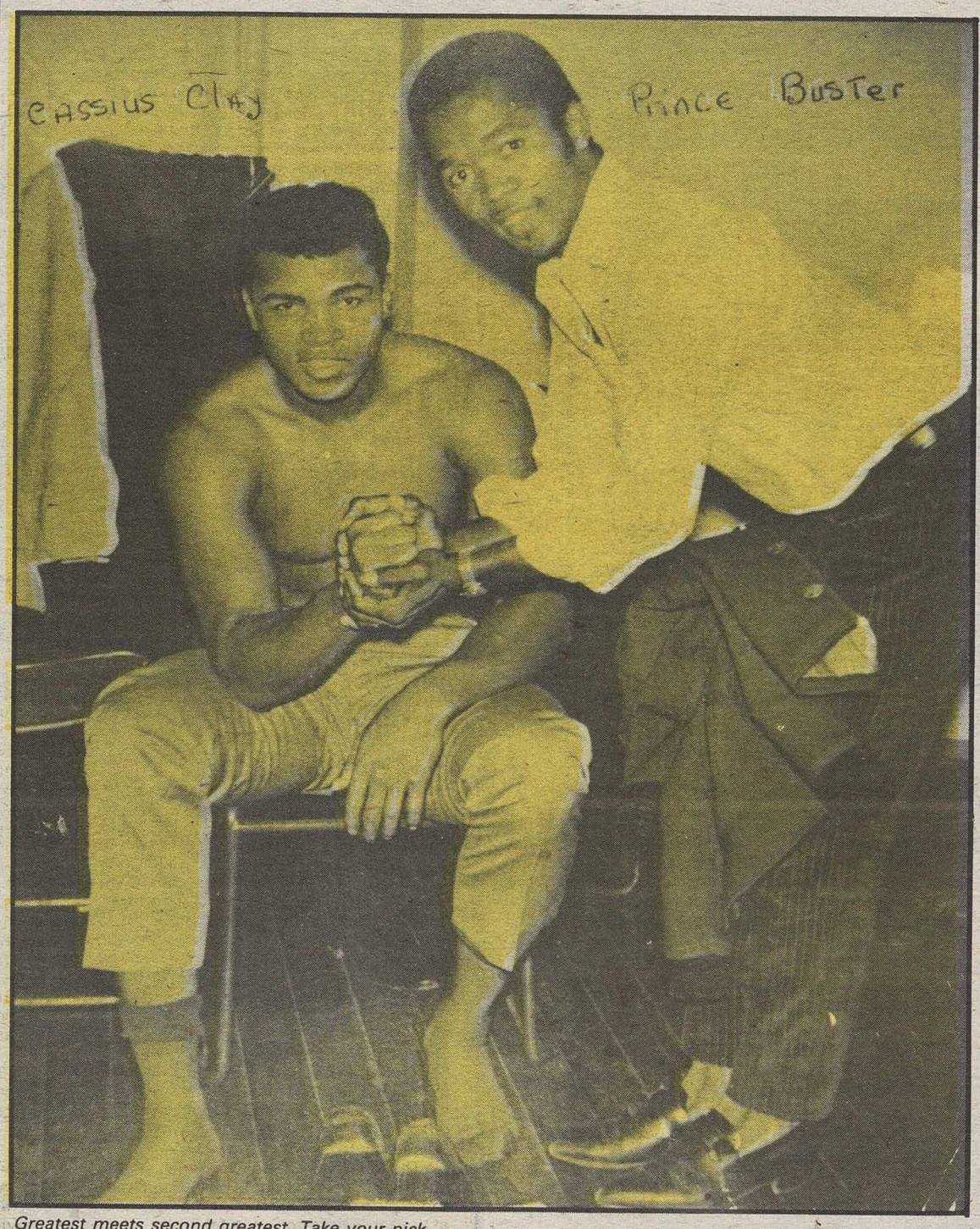
ABANDONING a career in boxing in the late '50s, Buster opted for the different though equally pugilistic world of sound systems, Kingston's main source of entertainment in the days before recording studios and pressing plants arrived.

Even now, the names of those sound system operators have a sort of deranged majesty: Sir Coxsone The Downbeat, Duke Reid The Trojan, Lord Koos Of The Universe, V Rocket.

Buster started as Downbeat's bouncer, but decided to go it alone, setting up in competition which often got out of hand. Some of the Duke's men once cracked his head open with a handy brick, and his wires were often cut at dances. They took their dancing seriously in those days.

Buster could stand the pace though, and kept abreast of the rest; then when recording came to Kingston in 1958 (fairly late in the day really), he was one of the first in the studios and claims responsibility for changing JA music from R&B derivatives to the ska it became in 1961.

He was an imaginative producer, easily the equal of Coxsone, Reid, Leslie Kong, and the other big knobs of ska.

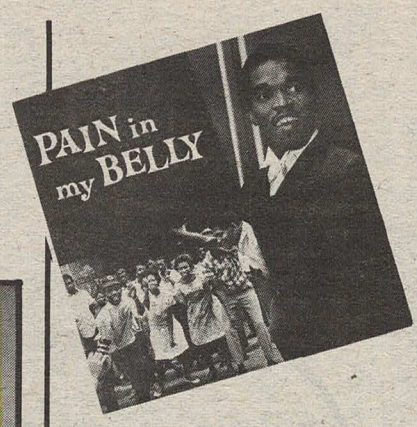


Greatest meets second greatest. Take your pick . . .

PRINCE BUSTER ruled with a rod of iron in the halcyon daze of the mods. NICK KIMBERLEY, who never wore Hush Puppies, hopes he'll come back from down in Bone Yard soon. Watch out as the bullets fly . . .

He even continued the sound system battles on record: when his protege Derrick Morgan left to record for Leslie Kong, whose Chinese descent won him a lot of enemies throughout his career, Buster accused Morgan of being A 'Black Head Chinaman', working for 'Praise But No Raise', while Lloyd Charmers was 'Judas' Charmers, selling his soul for 'Thirty Pieces Of Silver' — straight to the man's head even then.

Not all of Buster's records were good: Eric Morris's Toytown effort, 'Humpty Dumpty', was silly nursery rhyme stuff, sounding more like someone cashing in on ska. Usually, though, Buster was good — and often great: The Folks' Bros 'Oh Carolina', a popular tune down Wardour St as well as on Orange Street, was a strange mixture of New Orleans piano, Count Ossie's Rasta drumming (pretty sharp in those days) and the still-fresh ska rhythm; while The Maytals cut most of their very few interesting records for Buster, including 'Dog War', aka 'Broadway Jungle'.



But best of all were Buster's own records, abrasive dance music which celebrated everything anti-social and destructive: outrageous male dominance on 'Ten Commandments' *('Remember to kiss and caress me, honour and obey me in every whim & fancy, seven days a week and twice on Sunday')*, nothing less than *glorification* of the Kennedy assassination ('Texas Hold-Up'), the vengeful arm of law and order (in the Judge Dread trilogy, 'Judge Dread', 'The Barrister', presumably aimed at Bob Marley, and 'Judge Dread Dance The Pardon', where Buster decides he's been too rough on the rudies).

Drunkenness gets it on 'Drunkards' Psalm', where he warns alcoholics, *'Rum is their shepherd, and they live in want, it maketh them to lie down in the gutter on an empty stomach and vomit up some green things they did not eat'* and random violence on 'This Gun For Hire'.

All in all, though he couldn't make up his mind which side of the rude boy fence he was on, Buster's music was, for rudies, dreads and mods everywhere, a good-humoured mouthpiece, anarcho-conservative rebel music which also, as it happened, pushed Jamaican music forward all the time, from R&B to ska to rock steady to reggae.

Only in the early '70s did Buster's enthusiasm begin to fade, and even then he was still a force to reckon with when he made the effort: he produced some great toasting records with Big Youth and Dennis Alcapone, out Pablo-ed Augustus with a superior cover of 'Java' by Senor Pablo, and produced one of dub's earliest and best albums, 'The Message'.

He could clearly handle the newer drum-and-bass developments with ease and panache, and yet he lost interest in the frills of reggae, denouncing the new music with its false Rastas and Lion-Zion-tell-it-to-you cliches.

Instead, he preferred to re-issue the music he loved on a set of oldies albums, with the warning, 'They have used guns to spoil the fun and force tasteless and meaningless music upon the land. They have even turned heaven into hell. Even my god is angry and one will give an account of their sins on the day of judgment'.

The mixture of political, Biblical and musical damnation adequately describes the state of Jamaica, Kingston and reggae in 1979; we can't expect Buster to sort out the problems of JA life, but he could do a lot to put reggae back on the right tracks.

Come back Buster, new rudies and mods still need you?

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Virgin V2122 available on cassette

SINGLES

GANG OF FOUR. Pic: PENNIE SMITH

Music To Cure Ulcers By

● SINGLE OF THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

GANG OF FOUR: At Home He's A Tourist (Gang Of Four). Crash Smash Crash Ring! Two Steps Forward!! This second single by The Gang Of Four rams home with a vengeance what should have been apparent to all and sundry from the start: the thing that really sets this group aside from all the others working slightly to the left of mainstream is that they make angry, irresistible dance music.

'Tourist', the most important record on EMI for two-and-a-half years, positively explodes with the fidgety delirium that has characterised The Gang Of Four's stage show for the past 12 months or so. Driven along by the seductive pulsebeat of Dave Allen's bass and underpinned by token crisp Hugo Burnham drumming, only Andy Gill's scratchy, haywire 'lead' guitar intrusions would stand between this and a regular airing on down on any disco floor.

AT HOME HE'S A TOURIST!!
AT HOME HE'S A TOURIST!
AT HOME HE'S A TOURIST!!
AT HOME HE'S A TOURIST!!
AT HOME HE'S A TOURIST!

SINGLES

■ *From previous page*

catchy and the band's electro-dynamic vim is lurking there somewhere in the background, but that elusive *je ne pogo quoi* just isn't there.

YACHTS: Love You Love You (Radar). The Yachts have a problem and it's a curious one. They have a great sound — hard and compact, with a dash of eeriness lent by the Farfisa organ — but little idea of what exactly to do with it. So they create clever but insubstantial lightweight pop singles like this one, produced by Richard Gottehrer who did the first two Blondie albums. They're always in there with the off-chance of a minor hit, but it's never going to set the world on fire.

BARRY ANDRES: Town And Country EP (Virgin). PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY: Jellyfish (United Artists). ANGLETRAX: Things To Make And Do (Ariola Hansa). The unacceptable face of quirky 'modern' music. Three records that are incredibly predictable and boring in their stock disregard of what they see as rock convention. All three are totally irrelevant.

Barry 'Baldy' Andrews used to be XTC's keyboard player but I can't see his typically clevor-Trevor effort following his former buddies to the verges of the charts.

The bumph that comes with the Punilux platter informs me that 'Jellyfish' was originally the B-side of their first UA single, 'Engine Of Excess', now demoted to the obverse of this new pressing. A pointless enough marketing ploy as it stands, but what they forget to add is that, quality-wise, you're left holding two B-side jobs.

Nauseating Wendy Herman and her Angletrax mob come across like a bunch of true-blue, white-collar bourgeois failed modern drama students who somehow conned a gullible Kraut disco label into letting them into a recording studio. God knows how though.

FASHION: Citinite (Fashion Music). Citinite? City Night? Fashion are a bit posey — viz the singer's penchant for Harleyesque vocal distortions — but this is a fine single. Better even than their 'Steady Eddie' debut and that wasn't bad. Neat tune, atmospheric synth, sleazy nightclub cymbals and a discernable reggae backbeat. I also get the feeling somewhere along the line that Fashion have their tongues poked obliquely back in their cheeks.

This single is on their own Brum-based label, but it should be readily available via a distribution link-up with Faulty Products.

THE TEA SET: Cups And Saucers EP (Waldo's). Excellently packaged, well played four-tracker from a DIY-crazy Watford-based group to whom parody seems to come as naturally as dummy-sucking to a two-month-old baby. Derivative but diversified. If you dig the self-indulgence of ATV, the wit of Natlamp, the vanity of Public Image and the whackiness of Swell Maps, then this is your band.

The EP comes complete with a 16-page booklet, PVC sleeve, lyrics to all the songs and pics. All for quid. This is called making the most of limited resources.

KIRSTY MacCOLL: They Don't Know (Stiff). Young Kirsty MacColl would be justified in feeling well put out at Stiff's efforts to market her as 'the daughter of' some old folk sage. She seems a well-voiced singer and could easily stand on the merits of her own talent alone. Shame about the song and Liam Sternberg's unsympathetic gushing production.

KK BLACK: California Sun (Aura). As an expectant hush falls over the review room, it can now be revealed that this KK Black is none other than Kelvin - Blacklock - aka - Colney - ex - Tuff - Darts - Tools - Mott - White - Cats. You just can't keep a good loser down! But, alas, I can see very little here — great song aside — to change the status quo.

REG LAWS: Rebel (Chysalis). This week's young pretender in the Parker / Costello stakes. Hedge your bets NOW ladies and gentlemen! Duff song, cornball lyrics, and the arrangement is too mellow by far, but they just keep on coming. If this sort of thing is your bag though, then forget about the Jacksons and Laws of the world and check Local Operator soonish.

HOLLYWOOD BRATS: Then He Kissed Me (Cherry Red). Trash! This is the 'legendary' band of New York Doll clones that once featured among their number Casino Steel of The Boys and Eunon Brady, now of Wreckless Eric's combo.

Re-released from an album originally available only in Scandinavia in 1975, this putrid re-make of the old Spector classic is backed with an inferior version of Steel's 'Sick On You', which was later to crop up on The Boys' first album.

Two years too soon in '75, it's two too late today. Sometimes you just can't win!

STRAIGHT EIGHT: Spread It Around (WEA). Jus' because Peter Townshend personally signs you to his Eel Pie record label and you then drag the Meher himself in to play keyboards on your first single for a big company doesn't necessarily mean that you will get a rave review in the *NME*.

RIPCHORDS: Television EP (Cells). TOURS: Language School (Armadillo). GANGSTERS: Best Friend (Stortbeat). VENIGMAS: Turn The Lights Out (Graduate).

VISITORS: Electric Heat EP (Deep Cuts). UK Indies Corner: Of the 70 or so singles being released every week, there seems to be an increasingly bewildering amount of small label vinyl about, most of it infinitely more interesting that the stuff floating around on the majors.

And, as Lincoln's The Ripchords sing on their charming garageland EP: *'Music is a giant biz / The record kings pull all the strings / The dinosaurs are music's whores / Irrelevant white elephants.*

'They don't relate / They're not so great / They're all too vain to entertain / Their sets are filled with overkill / Pretentiousness in vast excess!'

Any band hailing from Poole are bound to be pretty wet and The Tours fit that bill. Their song is great pop. Worthy of The Undertones. All they need now is a singer with the vocal charisma of Fergal Sharkey.

The Gangsters' record is no great shakes. Energetic 60s pop with Jilted John lyrics. But the band do come from the godforsaken Essex new town of Harlow where I had the misfortune ot spend 12 months of my life. So for that I can only extend to them my deepest sympathy.

The Venigmas (Glasgow) are a vacuous early 70s rock band. You get a free paper plane with their single, but the platter itself flies much better as a frisbee.

The Visitors EP is the first release on Edinburgh's Deep Cuts label, set up by Johnny Waller of the excellent *Kingsod Come* fanzine.

It features three tentative attempts at something new and takes a few risks in the process, but The Visitors largely fail to transcend some of their more obvious influences — Wire, for instance, on 'Electric Heat' and the Skids on 'Moth'. Give them time.

STUDIO SWEETHEARTS: I Believe (DJM). The Studio Sweethearts, depending on your point of view, could be construed as some sort of supergoup consisting, as they do, of two ex-members of Slaughter And The Dogs and one apiece from Eater and The Nosebleeds. The Blind Faith of the blank generation?

Their sub-ponderous plod was produced by the Hot Rods' old engineer Vic Maile, but check the sleeve for the real sign of the times. There we find the lads decked out in true Gen-X pretty boy style: lace shirts, neckties, lipstick and mascara. Just one thing though. Where have all the Boot Boys gone?

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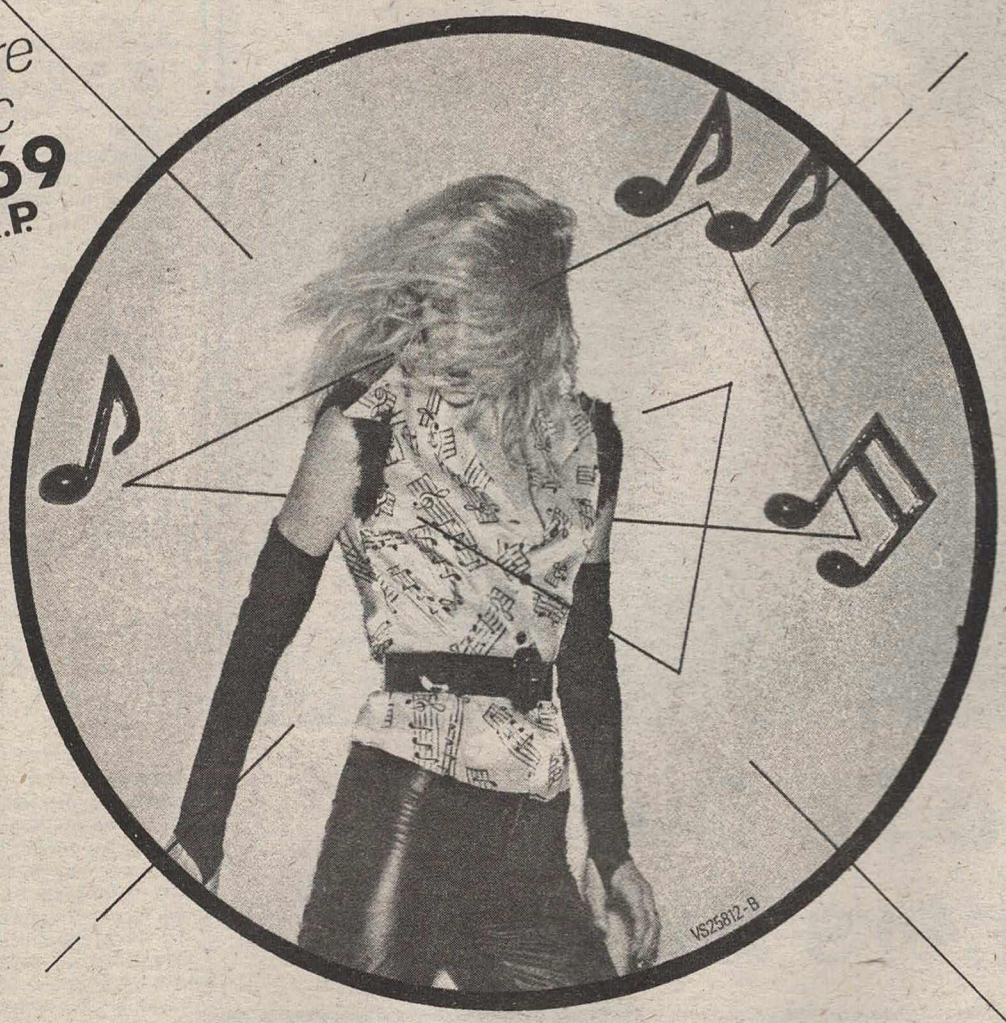

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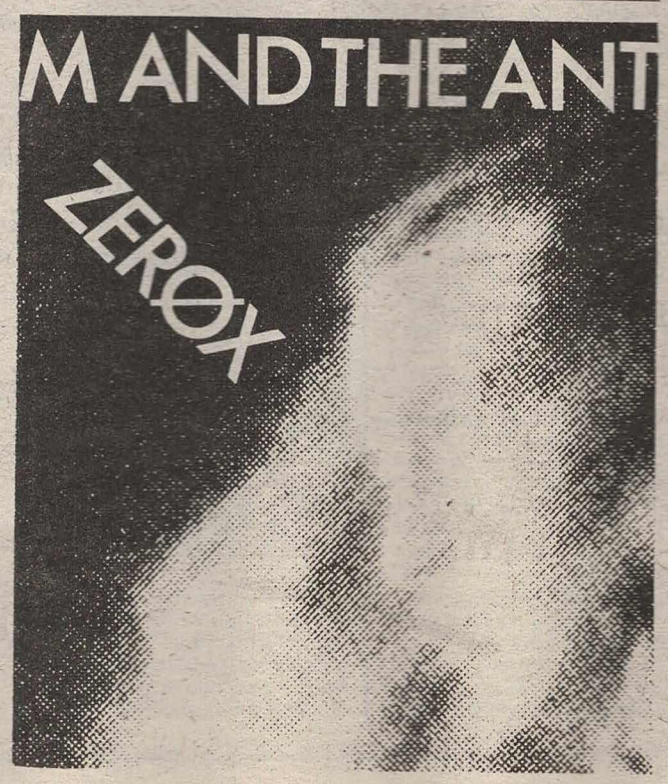

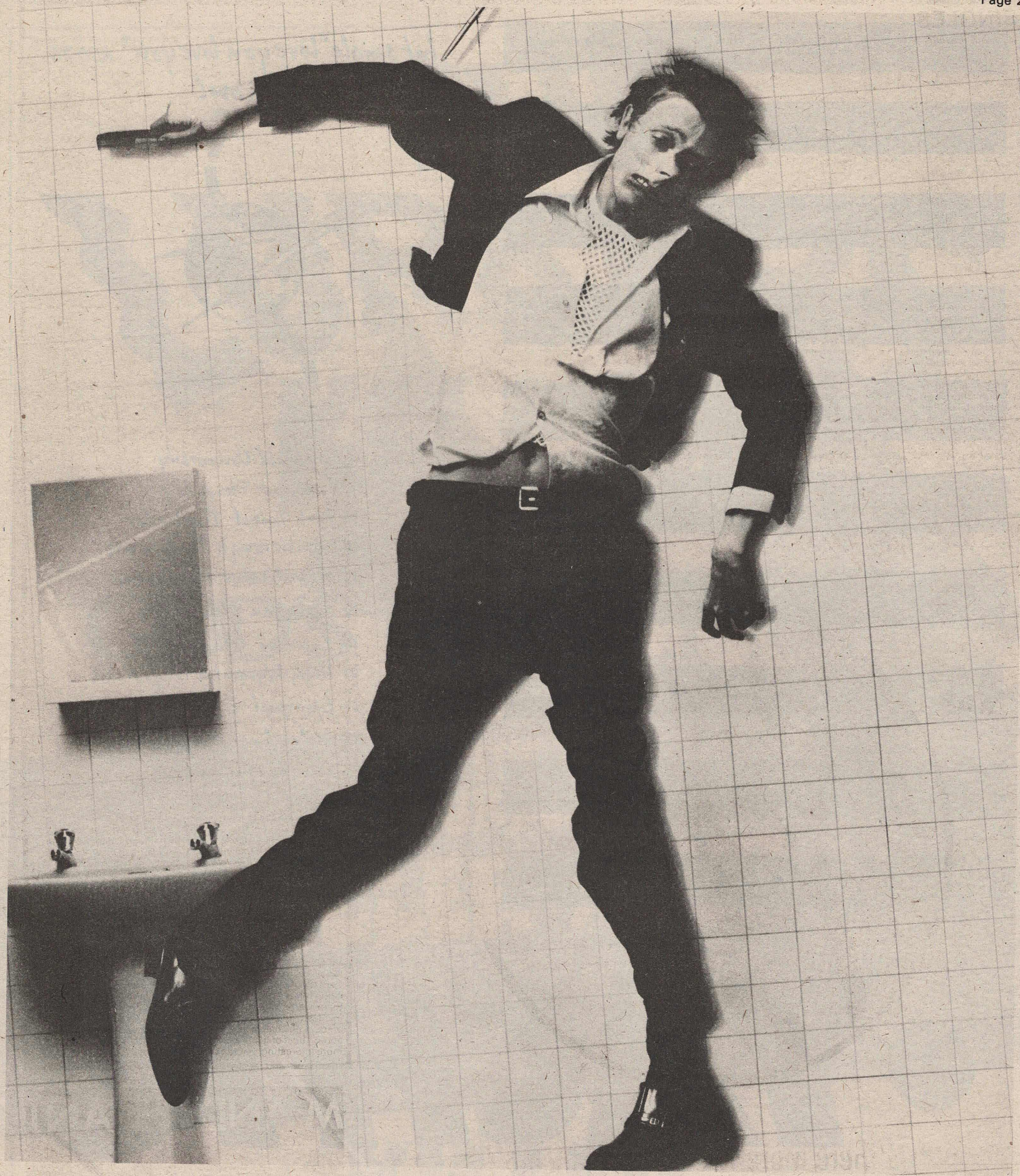

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The Strange And Terrible Saga Of A Fatal Microbe

HONEY BANE, talking to MAX BELL

HONEY BANE. Pic: PENNIE SMITH

HONEY BANE (aka Donna Boylan) spends her life in a childcare centre down in Brentwood, Essex. She's 15 years old, and has lived in St. Charles Home since she was 11.

Every morning in St. Charles, before lessons, the kids take part in a therapy session which lasts an hour. They are asked to talk about themselves, to discuss their problems with the staff. Honey Bane isn't convinced that she has any problems to talk about but she plays along with their little game just the same.

One of the staff will say that the way she is sitting indicates something about her personality. Honey thinks this is a load of crap but she'll make up a problem if it keeps them happy, and quiet.

Honey Bane (aka Donna Boylan) used to be a violent girl who drank a lot underage in the pubs round Epping. Sometimes she'd get *so* drunk and start a fight, deliberately pick on some big bloke she took a dislike to, go and punch him in the face.

After she'd been dragged off to the police station in Epping once too often she was sent to the childcare centre and placed in a high security unit. A problem girl. She spent two years in this unit and was allowed out 20 times in two years.

Honey Bane calmed down and they moved her to a less restrictive unit in the same building. Now she is allowed out on a special one-to-one basis with a sympathetic member of staff.

I FIRST heard about Honey / Donna last Christmas. The quirky independent label Small Wonder, of 162 Hoe Street, Walthamstow, and Patrik Fitzgerald fame, had joined forces with an Epping enterprise called XN TRIX. They planned to release a double sided 12" EP featuring two groups, The Poison Girls and The Fatal Microbes, and the latter had a lead singer name of Honey Bane.

But I phoned up Pete Stennet at Small Wonder and asked him whether these bands were available for interviews, and he said no, they didn't at the time.

The record's release was being delayed because the head of social services in Essex had never heard of a child in care making a record before and wasn't sure whether that sort of thing should be encouraged, especially a record called 'Violence Grows' whose opening line ran thus: *'While you're getting kicked to death in another pedestrian subway, Don't think passers-by will help — they'll just look the other way'.*

Worst of all, Donna was missing. She and two other kids had done a bunk and headed for London, pursued by the police and the social service authorities.

During this episode Donna was very cold and didn't have many places to stay. One night she crawled into a lift in Brixton. Another time she chatted up a bloke on the tube and he let her stay in his shed for a bit.

Last month Small Wonder / XN TRIX were finally allowed to release the EP. The SS accepted, grudgingly, their promises of good conduct and contracts of a sort were signed.

The record garnered some favourable reviews. Our own Paul Morley gave it thumbs up, which was fair enough considering that Morley had once described Poison Girls vocalist Vi Squad (36ish) as 'a plump middle-aged lady squeezed into a crimson skirt' during a live review and been thumped by an irate Ms Squad a week or so later (in the Music Machine of all places).

Vi Squad is better known to her pals as Francis Boyle and Honey knows her very well, "She's a funny old bitch but she can be nice at times".

Francis is Honey's mother.

Sounds took up the EP's cause with a singles spread of magnitude, made it a joint 45 of the week etc.

Of course, they ran a photo of Donna and referred to her as 'jail bait' — pretty funny when you consider that the girl is already in a children's prison.

And then at the beginning of May a small girl in a fluffy jumper with elaborately frizzy bubbly blond hair and a lot of bottle came marching into the *NME* offices. She introduced herself as "Honey Bane. They told me at Small Wonder to come in and start swearing and be abusive, cos that way I'd get noticed."

She didn't do that. Instead she sat down and pulled out a bundle of papers.

"Djoo wanna read some songs?"

Now, usually when someone confronts me with their life's work — just comes up and plants it in front of me — my reaction is to beg pardon and leave the room.

This time I didn't feel any such embarrassment, the girl seemed so disarmingly matter of fact about the lyrics and anyway she didn't even ask me what I thought. There was no searching for praise. Better still, the songs, the images in the lyrics, were extremely powerful and shocking, obviously created out of a similar sense of reality.

The songs were not *good* or *bad,* but they said a lot spontaneously, naively, ingeniously.

Anyhow, Honey said her mum was waiting outside for her but next week she'd come back and talk for longer.

She did, and told me about the Fatal Microbes half of that EP, particularly 'Violence Grows'.

You might have heard John Peel play this song and felt a chill run up your spine. It transpires that Peel was loathe to air the Microbes at first — partly because the content of the song is so alarmingly potent and also because he thought that the band in question were a bunch of old hippies taking the mick (it does exhude a certain scent of the Velvet Underground and The Doors at their most disquietingly psychotic).

But Honey wouldn't know about that, or care. Why should she?

"I've always been an exhibitionist, for the attention. I took it more seriously when I started writing songs. I had something to say. If you're a kid in a place like that home they label you, you're not human, you're just a load of shit. I'm not useless and I wanted to be an example to the other kids. I've been in care for four and a half years; a lot of the children aren't useless either, they're more intelligent than kids their age in a normal school.

"I always used to be a bit weird. I went to school with knickers over me head when I was ten and had red and green streaks in my hair. That was before punk got started. I didn't know what punk was until the first time I saw a new wave band on the tele. It was the first music I could identify with.

"I only like the things with meaning though, I hate all that rowdy Sham type stuff now, although I used to like it when I was a little girl. I gave Jimmy Pursey a song called 'Crime Figures' . . . it was crap."

Honey / Donna started "being a nuisance" when she was ten and her parents divorced. Francis remarried a man who rejoices under the unlikely handle of Lance d'Boyle and is something of a variety act, played drums for The Poison Girls and specialised in a fire eating act at half time. And Honey ran away from home.

She says: "I can get on with Francis now . . . I should be out in eight months and I'll go home for a bit . . . I've never had a family for long. But I'm going to carry on with what I'm doing.

"Everbody laughed at me in the home when I said I could sing but I made one of the staff listen. I got a broom and put on 'The Day The World Turned Day-Glo' and 'Ima Poseur' and jumped around."

She was introduced to a Scott Barker and a band called Skill Centre. After two rehearsals she joined Skill Centre (later to become Fatal Microbes) and played her first gig at Epping Hall before a motley crowd of 64.

The combined auspices of XN TRIX and Small Wonder recorded their fledglings last October.

THESE DAYS Donna feels calmer. She doesn't get as depressed as she used to but occasionally she'll make herself ill with worry and foam at the mouth.

Mainly, though, Honey Bane (sweet and sour) prefers to vent her frustrations in her songs. She has plenty to write about.

Songs like 'Guilty': "I wrote that after I'd been sent to court for nicking a bottle of milk shake mix in Margate. It was so stupid that it made me wonder what it must be like to be in court for murdering someone, the chance of getting life, maybe when you're innocent."

Or 'Out Of Control': I got very ill so they put me in hospital. The nurses got on my nerves, bringing me this disgusting food on polystyrene plates. I couldn't even look at it. They got so annoyed with me telling *them* to try it, they'd say F-Off!' The song was about going from a security home to being stuck in a hospital bed.

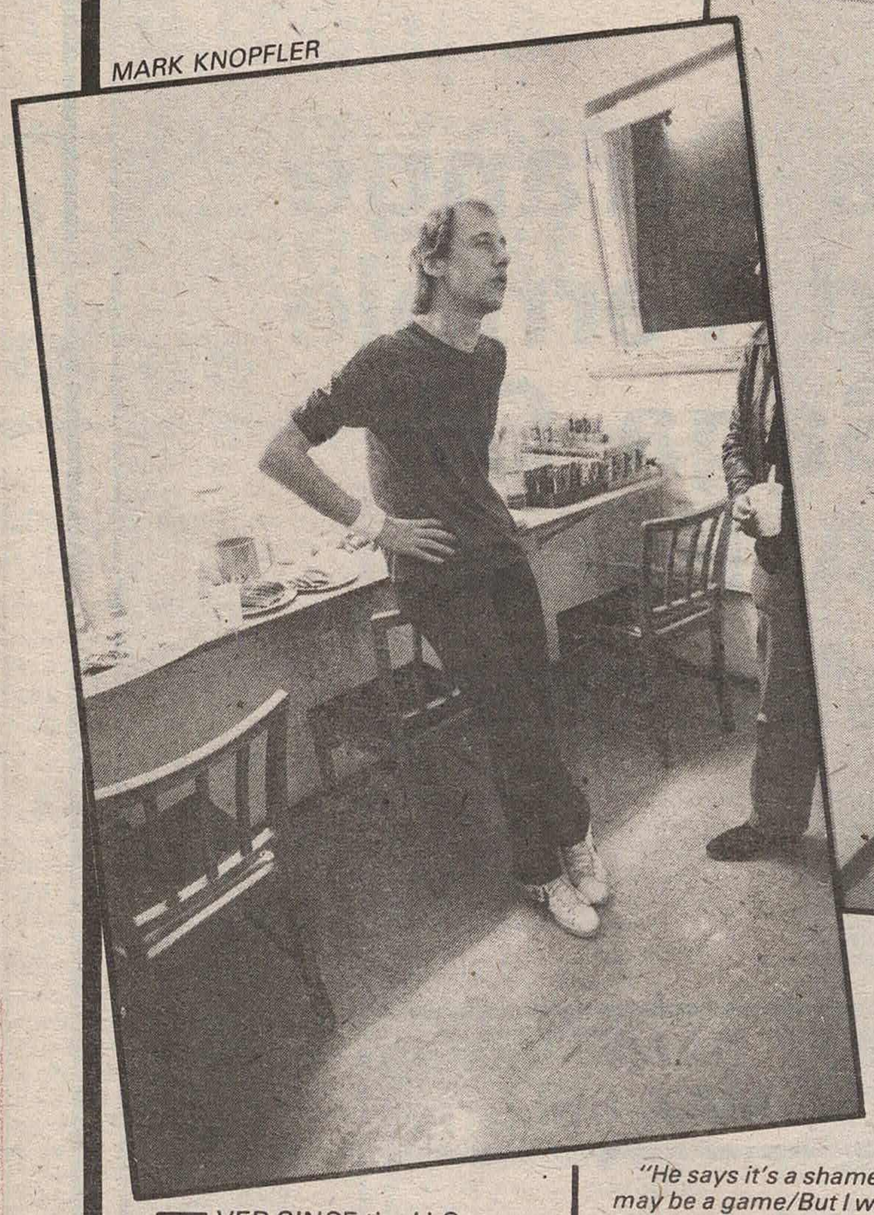
"Sometimes I feel like I'm in a plastic cube and I can't get out. I have to bang on the walls. They try and fill you with pills but I only got sedated once, for cutting my arms up. I used to hang out with a crowd who made you do that to be one of them . . . now I think it's pathetic. I cut myself when I got angry and I had tattoos done. My arms are all scarred, they're quite disgusting . . . I hate it now . . . I can't wear short sleeves."

At the moment Honey / Donna is thinking of dropping the stage name because it *is* a bit gimmicky. Even so, 'due to public demand,' the Microbes' contribution to humanity will be released next month as a 7" with an extra ditty, 'Cry Baby', as bonus. And she's looking for some different musicians too; a band who don't have a contract and meet her requirements.

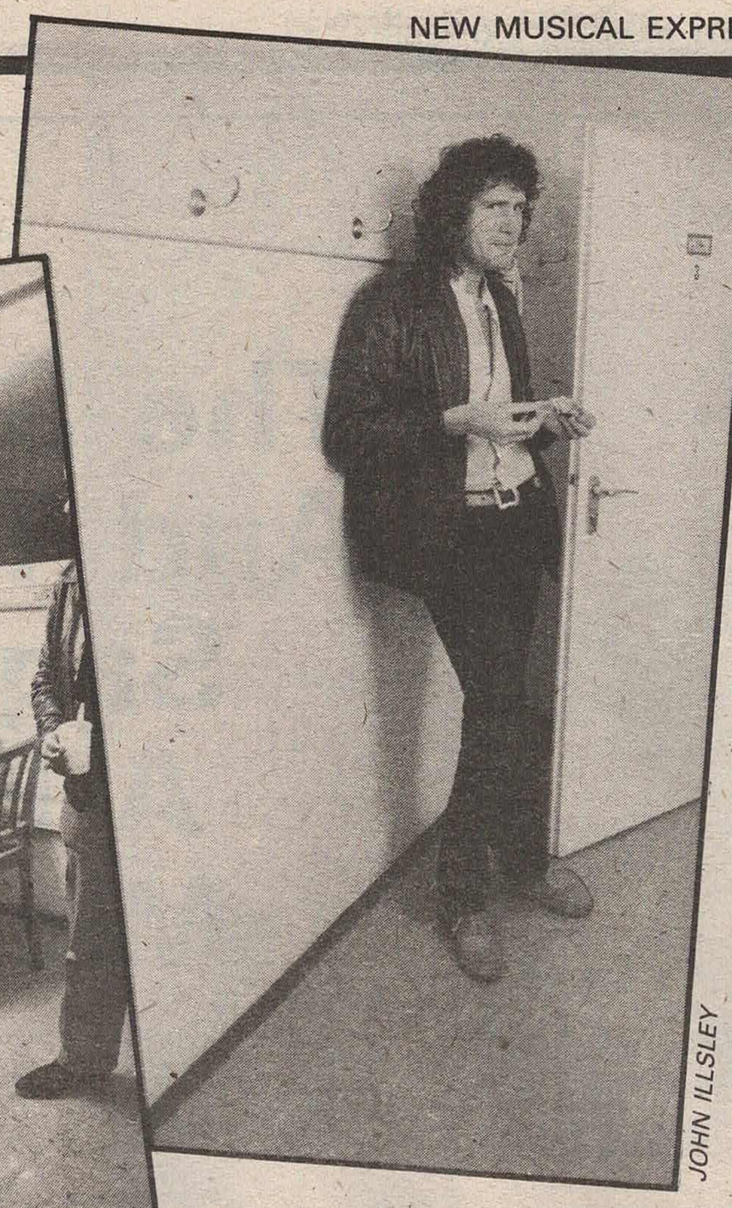
"I want a band that can play nice songs as well as nasty ones. And the image should play a part. It's no good having me singing if they've all got long hair and torn jeans. I was going to use The Shapes and then Patrik Fitzgerald said he'd put music to some of the words. He's scared of me. Stupid innit?

"D'you think I'm strange? Strange girl, strange girl . . . may be I'll write a song about it. 'Course I'm not strange, but everyone thinks I am".

A POOR MA TO THA MILL



MARK KNOPFLER



JOHN ILLSLEY

"He says it's a shame/You know it may be a game/But I won't play to lose." — **from 'News' by Mark Knopfler.**

EVER SINCE the U.S. recording industry received official notification that retail sales of $4.2 billion in the year 1978 had placed records well ahead of both movies and spectator sports as the nation's biggest leisure consumer industry, a number of vinyl moguls have adopted an attitude above their station.

One of their current beliefs is that in view of records being a high-risk investment business, without the full-tilt back-up support of a label's sophisticated machinery it's impossible for new acts to get their foot in the door.

"If," said a U.S. Polygram senior executive, "pitching is 70 per cent of baseball, promotion is 70 per cent of the record business."

One side effect of everyone and his dog shooting for the platinum bullseye is that as sales have increased the number of *releases* has decreased. Seemingly, the majors subscribe to the McDonald's fast-food/conveyor-belt theory: standardising music to reach the widest possible audience. Hence, disco fever.

Disco records are relatively inexpensive to create and systematically secure cost-free exposure through clubs.

The same is not true of rock records.

WEA insist that an upfront investment of at least $250,000 is required to give a novice anything like a fair chance of success, while even a sure-fire seller like Bee Gees' 'Spirits Having Flown' still needs a $1 million cash injection to reach its maximum potential.

Other labels agree that manufacturing 'Stars' to order, to capitalise on market trends, is the best method of reaping a quick return on capital investment.

For instance, RSO recently set aside $100,000 to 'repackage' disco-doll Linda Clifford, using $25,000 of the budget on photo-sessions to create a more "glamorous image."

Then, just when all the highly-paid market-researchers were claiming they could anticipate sudden shifts in consumer tastes, just when the promotion departments claimed to have perfected the latest hard-sell techniques, four imageless rock'n' roll rookies from Deptford with the unlikely name of Dire Straits came along and pulled the rug right out from under the whole self-congratulatory charade.

"He sticks to his guns/He takes the road as it comes/It takes the shine off his shoes.

EXACTLY ONE year from the low-profile release of their debut album, Dire Straits are battering many of the U.S. record industry's most sacred ikons.

Not only did the aforementioned album prove to be the fastest/biggest-ever selling debut by a Brit Band, but it achieved this distinction without too much cash changing hands.

The whole project was brought home for a piffling £15,000 production bill and a miniscule Stateside promotion budget.

The exposure the album first received was gratis — seemingly unlimited coast-to-coast radio station airtime. It was only when, four weeks after its U.S. release, the album crashed the charts (eventually peaking at No.2 behind 'Spirits Having Flown') that their Stateside licensee (Warner Bros) got behind the lads.

"*Then* they clicked into gear like a tank going downhill at full-speed," remarks Ed Bicknall, the Straits' wise-cracking manager, as he sits in the coffee shop of the Munich Hilton. "After that they were running around all over the place with red guitars pouring out of their ears."

Previously Warners had been emphatic: they weren't going to move a promotional muscle until they'd carefully monitored and analysed radio station feedback. "And," says Bicknall, "at the time I didn't have sufficient weight to make them change their mind."

But radio response was immediate — a veritable avalanche of playlist ad-ons — and for all Warners' belated efforts, the album sold *itself.*

Not since The Beatles has a British group arrived in America with national success assured.

The album went gold the day the Straits touched-down in New York, and platinum by the time they checked into L.A. four weeks later.

This is just one of a set of remarkable chain-reaction accidents that have established Dire Straits as the last rags-to-riches story of the '70s and, in record-biz parlance, assured them of being the first bona fide *megaseller* of the '80s.

Though by and large Dire Straits are satisfied by the way Warners have kept abreast of their meteoric rise in the States and Phonogram throughout the rest of the globe, they are far from enamoured with the ethics of the record business as a whole.

Indeed, bassist John Illsley, drummer Pick Withers and the guitar playing Knopfler brothers — Mark and David — are a fund of lurid tales of rock 'n' roll horror.

BUT FIRST let's recap past events. The story begins to take shape in July, 1977.

Having recorded a self-financed five-song demo tape (which included 'Sultans Of Swing') over the weekend at a Highbury studio in North London, the following Thursday the Straits deposited a copy tape amongst the milk bottles on Charlie Gillett's doorstep.

Legend has it Gillett was so impressed that he promptly re-arranged the playlist of his Radio London *Honky Tonk* show that coming Sunday to air some of the cuts.

Immediately after the programme the capital's talent scouts descended upon Deptford like vultures.

One label took the group to a Greek restaurant where waiters served big fat joints instead of After-Eights, split the foursome up and commenced 'sign now/regret later' coercion.

Phonogram played it straight and secured the band's services. However, their foreign affiliates didn't display the same degree of enthusiasm.

Germany was extremely reluctant to release the album. "It's just not right for the market," insisted an executive who boasted of having his finger on the pulse.

To be truthful, Australia and Canada initially said much the same.

When discussing the album's progress Bicknall offers a corollary of dropping a pebble in a pond and observing the rapidly spreading shock-waves. Holland was where the proverbial pebble was dropped. Soon after, West Germany, France and Belgium reported escalating sales. It went to No.1 in Australia within three weeks of release, with New Zealand, Hong Kong, Canada, the USA, all points North, South, East and West, and finally, the UK following up the rear.

Even so it was something of a delayed start.

A month before the Stateside release (October 27), Dire Straits had commenced demo-ing material for a follow-up, and by the time the world was their oyster they had completed 'Communique' at Nassau's Compass Point Studio (under the supervision of Jerry Wexler and Barry Beckett) and celebrated Christmas.

FROM EXPERIENCE you can quickly tell when a band are being Big Time: the road crew begin acting like stars, and support acts complain bitterly of being given a rough ride. Not so with Dire Straits. Considering how new they are to the game, I've seen few top-league operations move about their business as smoothly.

The only thing the production team are concerned with is making certain that everything's right on the night. Meanwhile, Metro — the supporting attraction — can't believe their good fortune. They are afforded the luxury of a proper sound-check prior to each gig, while, I am informed, Mark Knopfler personally sees to it that there's sufficient liquid hospitality in Metro's dressing room.

Though occasionally perturbed by the momentum of their *overnight* success, Dire Straits refuse to be either intimidated or engulfed. They seem able to disassociate themselves from the more superficial trappings.

For instance, they waive the statutory smoked-glass limo syndrome by driving themselves to and from as many gigs as humanly possible. In fact, in New York they dumped their motorcade and legged it to the Bottom Line, stopping off to exchange pleasantries with kids waiting for the show.

To Dire Straits, the materialistic spoils of victory are like the countless gold and platinum plated awards presented regularly en route to certify territorial record sales: to be placed on the mantelpiece for occasional scrutiny while they press on with more important matters.

"Actually," admits Bicknall, as he makes himself heard over the clatter of coffee shop crockery, "Dire Straits are currently three or four albums ahead of where they expected to be."

Indeed, Mark Nopfler is alleged to have discussed with Bicknall the possibility that they might be a one-hit wonder. The remark didn't stem from any sudden lack of self-confidence, but from the hard-headed realisation that if the bottom suddenly fell out of the whole enterprise the back-slappers, name-droppers, and hangers-on would disappear back into the woodwork even faster than they'd materialised.

Bicknall himself — a former booking agent of nine years standing — has seen 'em come and seen 'em go.

"In my position as the band's manager," he says candidly, "there's always the sneaking suspicion that . . . just maybe . . . they're not gonna come up with the goods again. It might just have been a fluke. And for me, the biggest buzz of my life was when they played me the finished tape of the second album."

Whereas most bands who find themselves in the same position as Dire Straits are already jaded by years on the road, this band are still fuelled by their initial burst of enthusiasm. They're continuing to learn while they earn.

It's been no toe-in-the-water acclimatisation — more like being thrown fully-clothed into the deep-end to either sink or swim.

"I knew," continues Bicknall," that if we could get through the first American tour successfully things would be O.K. Long ago I learned that a first tour does something to a group. It either makes 'em or breaks 'em."

It's a wonder Dire Straits managed to survive the ordeal body and soul.

Dave Knopfler fills in a few relevant details.

"We were playing all these small two-shows-a-night clubs — and the promoters were going bonkers because there were twice the number of people outside trying to get into the clubs which were already full."

That was only part of the recurring nightmare. Seemingly, everywhere they appeared, they were besieged by press, radio and promotion representatives, each claiming to be soley responsible for Dire Straits' Stateside success. Their faces may have been different, but their line was the same: "Hey you guys, we broke your record . . . we played it first."

"During the whole six weeks we were out there," reveals bassist John Illsley, taking up the story, "I only ever met two people who were honest enough to say 'it was just great working on the album because we didn't have to do anything...it just sold itself'. Everyone else just came on heavy with all this phoney bullshit."

Whereas the majority of rubber-neckers were content to momentarily bathe in the reflected glory until the next celebrity rolled into town, there were those in there

ROY CARR give
lesson in marl
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Promotional Aid

AN'S GUIDE AT FIRST LION

es DIRE STRAITS a
ket forces. But M.
need no telling.

ds: PENNIE SMITH

looking for an opportunity to cream off a sizeable piece of the action.

They go by the collective name of American management. "Their attitude," Bicknall discloses, "is that no British band can successfully cope with America. And for 25 per cent across-the-board they'll happily come along and give you a helping hand."

Apparently, as Dire Straits' album made its presence felt on the US charts, Bicknall was able to plot a graph of managers "of increasing importance" desperately trying to secure American representation.

Neither Bicknall nor the Straits were amused.

"They're all the same. They all wanna take 25 per cent to get you where you've already got."

Though Bicknall's agreement with Dire Straits states he has no power to sell off his managerial interests (even if he so chose), he admits that a well-known gangster masquerading as a manager offered him £500,000 to relinquish his position.

"Over there they all expect you to sell your soul for small change. You can't avoid money. But this band was never motivated by just money from the start."

Then there's the American recording company.

Convincing Warner Brothers that they don't necessarily know what's in an artist's best interests is something Dire Straits have to persistently contend with.

"If," David Knopfler theorises, "record companies always know what's best then how come something like eight out of every ten records released are stiffs?"

Though it was Dire Straits' intention to have their second album, 'Communique', released simultaneously through the world in May, Warners began pressurizing them to delay the release at least until September — though October was preferable.

The reason was that they wanted to 'milk' the first album for a second single. They claimed 'Down To The Waterline' would be an even bigger success than 'Sultans Of Swing' and thereby add a few more hundred thousand sales to the album.

"They cried, your throwing away another million sales by not doing what we suggest," reveals David Knopfler.

The Straits' decision was unanimous. No more singles were to be lifted from the first album. Furthermore, 'Communique' would be on sale in Europe by the beginning of June (Germany, the last days in May), so Warners better commence pressing large quantities to meet demand or be prepared to repel imports.

This wasn't a case of petulance — just that the band have been mighty quick on the up-take, especially in understanding U.S. record-biz parlance, and in particular the term 'burnt gold.'

This latter is a reference to driving one paricular record too hard. Overkill City.

In the same way as The Bee Gees' 'Spirits Having Flown' has been squeezed dry/bled white, the Straits are the first to agree that their first album did come dangerously close to being over-exposed.

For eight straight weeks it was the most played album throughout America.

"We'd get so sick of hearing the album on the radio," says David, "that we'd jump stations only to hear another song from the album being spun. One day I got three different tracks being played simultaneously on three different stations."

Apart from having 'Communique' cut and dried ready for shipping, Dire Straits instinctively knew that a second single would be a wrong move. Radio saturation had made them aware of the dangers of spreading themselves thin so early in the game.

John Illsley: "I gotta tell you this . . . the new album isn't even out yet and there's all these people leaping around Warners suggesting what should be the second single and what should be the third single and what the appropriate B-sides are."

David Knopfler: "Let them do and think what they want. We've taken a stand and told them that we won't even think of pulling one single off the new album until it's been out for some time."

The plan, as they tell it, is to monitor worldwide reaction, take a poll around the various countries and see what the unanimous choice is. They think, 'Lady Writer' will be the obvious cut.

AT THE moment 'Lady Writer' is the fourth number in the band's current stage set. It's preceded by 'Once Upon A Time In The West', and followed by 'Single-Handed Sailor.'

Aside from playing the entire contents of their still fresh-sounding debut album, five songs from 'Communique' are previewed on the first two-thirds of their pre-encore 12 track repertoire. Another 'Communique' cut, the emotionally tense 'Where Do You Think You're Going?' concludes the first two-song encore, whilst 'Angel Of Mercy' is played over the P.A. after the second encore as the satisfied customers shuffle into the night.

The Germans enjoy a good smoke during a rock concert. However, for a change the only smell of shit that hangs heavy in the humid sauna atmosphere of Munich's Circus Krone is that left behind by the performing animals who reside backstage during the winter months.

Similar in size and lay-out to Chalk Farm's Roundhouse, the Circus Krone is packed to suffocation with garlic-scented bodies. How any brand can turn in more than a perfunctory performance under such conditions is beyond comprehension.

Perfunctory, however, is a word that appears to be missing from the Dire Straits vocabulary.

Though by no means extrovert, the band's presentation has improved beyond recognition, aiming more for a full-bodied feel instead of empty flash and establishing an artist/audience rapport seldom found outside small clubs.

There's no doubt that Mark Knopfler will soon be feted as the precursor of a whole new generation of celebrated guitarists (guitar-hero is so damn tacky), and afforded the kind of adulation once showered upon Clapton.

Prepare yourself for a whole slew of third-rate immitators . . .

Which ever way you approach Dire Straits, they've got all the bets covered: highly distinctive vocals, equally distinctive blueswailin' guitar sound and, most important of all, distinctive material, all performed with such subtlety and economy as to seduce even the most resistive listener.

The thing that immediately attracts attention is that the material from the first album has infinitely more depth in live performance, and that the new material sits comfortably with it.

Continuity of style and mood remains unbroken when three brand new songs are laid on the listener in one go within the first 15 minutes.

The combination of evocative lighting, a good sound system, and four musicians who operate as a cohesive unit make them a band to be reckoned with.

It's not just Mark Knopfler's guitar virtuosity that holds the limelight but the sympathetic manner in which drummer Pick Withers complements him, giving the set a powerful kick. Whithers is a master of the understated.

Mark Knopfler himself just has to have the sweetest tone since Peter Green, coupled with the best sense of drama since Hank B. Marvin (Dire Straits are closer to the spirit of The Shadows than most people might imagine) and a syncopated fluidity redolent of Django Reinhardt.

Straits are masters of dynamics. John Illsley's bass is often felt more than heard and David Knopfler's rhythm textures supply the correct foundation. Nobody overplays. It's this truly sublime internal balance which, when naturally amplified — as opposed to turning the volume to brain-damage and hoping for the worst — enable the group to display their subtle mastery of style. And, its's this quality that sets Mark Knopfler apart from most other players.

Knopfler is one of the most physical of all guitarists presently working in rock. Having discarded a plectrum to finger-pick, he is able to extract infinitely wider tonal dimensions from his Stratocaster.

Records can't always fully capture the impetus of his consumate artistry. During 'In The Gallery' he rocks-out with such overt physical power that even an old barnstormer like Ted Nugent would be compelled to throw up his hands.

PEOPLE HAVE different ways of coming to terms with success. Mark Knopfler doesn't subscribe to the all-to-familiar rape, burn and pillage syndrome. Neither is he an exponent of the genius is pain school. He isn't forever holed up in his hotel room with the blinds drawn and only his paranoia for company.

It's noon, and like the rest of Dire Straits he's down in the hotel coffee shop placing his order.

Things have been moving at such a crazy pace over the last 12 months that it's only been on this current German junket that Knopfler has noticed any lift in status.

However, its been more physical than anything: upgrading the hardware, augmenting the original three-man road crew to an even dozen and playing larger halls.

There are still a few things that need ironing out, like Mark Knopfler's stage clothes. He's run right out of clean duds, but he't not about to throw a moody.

As I've already intimated, Knopfler is very likely about to be branded with the guitar hero tag which has been the ruin of many a good player.

He's vaguely aware of the possibilities — and extremely apprehensive.

"First," he begins, "I don't regard myself as a singer of any great merit, and it's even harder for me to think of myself as a guitarist . . . a musician in anything like a competent way. What I do is just one step ahead of strummin'.

"OK, so there's something about my particular way of playing that's recognisable, but when I watch some players who I regard as musicians I feel quite inadequate."

He is reluctant to be drawn on the question of Dire Straits almost unprecedented success. It's akin to superstition. He intimates that to start analyzing precisely what contributed to the group's elevation from obscruity might just break the winning streak.

However, he opines that they're mature enough to handle all aspects of the present career.

The last thing he wants is to be tagged a loud-mouthed self-opinionated rock star.

"This whole thing," he says, grinning somewhat shyly, "tends to bring out both the worst and the best in a person. Sometime you find yourself behaving like an idiot and you just have to cope with that and hopefully realise that it's a pretty daft situation that you're in to begin with . . . that there's a whole lotta nonsense going on all around you."

On the subject of situations — daft or otherwise, the most surprising situation of all was when, along with Pick Withers, Knopfler was approached to play on Bob Dylan's next album — an R&B slanted exercise.

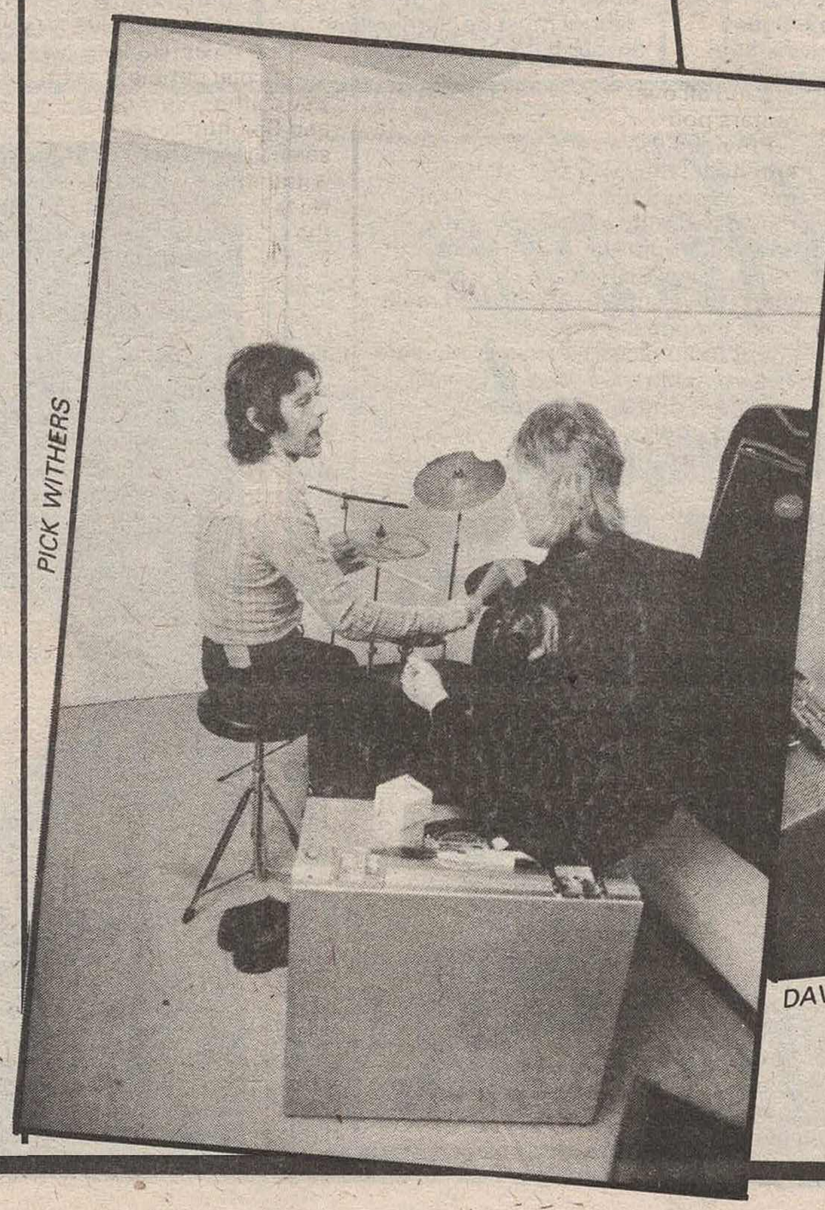
I've never quite figured out if Zim gets his studio musicians to sign some kind of Official Secrets Act, but those who have received the royal summons usually choose to say very little about the affair.

Mark and Pick prove to be slightly more out-going than most. But only just.

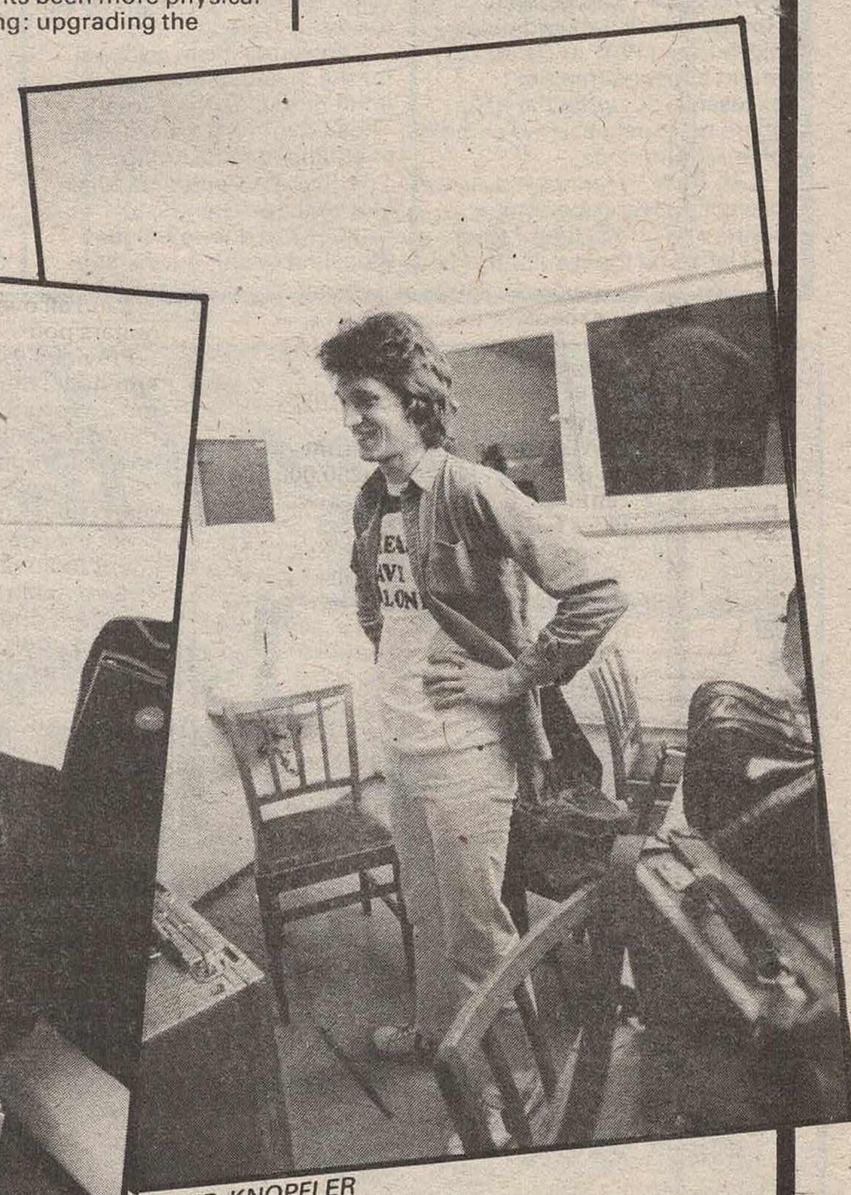
Apparently Jerry Wexler was the catalyst, and after introductions had been effected Knopfler spent a couple of days Chez Zim running down the new material.

"From the start," says the guitarist, "it never struck me as

■ *Continues page 58*



PICK WITHERS



DAVID KNOPFLER

A tonic for the troops — pure corn for the rest of us

SILVER SCREEN

Above: Stefanie Powers and Elliott Gould find escapism in Athena while (left) Dona Flor puts the evil eye on an excaping Kraut (right). Below: Oliver Reed with some of the loveable urchins in Miss MacMichael's Class.

Escape To Athena

Directed by George Cosmatos
Starring Roger Moore and Telly Savalas
(ITC)

'Lingerie by Janet Reger' in the credits sums it up very nicely; a paid holiday for all concerned and the sort of film in which you wish you could have worked as an extra.

The Isles of Greece, where a bunch of Metaxa exiles can congregate on Lew Grade's expense account to get ripped, laid and suntanned and in the odd spare moment fire off a gun or two and play hide-and-seek in the ruins. They call the end result a movie.

So what has it got, apart from bankable names and sun-drenched locations? Well, if you liked *Hogan's Heroes* and *Thunderbirds* there's a fair chance you'll relate to some of this action. The plot is necessarily preposterous: Roger Moore as an Austrian/Nazi commander of an Antiquarian Reclamation Unit 'somewhere in the Greek Islands, 1944' is ludicrous enough; that he has to cope with David Niven, Richard Roundtree and Sonny Bono as prisoners/enforced labour and Telly Savalas and Claudia Cardinale as leaders of the resistance movement on the island reduces everything beyond the valley of Navarone. To add Elliott Gould in direst Jerry Lewis mugging form and Stefanie Powers as a cross between Hotlips O'Halloran and the big-boobed WAF in *Catch 22* might appear somewhat excessive, but what the hell, spare no expense in the name of entertainment!

Like *Kelly's Heroes,* it's basically a war caper movie — krauts and crime, liquor love and laffs and the resultant action is reasonably viewable.

In the end, no one demeans themselves beyond reclamation as no one has any credibility left to lose anyway (except perhaps for Gould, who lost most of his some time ago), and as an expensive piece of entertainment it works more often than it fails.

Ironically, Moore comes out of it best as he makes no bones about the fact that he's in it for laughs. Savalas, on the other hand, opts for the heavy Greek machismo routine and succeeds merely in looking constipated throughout the whole film.

It's safe escapism. Cosmatos likes lots of bombs and bangs, though significantly there is very little blood. I still can't help feeling Roger Corman could have done the whole thing better for a fraction of the cost.

Neil Norman

The Class Of Miss MacMichael

Directed by Silvio Narizzano
Starring Glenda Jackson and Oliver Reed
(Gala)

While it ultimately offers no more than standard classroom film-fare — recalcitrant but loveable kids wreak an acceptable level of havoc and puncture the inflated self-esteem of officious authority figures — there is a suspicion that *The Class Of Miss MacMichael* had a worthier raison d'etre.

It concerns life in a school for the maladjusted in an unidentifiable urban area. Those running it are palpably ill-equipped to be doing so.

With the exception of Miss MacMichael (Glenda, of course) and one colleague (Rosalind Cash), the staff are spineless. The headmaster (Oliver Reed) runs the school capriciously, conserving his energies for the main business of keeping up appearances with the powers that be. When Miss M tries to appraise these same powers of his incompetence, she is informed that all complaints about the running of the school must be channelled through the headmaster.

Game, set and match to the establishment.

Theoretically, it all provides a useful starting-point for a movie about contemporary social and educational problems. Having laid a deceptively promising ground-work, however, the film ducks the issues and generally restricts itself to straightforward farce. As such, no-one could deny that it has its moments, some of them very amusing. The kids, at least, give every appearance of having enjoyed themselves.

Finally, though, the film is unsatisfactory because it is shallow and muddled. There is precious little about the actual problems of coping with maladjusted children, just as there is no attempt to locate the school in its immediate social environment.

At one point, Miss M discovers two of her 13-year-old pupils in the headmaster's office, indulging in extra-curricular activities behind the couch. "We were only screwing, miss," they explain. Likewise the school has its own tireless flasher on the books. If such incidents are intended to portray a gritty '70s realism, they prove laughably strained in context, because so much else still echoes the playful antics of the St. Trinian's set.

Glenda Jackson gets her part about right as the teacher who inevitably overcompensates for the indifference of her colleagues, and who ends up an equally worthless cog in the educational wheel.

Otherwise, the film's remaining virtues tend to be negative ones — there is thankfully, an absence of corny sentimentality about the kids.

Bob Woffinden

Dona Flor And Her Two Husbands

Directed by Bruno Barreto
Starring Sonia Braga and Jose Wilker
(ITC)

So crucified by ham acting and American jargonese subtitles, this frivolous Portugese production is almost charmingly inadequate.

Designed as an unsubtle media film, it plays entirely on familiar national archetype — the debauched, hedonistic, utterly self-possessed man, Vadinho (Jose Wilker), and the subserviant, long-suffering, but smoulderingly sexual woman, Dona Flor (Sonia Braga).

The two combine (literally) to colour a dimly-scripted plot that ensures their licentious behavious gets well and truly condemned by the more upright members of local society.

When lusty Vadinho drops dead from the pressures of booze and gambling, he returns, invisible to all but Flor, to form an eternal triangle with a third archetype, her new husband — a staid and tedious neighbourhood chemist.

Flor struggles throughout to qualify her indiscretion — a balance, she claims, of moral commitment and intrinsic passion.

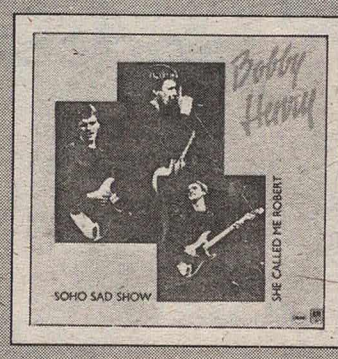
Fat chance, really. With an opening line subtitled "O wow, get a load of that dame", it can only be downhill all the way.

Mark Ellen

Bobby Henry

ON TOUR WITH
THE POLICE
31st MAY to 17th JUNE

NEW 45 ON AM RECORDS OVAL
SOHO SAD SHOW
b/w SHE CALLED ME ROBERT
IN SEE THROUGH VINYL



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THE LURKERS KILLER

ALBUM

GOD'S LONELY MEN

BEGA 8

THE LURKERS

KILLER TOUR

6 JUNE	HIGH WYCOMBE	TOWN HALL
8 JUNE	NEWPORT, SHROPS.	THE VILLAGE
9 JUNE	MANCHESTER	THE FACTORY
11 JUNE	NORWICH	BOOGIE HOUSE
12 JUNE	NEWPORT	STOWAWAY CLUB
13 JUNE	RAYLEIGH	CROCKS
14 JUNE	BLACKPOOL	THE NORBRECK CASTLE
15 JUNE	BIRMINGHAM	BARBARELLAS
16 JUNE	LIVERPOOL	ERICS
18 JUNE	CHESTER	SMARTIES
19 JUNE	PLYMOUTH	FIESTA
20 JUNE	TORQUAY	TOWN HALL
21 JUNE	PORT TALBOT	TROUBADOR
22 JUNE	WOLVERHAMPTON	LAFEYETTE
23 JUNE	BLACKBURN	WITTON PARK
24 JUNE	LONDON	LYCEUM

KILLER

SINGLE

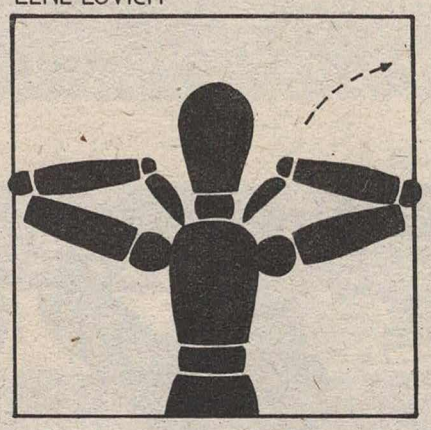
OUT IN THE DARK

SUZIE IS A FLOOZIE

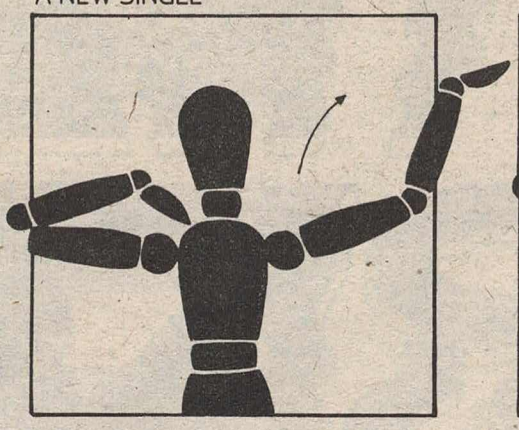
+TWO EXTRA VERSIONS OF CYANIDE

BEG 19

LENE LOVICH



A NEW SINGLE



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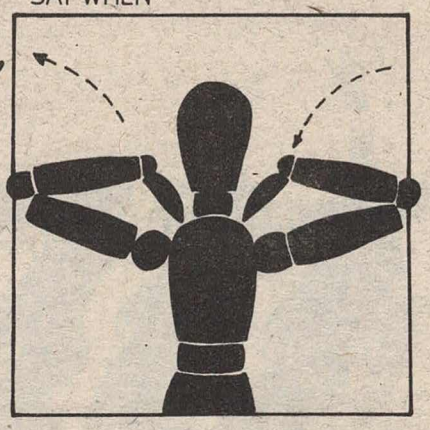
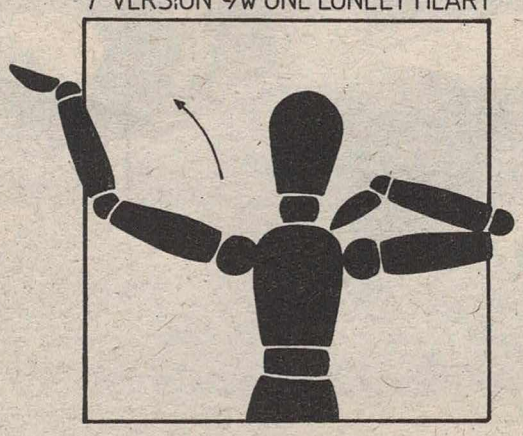


7" VERSION C/w ONE LONELY HEART



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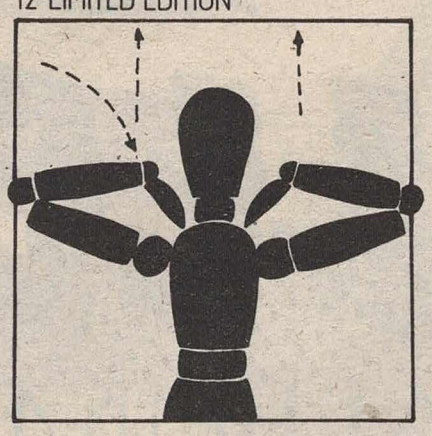
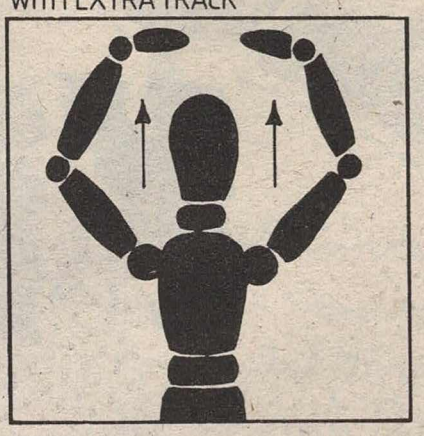
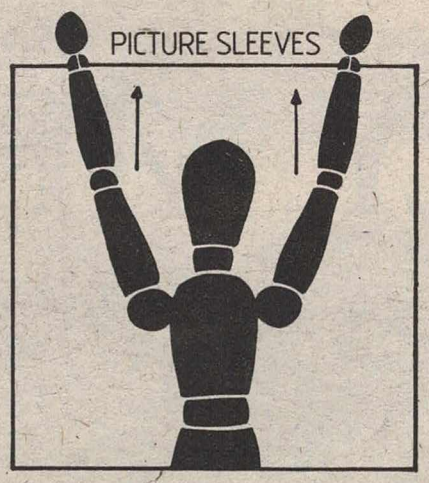


WITH EXTRA TRACK



PICTURE SLEEVES



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SINGLE OUT NOW

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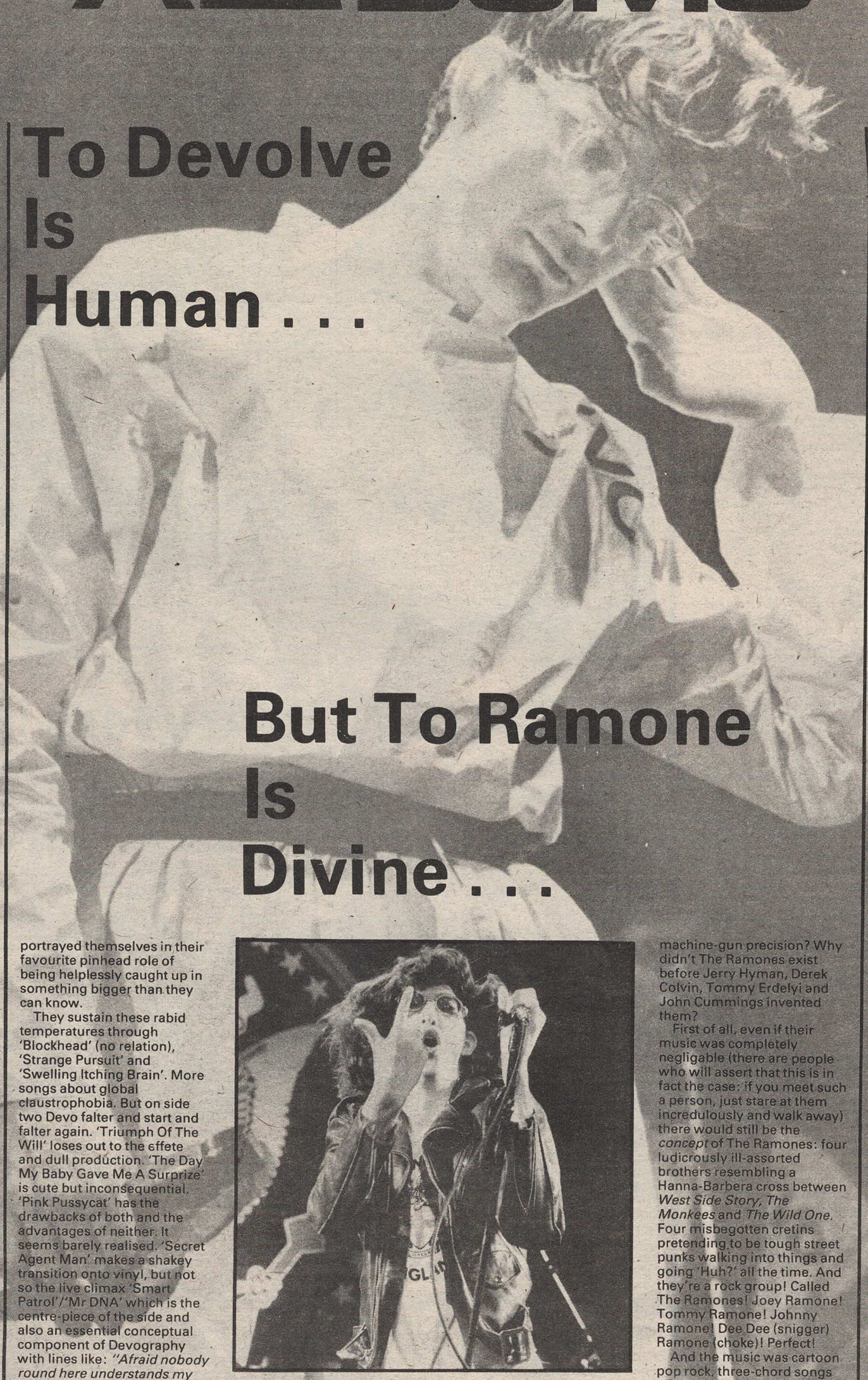
SOME 12" SINGLES STILL AVAILABLE - RRP £1·40

lāy-nă
lūv-ītch

LENE IS THE LEADER

ALBUMS



To Devolve Is Human . . .

But To Ramone Is Divine . . .

DEVO
Duty Now For The Future *(Virgin)*

However inevitable, the reality of a second album by the smart patrol is a bit of a surprise. So it wasn't just a prank. It's going to come back and be controversial again.

Last time off the ropes they just bounced about and were Devo and suddenly challenged all sorts of prized values and smug assumptions. As the Pistols had before, 'Are We Not etc.' drew the reactionaries out of the woodpile.

The main charge against Devo is that they are fiddling while the world burns; that they hold only contempt for the human spirit — a charge I would have thought fairly specious in a world full of Supertramps. Devo actually write songs about people and life. And if they aren't re-assuring, well, be glad that it's more of an American nerve that they expose and irritate.

Still they are seen as somehow devious; knowing something you don't know and using it to their advantage. People seem wary of the modern con. How foolish. Music isn't sacrosanct. What could they possibly know that you don't?

That aside, as time goes by Devo get less funny and more frightening. The idolatory at their last shows rivalled that of Ted Nugent concert, which as a spectacle was hilarious but as a gut feeling was a mite unsettling.

The Devo ritual itself was stiffer drilled and still more inscrutable. They're not clever so much as cunning. They won't give their game away because they'll have no game left to play; what you can laugh at you can dismiss. Renegade film maker John Waters, an acknowledged inspiration to Devo, does the same thing. He won't admit that his films, amongst them *Desperate Living* and *Pink Flamingoes*, are just black comedies of cultural excess, so you can't be sure if you're watching a satire or a symptom.

Whatever else, devo aren't about to be dismissed. Neither detractor nor admirer will be shocked to find that they've made another commercial biscuit. And once again, the cover presents the average spud with orientation problems. Yet, oddly, the group present a hesitant visual profile — perhaps so as not to over-alienate the shy punter. (They've used a still from Chuck Statler's new Devopic *The Men Who Make The Music*, a title chosen, one would imagine, for its irony.)

'Duty Now . . .' is also musically less sudden and dynamic than its predecessor, recorded more in keeping with mainstream production values by producer Ken Scott, who tries to curb what Eno tried to exaggerate. Scott at times succeeds in making Devo sound like The Tubes — or worse, Utopia — which might make sense in the marketplace but just makes me disappointed.

The album — whose title is an obscure alimentary pun about being less uptight — starts at the end of another working day for Everyman with the 'Devo Corporate Anthem' and 'Clockout', an exuberant song about a better life. After a brief instrumental break comes 'Wiggly World', frantic and funny, a great song, (one of five great songs on the same side), redolent of 'Space Junk' from 'Are We Not etc.', where Devo also portrayed themselves in their favourite pinhead role of being helplessly caught up in something bigger than they can know.

They sustain these rabid temperatures through 'Blockhead' (no relation), 'Strange Pursuit' and 'Swelling Itching Brain'. More songs about global claustrophobia. But on side two Devo falter and start and falter again. 'Triumph Of The Will' loses out to the effete and dull production. 'The Day My Baby Gave Me A Surprize' is cute but inconsequential. 'Pink Pussycat' has the drawbacks of both and the advantages of neither. It seems barely realised. 'Secret Agent Man' makes a shakey transition onto vinyl, but not so the live climax 'Smart Patrol'/'Mr DNA' which is the centre-piece of the side and also an essential conceptual component of Devography with lines like: *"Afraid nobody round here understands my potato/I think I'm only a spudboy, looking for a real tomato."*

It would have made far more sense on the first album than it does here, where its crude, lurid noises grate against the generally smoother renditions of the songs. This less obtrusive sound lends itself to Devo's more insidious songs, such as the closer, 'Red Eye Express', a brief snatch of paranoia from the experts.

But it's okay. I spent the night in the vicinity of one of these and the next morning there was no sign at all of a clean up squad outside to dispose of the body.

Perhaps significantly, this is the last new Devo record album before the 1980s.

Paul Rambali

RAMONES
It's Alive *(Sire)*

Ramones fever!

You know what listening to The Ramones is like? It's like eating cherries or peanuts or Smarties: you can never have *just one*. You just *got* to have another, and another, and another and another and another and . . . before you know what's happened you've finished the lot and everyone's laughing at you and you don't regret a thing. Except that with The Ramones everybody can have enough, which makes them *better* than peanuts or Smarties (and maybe even cherries).

If you wanna get *really* blatant, it's like being able to apply a continuous pressure to the pleasure centre for as long as one side of the album lasts. There's a heartstopping moment when you have to get up/stop dancing/disengage (what you do while listening to The Ramones is between you and your neighbours) long enough to turn the damn record over or get the second album out of its cover, but then everything's okay again.

A Ramones live double album! 28 tracks of nonstop fun! Why isn't the radio like this? Why should you have to buy Ramones records just to be able to hear perfect pop songs streamlined to the *n*th degree fired at you at perfect rock velocity with machine-gun precision? Why didn't The Ramones exist before Jerry Hyman, Derek Colvin, Tommy Erdelyi and John Cummings invented them?

First of all, even if their music was completely negligable (there are people who will assert that this is in fact the case: if you meet such a person, just stare at them incredulously and walk away) there would still be the *concept* of The Ramones: four ludicrously ill-assorted brothers resembling a Hanna-Barbera cross between *West Side Story, The Monkees* and *The Wild One*. Four misbegotten cretins pretending to be tough street punks walking into things and going 'Huh?' all the time. And they're a rock group! Called The Ramones! Joey Ramone! Tommy Ramone! Johnny Ramone! Dee Dee (snigger) Ramone (choke)! Perfect!

And the music was cartoon pop rock, three-chord songs of either pure teen soppiness or mindless imbecilic aggression or sadistic cretin humour. Why, these geeks are damn good fun! And The Ramones kept up the joke so perfectly that anyone who pointed out the jet-propelled dynaflow of their playing or the fresh symetry of their chord changes or the manic self-parody of their material was regarded as a nut.

If The Ramones are dumb, then most other rock bands are way too smart. Howcum none of the *clever, serious* bands give you so many great songs performed so perfectly (enough bands have failed to cop their sound for it to be obvious that there's more to it than just thrashing at top speed) with so much panache, humour and energy?

'It's Alive' sounds less like the standard (yawn-boo-hiss) double live album than an effortless panorama of top-five hit singles. Right from *'Chewing out a rhythm on my bubble gum'* (the opening line of the devastating introductory 'Rockaway Beach'), you get the finest lesson imaginable in the art of pop single construction from a group who've yet to have a proper hit. The reason that monotony never sets in despite the fact that they play each song pretty much the same (some are faster than others and some have more chords than others, but that's about it) is that they play each song *right*. If they played any of the numbers in any manner other than the way they play them now, they wouldn't be as good. Why mess with perfection?

And, within their self-imposed limitations, The Ramones *are* perfect. They are perfect Ramones in a way that Dylan has often been a less than perfect Dylan, the Stones have been a seriously less than perfect Stones, The Clash have not been a perfect Clash, and so on *ad infinitum*. The Ramones invented themselves flawlessly, set themselves a task, created a rigorous set of standards for the execution of that task and have never deviated from either their standards or their goals. Even getting rid of the only member of the group careless enough to use words like 'conceptualisation' in the presence of a journalist has harmed them not at all, as 'Road To Ruin' and their contributions to the *Rock'N'Roll High School* soundtrack demonstrate.

'It's Alive', then, features the cream of the repertoire as of 'Rocket To Russia' performed with such flair and dynamism as to make it the definitive Ramones artefact extant (latecomers can snap this up, bookend it with 'Road To Ruin' and be almost up-to-date). The only lapse anywhere is on 'Today Your Love, Tomorrow The World' (the only number where da bruddas' black humour overbalances into genuine bad taste, incidentally) where Joey forgets the words and keeps babbling 'I'm a Nazi yes I am.' Seriously out of order, mate, even from someone pretending to be a pinhead. I know that only a pinhead would claim to be a Nazi and being a Ramone means impersonating a pinhead, but then lotsa people thought Harpo Marx was dumb as well and you *know* the Earthlings would not understand . . .

An anecdote for dessert: I know it's true because I heard it from Tom Robinson. It seems that Dee Dee was doing a couple of bass overdubs on the live tapes (a not unheard-of practice) and was complaining to Tom how difficult it was getting a sufficiently high energy level in the studio. So Tom asked him how he managed it: did he take speed? "No," replied Dee Dee, a trifle shame-facedly, "I drank lots and lots of cups of black coffee."

How can you not love a band like this? The only Ramones artefact that would be better than 'It's Alive' would be a Marvel comic in which The Ramones met Howard The Duck.

Paul Morley, the young man of considerable resource and sagacity, once pointed out, quite correctly, that 'to Ramone' is a verb. This album Ramones more than any other record ever made.

Charles Shaar Murray

Mark Mothersbaugh lends an ear/Pic: Kevin Cummins Joey Ramone lends a finger/Pic: Chris Horler

Here comes the new age . . .

DIRE STRAITS
Communique *(Vertigo)*

Geeing up pop paper people is a speciality of the music industry, and for at least five months — in fact since Dire Straits recorded 'Communique' in the Bahamas — word-of-mouth has been that this album is "sooper ... magnificent ... brilliant ... nothing short of a classic" and so on.

It's nothing of the kind.

It's predictable. It's dull. It's bland. It's boring.

And it's also very safe.

Superficially, the formula is so similar to their excellent debut that they could arrange a substantial second mortgage on it right now — *before* it's shipping gold, as it most certainly will. It'll be a colossal smash world-wide and for the next year broadcast so incessantly that even the group'll be pigstick hearing the bloody thing.

And part two of a 'Fairy Tale Of The New Age' unfolds, reading very much like the first instalment; except our heroes are much richer and more celebrated. They may even get invited to the White House and drink peanut soup.

Not that I'm knocking their success — good luck to anybody who makes so much out of doing so little. And 'Communique' is that: only three songs ('Once Upon A Time In The West', 'Where Do You Think You're Going?' and 'Portobello Belle') out of nine having any effect; and the second of those is such pure Dylan it could be hidden on 'Desire' without anybody noticing.

But it's a constricting condition of Dire Straits' appeal that you have to be fond of both Dylan and J.J. Cale, so derivative is their style. While their writer-guitarist-vocalist Mark Knopfler managed to channel these influences into a series of superb songs in the debut, here the frameworks and words show that his creative ideas are exhausted.

Only 'Once Upon A Time' possesses any *real* lyrical perception; the rest is a side-stall jumble of weak and contrived metaphors, pop hooks and repetitive rhythmic chugs. The elder Knopfler consistently selects a series of restrained but technically superb guitar solos; but spread horizontally over the lifeless backing trio (David Knopfler, guitar; John Illsley, bass; and Pick Withers, drums), they're wasted.

There's no such thing as counter-point, interplay or *invigoration* in this operation; even the long guitar outro on the title track is bolstered by ... *over-dubbed handclaps!* Producers Jerry Wexler and Barry Beckett must have been absolutely thrilled by the safe mundanity of it all.

It's very reminiscent of the Average White Band's premature decline with 'Cut The Cake'. Already Dire Straits are cossetted in an artistic vacuum, suffocated by the worst commercial aspects of their style, and Mark K has mislaid his source of inspiration. There's nothing on 'Communique' that even *deserves* to be mentioned in the same breath as their debut.

That's the Tragedy Of The New Age.

Tony Stewart

Knopfler: "Cheers, Tone." Pic: Denis O'Regan

. . . same as the old age

THE ROLLING STONES
Time Waits For No One
(Rolling Stones Records)

One of the most frustrating rock interviews of recent years was one which Mick Jagger gave to the American showbiz magazine *Rolling Stone.*

At one stage, Jagger said words to the effect that the past decade had been a waste of time. Far from seizing upon this statement as a potential confession of discontent, the *Rolling Stone* journalist simply changed the subject. Went on to discuss Bianca's skills as a skater, or something of that sort.

Could it have been that Jagger was about to own up about the quality of the Stones' music of the '70s? We'll never know, but this album suggests he would have had good cause.

An anthology compiled for Atlantic Records, the Stones' company before they moved to EMI, it's pretty thin fare, lacking both the classic vigour of their early work or the cleverness that apparently sprang from nowhere for 'Some Girls'.

The title track might well pass as a suitable comment on the band's Atlantic catalogue, and you can't help wondering whether it was chosen by the label out of a sense of pique. The song itself is a plodding self-pitying dirge, and gets the album off to a suitably weary start.

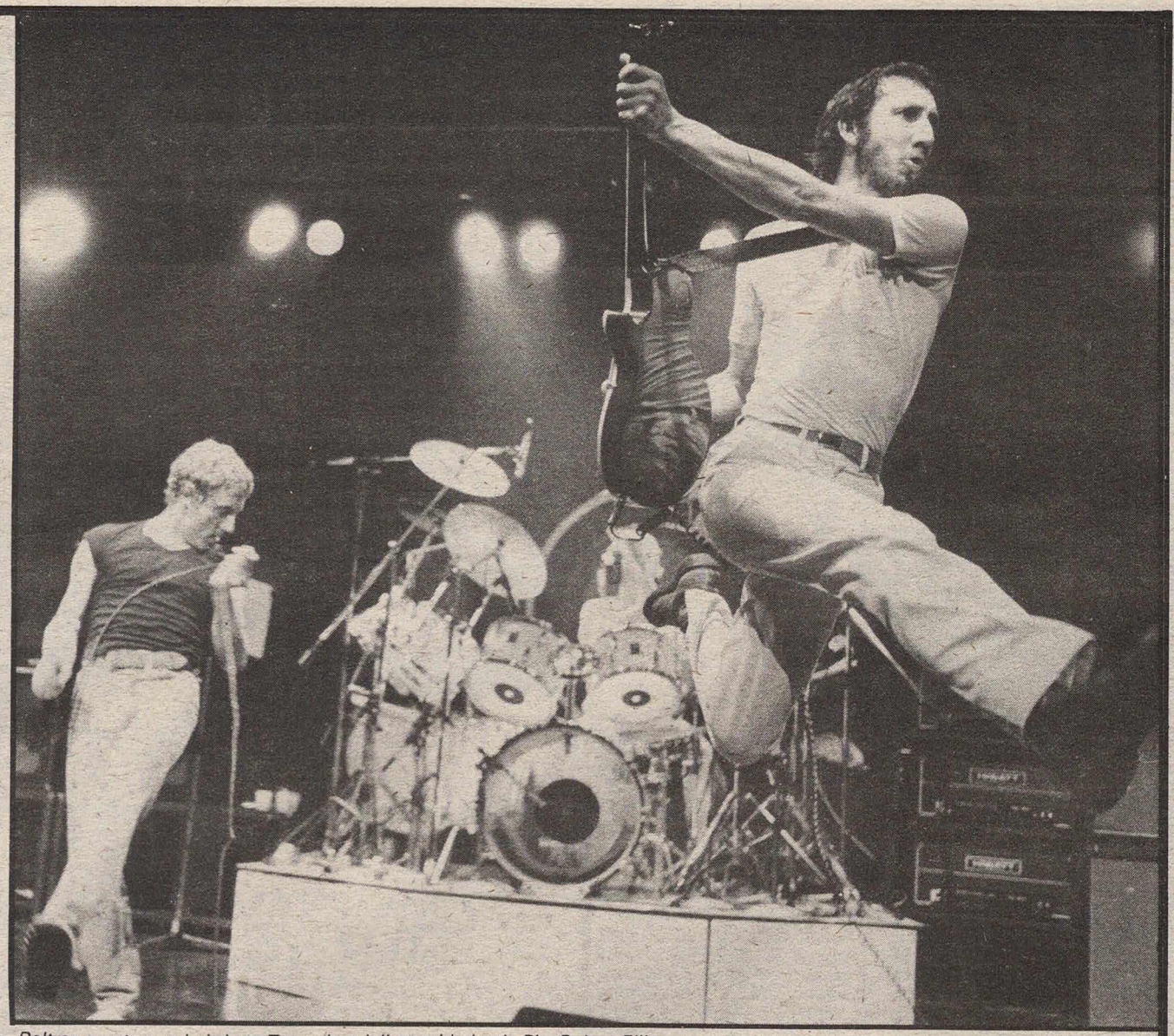
Things improve a little with 'Bitch', the B-side of one of their few '70s hits 'Brown Sugar'. It's an old-fashioned Stones knees-up, as is the track which follows, 'All Down The Line' from 'Exiles On Main Street'. But 'Dancing With Mr D', next up, is a lethargic attempt at menace from a lethargic album the Stones made in the West Indies. Apparently they were overcome by the heat.

A soppy love-song called 'Angie' closes the first side, and an even wetter one called 'Fool to Cry' closes the second. Both these songs were singles and gave young rock fans a chance to see the mighty Stones perform on TV pop shows. In both cases, Jagger came over like Englebert in a carnival mask. Hopeless.

Admittedly, this is the second Stones compilation from Atlantic, but if you put the two together, you never come near the same league as their greatest hits sets from the '60s.

Atlantic would have done better to re-issue the Stones' disco oldie 'Hot Stuff' as a twelve-inch in the hope that they'd pick up a few sales in the wake of 'Miss You'. At least they could have included it on this album. Might have helped.

Bob Edmands



Daltrey sports new hairdo as Townshend dices with death. Pic: Robert Ellis

In Search Of Ancient Mods

THE WHO
The Kids Are Alright
(Polydor)

"The whole thing about rock and roll dynamism, in many ways, is the fact that if it does slow down, if it does start to review itself, if it takes any sort of perspective on life at all, it falls. As soon as someone makes any kind of comment, for example, musically on something they've done before, they collapse . . ." — **Pete Townshend,** *Rolling Stone,* 1968.

In the days before *Tommy,* it must have seemed almost inconceivable to The Who that their past would eventually outgrow their future. Most rockers ransack their pasts only when it becomes apparent that it has a better chance than their future of rescuing their present, but in the case of The Who it appears that — ever since the arrival of the deaf dumb and blind meal ticket that gave them true megabankable stadium status in the States — they have had to hark back to the Mod era, almost as if — like vampires — they needed to maintain contact with their native soil or else rot where they stood.

Their native soil is, of course, that of the foreign country where they do things differently. Pete Townshend can hardly have been unaware of the fact that, while the *Tommy* industry had opened many doors to The Who, it had also closed many others. Just about everything The Who have done since 'Live At Leeds' has been a rattling at doorknobs, a pounding on doors. A loss of innocence, a banishment from Eden!

It was as if they had become unwillingly transformed, as if they felt impelled to carry around a scrapbook of pictures showing what they had looked like *before,* as if they were no longer the *real* 'Oo and thus were forced to carry identification, as if their history were a Bankers Card without which their cheques were no longer acceptable.

Throughout the '70s they have flooded us with nostalgia. From 'Live At Leeds' through 'Quadrophenia', with 'Odds And Sods' and 'The Story Of The Who', with all the bloody 'Tommy' tack and now with the *Quadrophenia* movie and 'The Kids Are Alright' in both vinyl and celluloid configurations, we have had the past eerliy superimposed over the present whenever we have confronted The Who.

And Who nostalgia differs from Stones nostalgia or Beatles nostalgia or Dylan nostalgia or Presley nostalgia not simply because of its quantity or even because it is generated directly and personally by the artist, but because of the fact that Who nostalgia has the unique capacity to evoke not so much the artists' history as the listeners'.

When I hear a bunch of old Stones records (or any of the above-named, for that matter) I hear only the Stones, and only memories of the Stones are evoked though God knows I put in enough teen-hours listening to the Stones. But gimme a stack of Who singles and I hear my whole damn *life* there. I even hear other artists: some of my fondest memories of The Kinks and Jimi Hendrix have been savoured while listening to The Who.

Stones nostalgia serves the Stones; Who nostalgia — even though you gotta hand over money for it — seems almost egoless, even though for Townshend it's more like therapy: the more Who trivia Townshend can stash round our place the less he'll have cluttering up his pad. The Who's past strangles them instead of nourishing them, but it's still nourishing for us.

By 'us' I mean people who have an emotional stake in The Who. They're the only stars of my youth who've never alienated me, never soured my starry-eyed kid-faith. For that reason, they've remained human for me in a way that Dylan and The Beatles and the Stones never could. I 'forgave' them the pretensions and indulgence of 'Tommy' and sympathised with them over the crises of confidence and internal traumas, even if it meant flawed gigs and albums or even — for so long — *no* gigs and albums. They never condescended, never cheated.

Anyway, fill in your own what-The-Who-mean-to-me rap while I grab my impartial-rock-critic hat, and then let us ponder the artefact.

'The Kids Are Alright' is a double album of Who live performances through the ages featuring most of the classic landmarks. Available live recordings of The Who prior to now have been somewhat sparse: a live album apparently recorded at a stage in their career when they seemed determined to demonstrate that anything Cream or Led Zeppelin could do they could do better, and one track on the 'Woodstock' album. 'The Kids Are Alright' is, therefore, almost an embarrassment of riches.

You get 'My Generation', 'I Can't Explain' and 'Anyway Anyhow Anywhere' from live TV shots, and it's hilarious to imagine the TV sound engineers frantically attempting to cope as their meters zoom into the red and their speakers explode. The epitome of pilled-up frenzy channelled into precise, eloquent pop, those tracks are The Who at their most timeless. The day that a generation of kids exists which finds these songs completely alien, rock and roll in any sense that the term is currently understood will be totally kaput.

From a Swedish tour comes a tougher, flintier 'Happy Jack', closely accompanied by two alleged TV snippets so similar to the studio recordings that the corresponding sequences in the movie must be lip-synch jobs. 'I Can See For Miles' and 'Magic Bus' (for it is they) are book-ended by 'Long Live Rock', which appears in the film as a studio scene. All clear?

'Pinball Wizard' and 'See Me Feel Me' come from *Woodstock* (wisely, *Tommy* is limited to a *very* brief 'Tommy Can You Hear Me' and a brisk instrumental canter through 'Sparks' as a preface to the two real gems) and outclass the originals to a sublime extent, and the warmth and humour of 'A Quick One While He's Away' (from *The Rolling Stones Rock 'N' Roll Circus*) provides the record's most charming moment.

The most disappointing sections come from the period when they Heavy Metalled out in the Stadium Era. 'Young Man Blues' sounds like a grotesque parody of the more compact 'Live At Leeds' version, grossing out like Led Zep at their most flatulent and the lengthy 'Join Together'/'Road Runner'/'My Generation Blues' sequence pitilessly documents the extent to which The Who's collective taste had coarsened in response to the demands of armies of lobotomised downer freaks.

However, there's a towering 'Won't Get Fooled Again' in which the performance lives up to the song with such power and passion it carries its own redemption, it leaves The Who and all who sail with them bloody but unbowed, a monument to survival with honour. For me (he said, switching back from critic-mode to fan-mode), the continued survival of The Who is like a touchstone to my own: even without Moon, The Who still exist, and that's good enough.

If statements like these seem dumb and maudlin, then that's okay. All it means is that this album won't mean as much to you as it does to me. I've said little about Roger Daltrey and Keith Moon and John Entwistle and Pete Townshend in this review, but that's because the ablum's not really about them so much as it is about The Who.

An open postcard to The Who, then, with just three sentences: 'Keep on walkin' and don't look back.' 'Be of good strength.'

And 'Thanks.'

Charles Shaar Murray

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THE LURKERS
God's Lonely Men
(Beggar's Banquet)

I think I saw The Lurkers live once, but I could be wrong. After all, in 1977 I saw a considerable number of angry, frustrated, anxious and excited young people shuffling about in an endearing and absurdly self-conscious fashion on stage, all of whom had the making of mad and exhilarating music high on their list of priorities.

The Lurkers were not special in that respect, they were typical. In 1977 an awful lot of young people were making good capital (and thoroughly worthwhile music) out of applying a fresh approach to an old problem. And, because this is what great rock and roll is all about, a lot of people were making great rock and roll that year.

But this is 1979, and almost all the people who were so committed to producing nothing more complex than barely confined and badly defined noise two years ago have, for the most part, either 'progressed' after a fashion or flunked out altogether. Consquently, when I discovered that Beggars Banquet had the nerve (witless bravado, call it what you will) to finance the release of a second Lurkers' album, I was more than a little curious to hear the result.

The Result: a thoroughly enjoyable and invigorating album. Yes, The Lurkers are just as simple, groovy, petulant and human as ever they were. All twelve songs on 'God's Lonely Men' are massive and simple, hard and young, fast and tender, pointless and passionate; the music is totally undeceptive — everything it promises it delivers, quickly and without bulky preamble.

The rhythm pounds stupidly, obviously and directly to the heart of the issue, unswerving free of trickery and camp pretentions. The guitar carries the riffs, and perhaps the occasional half-baked, enthusiastic and excitable guitar solo, but little else. There is no masquerade to uncover, there is no tomfoolery going on; Pete Stride has no desire to be someone, and this is refreshing.

Happily, the lyrics are wholesome and confused; there are no words of wisdom on this album, just sighs, moans, giggles and abrupt cries of indignation. The Lurkers are a reluctant part of the outside world, just four young people in the fortunate position of being able to make rock and roll records. Maybe The Lurkers don't realise it, but their biggest asset is their entirely unprepared and unrehearsed ordinariness.

John Hamblett

FRANK MARINO AND MAHOGANY RUSH
Tales Of The Unexpected
(CBS)

The least expected aspect of this album is the excellence of the second side.

As an example of a modern heavy rock band, it's the sort of thing that Ted Nugent is always bragging about, but never quite achieves. The side was recorded live, but features four new songs instead of merely re-hashing oldies. Marino evidently felt that a live recording was the best way to present his type of songs and he was clearly right.

To get into the appropriate macho superlatives, the way these mothers play is enought to blow Ted Nugent's balls away. Not to mention his earplugs right through his god-damned head.

The opener 'Down, Down, Down' has nothing to do with the Status Quo hit of the same name, but everything to do with creaming the god-damned brains of the several thousand Frank Marino fans who were no doubt at this gig.

Once upon a time, Marino evidently thought he was a re-incarnation of Jimi Hendrix. Mahogany Rush attempted to follow the Hendrix power trio blueprint as best they were able. But that was some years ago. Marino's a lot older. He's now 23 (compared with tired Ted, who's 30) and he's developed his own style.

This consists of taking your basic riff, adding a few screeching vocals and an over the top guitar solo, and coming up with a bigger, better melt-down than they nearly contrived at Harrisburg.

Cuts like 'Door Of Illusion', 'Woman' and the unfortunately named 'Bottom Of The Barrel' are so powerful, they'd make even Ted Nugent feel butch.

Alas, in contrast, the first side is a tame studio set. Limp versions of Dylan's (and Hendrix's) 'All Along The Watchtower' and the Beatles 'Norwegian Wood'.

There's also a dumb song called 'Sister Change' that sounds as though Robin Trower's rehearsing in the next street, and a boring jazz-rock instrumental, the title track.

Heavy metal fans who like to hear the occasional berserk egotist burst out of the formula are recommended to buy this album, though just for the second side. CBS should persuade Marino to do a British tour. There's a whole bunch of Nugent fans who'd be only too ready to see the error of their mis-directed loyalty.

Ted is no more than John the Baptist for Frank, and that's gospel.

Bob Edmands

McCartney: "Leave it out, Linda, this geezer's actually listened to the album." Pic: Andre Csillag.

Macca unscrambles

WINGS
Back To The Egg
(MLP)

Finally, McCartney gets on with it. 'Back To The Egg' might not be enough of a departure to delight the cynical or, by that token, to disappoint the faithful.

But it is the sturdiest, the least twee and the most rigorous offering we've had from Wings in much too many years, probably since 'Band On The Run'. While it could lack that standard quota of two to three absolute classic tracks, a characteristic that's rescued some of its predecessors (notably 'Venus And Mars' and 'London Town') from bona-fide disaster status, the new album does possess an even-ness of quality and a directness of approach.

Even with its obligatory fiddly bits — like the opener 'Reception', an irritating snatch of random quirkiness — the record has the virtue of sparing us the worst excesses of Paul's notorious 'versatility', the dreaded indulgences of a talent too whimsical for its own safety.

Finally, 'Back To The Egg' is just more of Paul McCartney getting on with what he does best, and what he does best he can do better than just about anybody.

So the album gets itself under way with 'Getting Closer', a melodic, round-cornered rock effort of the kind he can supply to order. Then pauses briefly for a short, haunting acoustic number, 'We're Open Tonight', before the band lets rip with 'Spin It On', one of those fast'n'echoey rockers and a fair showcase for the current line-up — now comprising the permanent

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Bolan: "Whaddyat'ink, Johnny, is Morley gonna join us in heaven or what?" Pic: Richard Young

nucleus of Paul and Linda (the latter adopting an encouragingly low profile this time around) and Denny Laine, plus the new drummer Steve Holly and Laurence Juber on guitar.

Denny Laine's sole intrusion upon the McCartney monopoly comes with 'Again And Again And Again', and a sadly plodding affair it is, taking the tautly infectious weirdness of 'Old Siam, Sir' (Paul's vocals stretched so hard you wonder how he comes up sounding so sweet next time around) to lift the side and carry it through the mundane, soft-rock closer 'Arrow Through Me'.

Worse is to follow, though, for opening the second side is a big-star blow-out called the 'Rockestra Theme', a dreadful venture and — along with its scarcely-better partner track 'So Glad To See You Here' — the result of a session involving everyone from Pete Townshend to Hank Marvin, plus the back-half of Led Zeppelin, Ronnie Lane, Gary Brooker, Tony Ashton and somebody terribly famous out of Pink Floyd, Kenny Jones and Bruce Thomas. A grosser, more pointless exercise it's difficult to imagine.

'To You' is more average Wings album-padding, while 'After The Ball/Million Miles' combines a vaguely Scottish folk format with a slow gospel feel. Then there's another ballad, 'Winter Rose/Love Awake', cast in an English traditional mould, all acoustic and wistful and, predictably really quite lovely.

After 'Broadcast' — a couple of charmingly incomprehensible extracts from Ian Hay's *The Sport Of Kings* and Galsworthy's *The Little Man* — there's a lazy lullabye to end on, 'Baby's Request'.

The Sound Of The Suburbs? Yes, I suppose it is — although given the guy's apparent contentment and his honesty I doubt if there's any other kind of music we could reasonably demand of him.

Paul Du Noyer

VARIOUS ARTISTS
That Summer *(Arista)*
THE RAMONES
Rock'n'Roll High School
T. REX
Solid Gold *(EMI)*

Whilst they miss out on the main points of impetus and most of the main people of the last ten years, these three compilations — two film soundtracks and one cheap retrospective — still say enough about the last decade to be going on with. I can hardly keep still . . .

Although it's been over the last couple of years that there's been enough great pop music to completely swamp the previous two and a half decades (but without which etc.), the early '70s wasn't *that* barren. Marc Bolan filled that empty space just to the right of Bowie and Roxy, just behind Ian Hunter, and didn't need no help from anyone. You don't have to hear or analyse his influence on the new pop, you can feel it. If you're a fan of Shelley, Sharkley, the Skids, the Rats and all those sort of people and have no Bolan except the B-side of 'Staircase' then 'Solid Gold' is nothing but an essential purchase.

The record has twenty sublime Bolan classics squeezed together tight, but right. All the hits from 'Telegram Sam' through to 'I Love To Boogie' with a handful of LP tracks. The implications, motivation and determination of this music has had a resounding effect on all the noises that are special in the charts these days, from Blondie to Buzzcocks.

The Bolanites can discover lost lovelier like 'Truck On Tyke', 'London Boys' and 'Dreamy Lady'. Cynics who never really had their heart in all the attacking that went on can now safely come out into the open, and the rest . . . what's wrong with you?

What Bolan did was create his own distinctive world, and creating an individual world has since been the thing that has separated the great pop from the average pop.

As for The Ramones, their world is probably the best of them all. So vivid and vacant, so excessive and ruthless — yet caring. Marc Bolan once told me that Joey Ramone once told him that the entire Ramones stun view of under ornamentation and ironical economy was a result of 'Solid Gold Easy Action' and wouldn't it be great if that was true. Who's to say that it isn't true? Whatever, The Ramones share with Bolan at a basic level a slash across pomposity and prudery, and after that it's a race to see whose world has less lonely people. The Ramones world is funny and poignant and in a way it's very wise. It is a true extension of the particular drama and certainty of Bolan. I think it's great that a film has been built around them, if only because perhaps the screen will do some sort of tangible justice to the delicacy of The Ramones' impulses. This sort of pop is a true sort of poetry, that prods and probes nostalgia, melancholy, hope, solitude, vulnerability, with exquisite verbal magic and complementary musical genius.

They take up most of side one of the soundtrack from the film *Rock'n'Roll Highschool* with the title track, 'I Want You Around' and a medley of five bold beauts that take up about three and a half minutes.

I'm not sure whether it's escapism or not and if it is whether it's bad or not. All I know is that after it I feel a whole lot better.

And, of course, there's 'That Summer' which you just have to buy. Sixteen new pop songs that form the soundtrack from some forthcoming film eruption, by thirteen artists. Fifteen of which are songs you'll adore already: nine that were hits, six that weren't (and who'll ever understand why not), eight or nine absolute classics. All songs from the last two or three years, know what I mean? It's an important record.

From the Dury of 'Sex And Drugs And Rock'n'roll' into the Mink De Ville of 'Spanish Stroll'. Then tread within the strange dour shapes and lines of Elvis Costello's world, with his 'I Don't Want To Go To Chelsea', and shoot into the exaggerated world of The Boomtown Rats with 'She's So Modern'.

The Zones world is flat and out of focus, and although I can appreciate it does them plenty of good to be in strong company (and they do sing the title track and they are on Arista), their contribution is a sad interruptive low on the record. Up, up, and up into a space where The Only Ones' distorted world is at its sharpest, 'Another Girl, Another Planet" and then a wicked twist into the dark brown Wreckless Eric 'Whole Wide World'. Side one finishes with the smooth and christian 'Because The Night'.

Side Two is an even better dance. The Boomtown Rats' 'Kicks', The Ramones' 'Rockaway Beach', The Undertones' 'Teenage Kicks', Eddie And The Hot Rods' 'Do Anything You Want To Do', the Blockheads' 'What A Waste', Dowe's 'Breaking Glass', Costello's 'Watching The Detectives' and Richard Hell's 'Blank Generation'.

That is some trip, some collection of celebration and consternation. It is a telling indication of what has happened on the bright side of the post punk settlement. Are we spoilt, or not?

We are spoilt, and people still moan. But then look what they used to say about Marc Bolan.

Paul Morley

チープ・トリックat武道館

CHEAP TRICK LIVE "AT THE BUDOKAN"

生命感みなぎる　サート

チープ・トリック、　武道館に遂に
参上。いくら来日アー　、が多い今日
でも、この天下の武道　にできるア
ーチストはそうたくさ　のではない。
ステージの準備も　・K。あ、
CHEAP TRICK "AT　JDOKAN"
ックの登場。コンサー　のは、こ

ボーカルを聞か　60年代後半
に70年代を象徴　なボーカリ
CHEAP TRIC　DOKAN"
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の誕生を見た思
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のきいたナンバー　・ホールド・
　な曲も彼

"I want you to want me"　世の
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があるが、その中で最も直　敬しく
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スタンド
内のあら
彼の前に
段に飛び

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The Early Years 1963 — 1965
Volume 1 ***(Sierra Briar)***

Gram Parsons, the very late and occasionally forgotten country (and western) legend extraordinaire, was one of the craziest godforsaken dudes who ever hauled a well-tooled boot into the main drag of the big bad city.

Parsons (formerly Cecil Connors, but what kind of handle is that for a superstar?) left his Florida swamp to pursue the itinerant life in New York State round about the same time as the Everglades' other dead iconoclastic lizard packed his skin and slithered off to Los Angeles California.

It may be a mite tardy to start extolling the merits of these companion biscuits, but their impact is such that a GP afficianado can't fail to find his/her eyes glistening. History of this nature isn't exactly fun but it sure is uplifting.

The 'Early Years' set uncovers Parsons' first recorded efforts with cowboy folkies The Shilohs. Truthfully, you'll find it a labour of love rather than an essential listening experience. Gram's own compositions are thin on the trail and hardly betray the influences of George Jones, Merle Haggard and Jack Clement that made the man the fighting country youth he really could be.

The Shiloh Records release is actually the infamous 'International Submarine Band' which used to change hands for a king's ransom. This time in the packaging is a trifle commercial but praise the Lord for record companies like Shiloh and Sierra/Briar who kill elitist collectivism stone dead and preserve some of their nation's ethnic heritage into the bargain.

Aside from an alteration in track order, this disc is the very same one that launched the country rock refineries of 1967. The original tunes, 'Blue Eyes', 'Strong Boy', 'Luxury Liner' and 'Do You Know How It Feels To Be Lonesome', prove that Parsons' talent was already in full swing in the summer of love. Ballads to get you weeping, barbed-wire boundaries of emotion one and all; they'll remind you of some lost innocence, your best partner, the pleasures of cheating the worldly.

Gram Parsons had been around, he wrote his songs because they hit him in the heart. A lonesome boy with a thousand visions who turned out to be a realist and a fool, a ball of fire. Twenty seven years old is too young to self-incinerate but the kid always did do things in style.

Underneath Joshua Tree lies an American country golgotha. Most of the legends in this business are paper tigers, but Gram Parsons was truly possessed.

Max Bell

The Flys: Not so well done on 'The Rare Stuff'.

VARIOUS ARTISTS
The Rare Stuff? ***(EMI)***

Yet another duff deal in the never-ending saga of major label compilations. Marketed a la mode — cheapo cover featuring badge bedecked bondage gear — it serves solely to consolidate the achievement of EMI's new wave roll of honour. Considering the bands involved, this is unsurprisingly meagre.

If nothing else, the album has consistency, The Rich Kids, The Flys and The Banned laying substantial claim to both sides with rock/pop that's respectively monotonous, abrasive and featherweight in the extreme. In fact the slightest exposure to The Banned's 'You Dirty Rat' or 'C.P.G.J.'s' might reduce you to destroying furniture.

Wire's two entries now seem undeniably orthodox and dated (what price The Glaxo Babies?), while The Shirts' thin, derivative reggae shuffle 'Cyrinda' shines with comparative but ill-deserved merit. And lastly, The Saints — a worthy bunch who knocked it on the head last year and now provoke nostalgic sighs among the cognoscenti — are poorly immortalised as R&B/punk archetype with four tracks that must have been mixed through a foam rubber mattress.

All in all, 'The Rare Stuff?' is no collector's item.

Mark Ellen

Imports

'Flash And The Pan' (Epic), the latest creation of one-time Easybeats, **Harry Vanda and George Young,** finds the twosome on a new tack. The sleeve suggests as much — "While New Wave is just a hair-do and punk is just a rusty safety pin," it drools, **"Flash And The Pan** is the New Music."

"So what *is* so goddam new about Vanda-Young?" you ask.

And the truthful answer, at nitty-gritty level, is — nothing, basically. Thing is, they've dropped any pretence about rendering 'real' vocals — that is to say, they don't sing in a manner that Mum or Aunt Agatha will readily understand. Instead, they elect to provide recitative top-lines in a manner that emerges like an impression of Mark Knopler doing an impression of Bob Dylan. Oddly enough, the ploy works — mainly because the words come wrapped in a fine series of form-providing musical wrap-arounds, as demonstrated by such cuts as 'Lady Killer', with its Stax-like riff and sustained organ chords, and 'Down Among The Dead Men', a cert for the milk-round hit parade, thanks to an instrumental bridge that's as catchy as a classroom cold. The problem is that the vocals are so static that many listeners, given the whole album to digest, could find things hard to take. Yet, taken individually, each segment works wonderfully well and at least one hit single should be in the offing — though I'm fully aware that the Flash And The Pan singles that have already appeared here on homecooked Ensign have, unfortunately, failed to make minimal punter impact. Hopefully, this is yet another 'Sultans Of Swing' type situation, to be rectified by the passing of time. For Vanda and Young's sake, I hope so — because they're still out there trying. And in a manner which I find highly commendable.

With Tom Waits now in the Palladium filling bracket, I guess many cultists will be looking for a new name to tout around. Some, I hear, have already moved on and are currently beating the drum for folksy trio, Maggie, Terre and Suzzy Roche, whose album, **'The Roches'**, produced by Robert Fripp, is currently gracing the Warner Bros catalogue.

The Roches, in duo form, have been around for a long time — 10 years, in fact. They've even made a previous bid for stardom along the way, having cut tracks produced by one Paul Simon. Personally, I'm not smitten this time around. I find them a curious mixture of McGarrigle and McGonagall — the three providing fine harmonies of songs kitted out with the world's most ill-fitting lyrics. Nevertheless, the album is being snapped up with considerable alacrity. Which means that something's going down, somewhere.

Me — I've spent more time hand-clappin' to **Mighty Clouds Of Joy**'s 'Changing Times' (Epic). The Joy, who for years have been one of the most R'n'B oriented black gospel quartets, have long since added disco to their sanctified way of things. And to hear lead-singer Joe Ligon scream out in a manner likely to blast Travoltas from Tooting to Timbuktu, as he does on the album's title track, is an aural experience well worth taking a pew for.

Hallelujah — oop de doop!

Fred Dellar

PATTI LABELLE
It's Alright With Me ***(Epic)***
BOBBY WOMACK
The Roads Of Life ***(Arista)***

After her magnificent gig at The Venue, Patti Labelle's 'It's Alright With Me' is a little disappointing. The main problem is half a dozen rather mediocre songs (several written by the producer — ho hum) which she just doesn't have the space to take apart and transcend as she does in live performance.

Still, it's a good, solid album of slightly old-fashioned soul, mixing finely-textured funk with traditional ballads and containing a wealth of minor delights. The arrangements are deft, delicate, judicious; Patti is in good voice whenever she gets the chance to stretch out. Best moments are the pleasant, swinging groove of 'What 'Cha Doing To Me' and 'You And Me', the confident pride of 'My Best Was Good Enough' and the superlative funk extravaganza, 'Music Is My Way Of life', a surefire disco classic if Epic and justice do their bits.

Another soul veteran, but one who is dealing far less successfully with the modern world, is Bobby Womack. 'The Roads Of Life' is his first album for two years, and I guess it would be fair to say that he's not exactly been missed on a massive scale in the interim. Strangely enough, it sounds not unlike his previous records — the same old mixture of clumping soul boogie and soft-brained ballads, bracketed here by a leaden attempt at disco and an horrendous effort to sound sincere on Olivia Newton John's 'I Honestly Love You'.

Womack seems to have abandoned singing in favour of pompous declamation; while his lyrics are the usual ghastly mishmash of silly love songs and even sillier 'philosophising' — his absence from the music biz, for example, is attributed to God's "master plan". A more appropriate title might have been 'Dead Ends'.

Graham Lock

SHOES
BLACK VINYL SHOES
SRK 6075
SIRE

Recorded by elves on a TEAC four-track in a living room in Zion, Illinois, this offers 15 hooky, bittersweet reflections on sexual strategy among the under-25s. Clever melodic contours plus vocals faded and echoed so far back they take on the mystery of synthesised guitars, a natural for pop obsessives.
The Village Voice New York

Shoes are the charmers the power pop buzz promised but couldn't deliver. It seems simple - tight lovely rockers, nice guitar touches, and those evocative harmonies - yet very few succeed so well as this Beatley style... Shoes' beguiling nature comes through loud and clear...
Trouser Press New York

...There are 15 songs here, nearly all packed with hooks, delightfully uplifting pop melodies and bright power chords... it should be all any record company needs to plop in a studio with the budget to make an album that will (be) one of the real pop classics of our time. ...These songs grow on you until they become enbrained in your mind... as firmly as any Beatles hit.
Bomp Californ

Edmunds and his Groovie chums man the overdub consol.
Pic: Paul Slattery

Dai's of heaven

DAVE EDMUNDS
Repeat When Necessary
(Swan Song)

Whether there is some kind of conceptual conspiracy involved or not, the months of May and June invariably burst upon us with a crop of English beauties cultivated by the Dave Edmunds/Nick Lowe school for rocking gentlefolk.

There are those among you, I know, who regard the adventures of the Rockpile gang as a monumentally incestuous, regurgitating heist, an unfortunate misconception which need not bother us unduly here. Indeed, I greeted my nice pink and blue review copy of 'Repeat When Necessary' (purchased at no cost whatsoever) with a mixture of cynicism, apathy and distrust. If Nick Lowe comes can Dave Edmunds be far behind?

I tended to see Edmunds as an interesting but peripheral tactician with a nose for diligant survival but no charisma to speak of. I didn't like what he did to the Groovies' 'Now' album, I hated it when he 'jammed' with Cheap Trick and if I played 'Tracks On Wax 4' more than twice I can't remember why.

Now, it seems, all this indecision was all to cock. 'Repeat When Necessary' is not merely an overdose of fun and fury. Side one, at least, is a perfect summation of the oft vaunted pure pop format (English boys playing American music). It starts with a gift Elvis Costello ditty called 'Girls Talk' which is one on the nose for B Buell, I warrant, and boasts a plethora of witty vitriolic lines like *'You may not be an old fashioned girl but you're gonna get dated'* and is kindled by a melody that sounds like John Lennon waving a chain saw over Billy J Kramer's toes. This is the first cut and already you'd have to be some kind of spoilsport weirdo not to pick up the needle and play it again, a few hundred times.

After that it gets better. 'Crawling From The Wreckage' is a very sick perpetual piston dance, designed to wake the likes of John Fogerty and his kin from their slumbers and shame them back into a studio. Similarly, 'Black Lagoon', an unadulterated swamp boogie, is so deviously macabre in its resurrection of the ghosts of McCartney and Bolan that you'll imagine horrible slimey things are crawling over yer leg. Damsels in distress call Radar and ask for Mr Lowe.

Composing credits on 'Repeat When Necessary' are confusing. There are no Edmunds songs, no Lowe songs, three from Billy Bremner credited to Mr Parker (not *the* Parker), a couple of semi-obscure oldies and a Clover song which isn't as duff as their version. Aside from Costello's nugget that leaves two songs written by a Devito. Howard Devito? Not exactly. Don Devito? Warmer. De-evolito? Think again. Hank DeVito the pedal guitarist of Hot Band and Albert Lee fame? Yes indeedy, and abetted by Donivan Cowart (Hot Band engineer but you don't wish to know this useless scrap of information).

Their 'Sweet Little Lisa' is blessed with a guest appearance from Lee hisself, actually threatening to steal Rockpile's thunder but blending into the smooth lightning. Pointless as it may be to raid the lexicon for guitar terminology, take it as read that Lee plus Edmunds plus Bremner equals country swing a-go-go, an essential experience akin to eating, breathing and copulation.

If the first course of tablets entails some measure of intellectual activity by the arrival of side two you should be addicted, resistance is useless. DeVito's 'Queen Of Hearts' is a gooey Tennessee tint, recalling prime Buddy Holly, Gram Parsons, good Billy Swan. Edmunds sings through his nose, strums like a train, picks guitar like a bird eats worms, Rockpile metamorphose into The Crickets.

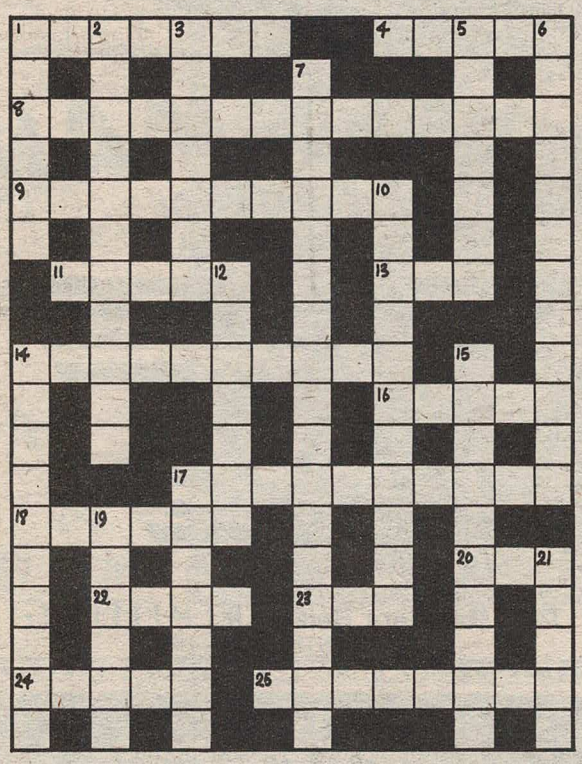
For the rest, it's not just that 'Home In My Hand' nods and licks at Chuck Berry, it's not just that 'Goodbye Mr Good Guy' vamps Presley *('He kept her in a Jensen Interceptor, delivered her with roses to my door')*. It's that Edmunds, Rockpile and engineer Roger Bechirian are so aware of the state of the art that their imitation is the sincerest form of flattery and usually original to boot.

It's one thing to sell the public cheap repro '60s tack dressed up with nowhere to go, it's quite another to match your interpretations to customised designs. This record has the quality of antique furniture and vintage wine. What could be better than that?

Rockpile playing these songs live.

May the sun shine on Dave Edmunds and his guitar(s) for a good many summers and may you rush out forthwith and purchase a copy of 'Repeat When Necessary' and, well, repeat when necessary. (These boys even provide you with a punchline).

Max Bell



ACROSS
1 Hit waxing from the cockney beer commercial
4 Haile unlikely version of a star!
8 Topped 1965 charts double A-sided with 'Day Tripper' (2,3,4,2,3)
9 Second No. from 'Parallel Lines' (6,4)
11 She sounds worth a gamble!
13 Early Abba single, morse the pity!
14 Where the Commander recruited the airmen? (4,6)
16 U.S. mountain range forming part of group's name
17 Aka David Letts, former gravedigger of this parish (4,6)
18 Mr Vain? In *those* horn-rims? Hardly!
20 Pre-decimalised Rat
22 The others are Brian, Al, Dennis, Carl
23 Palindromic Steely Dan elpee
24 C. Berry sung the joys of No. 66
25 Bill Nelson messes up Eno's ride! (3,5)

DOWN
1 Follow-up to 'In The Navy' (2,4)
2 Cheap Trickster (4,7)
3 Edwin Starr's song about disco dating services!
5 Iggy's old band
6 Nipponese Zimmerman collection (2,3,7)
7 Golden Oldie Spot: 1965 Presley chart-topper which might have been covered by Jilted John (6,2,3,6)
10 Roger Daltrey's second starring movie vehicle, gone and best forgotten!
12 Yvonne, formerly of 'Hair' and the E. Clapton Band
14 Mule rug box tuned to a different wavelength!
15 We avoid bid (anag. 2 words)
17 LA crypto-punks in dike (sic)!
19 Unconfirmed report on group?
21 Type of music/or moody pills

ANSWERS
ACROSS: 1 'Boogie Wonderland'; 6 Wings; 7 'Vincent'; 10 Keith Emerson; 11 Chic; 14 (Kevin) Godley; 15 Ska; 16 Steve Hillage; 18 'In The Summertime'; 20 'Gloria'; 21 Members; 23 Del Shannon; 24 Red (Noise); 25 (Richard) Harris); 26 Kevin (Godley).
DOWN: 'Boys Keep Swinging'; 12 'Guilty'; 3 Eagles; 4 'Never A Dull Moment'; 5 Annie Haslam; 8 (Peter) Noone; 9 Richard (Harris) 12 Fleetwood (Mac); 13 Steve Miller; 17 Gary Moore; 19 'Easter'; 22 Chas (and Dave).

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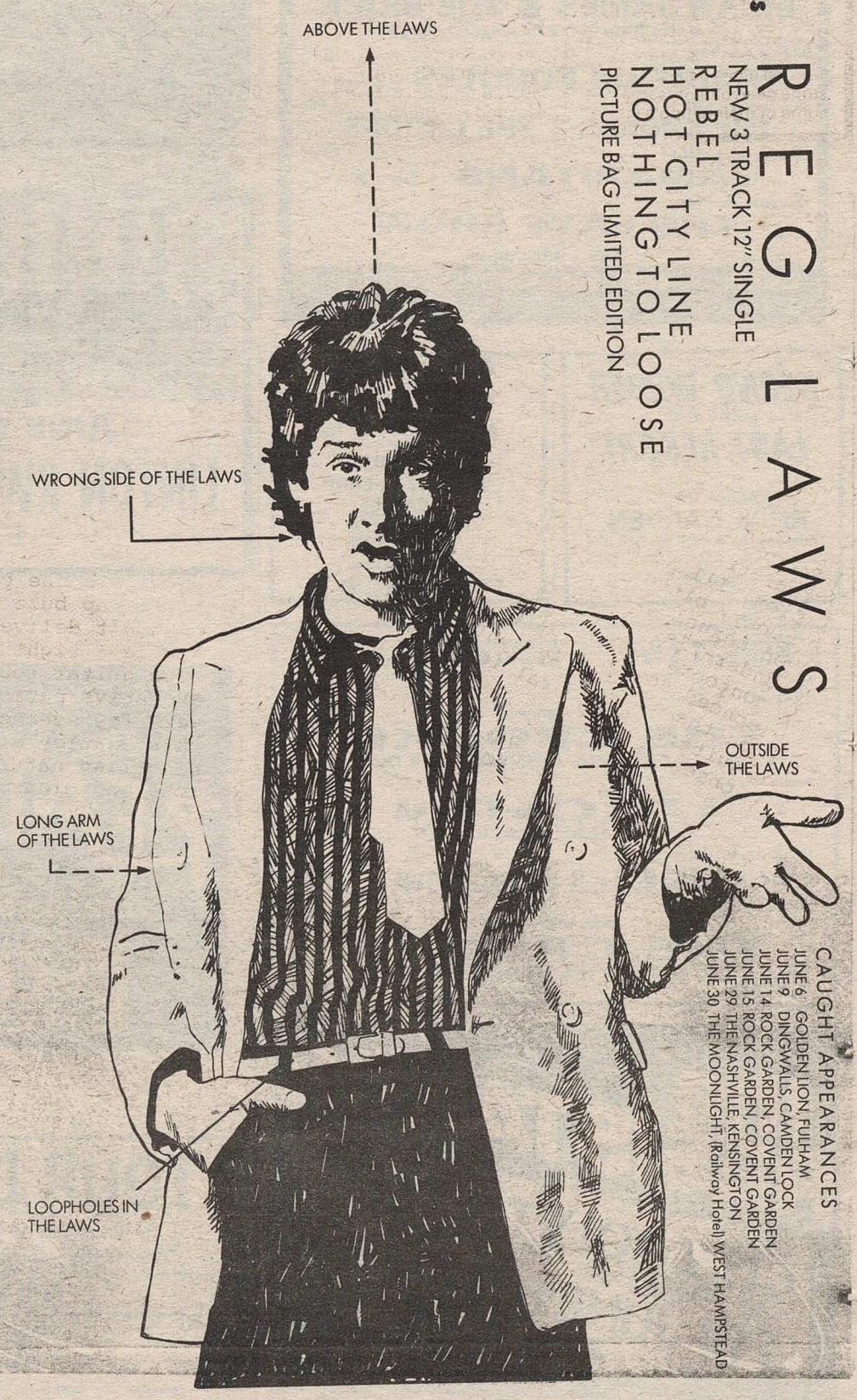

CAUGHT APPEARANCES
JUNE 6 GOLDEN LION, FULHAM
JUNE 9 DINGWALLS, CAMDEN LOCK
JUNE 14 ROCK GARDEN, COVENT GARDEN
JUNE 15 ROCK GARDEN, COVENT GARDEN
JUNE 29 THE NASHVILLE, KENSINGTON
JUNE 30 THE MOONLIGHT, (Railway Hotel) WEST HAMPSTEAD

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Thur 14th June
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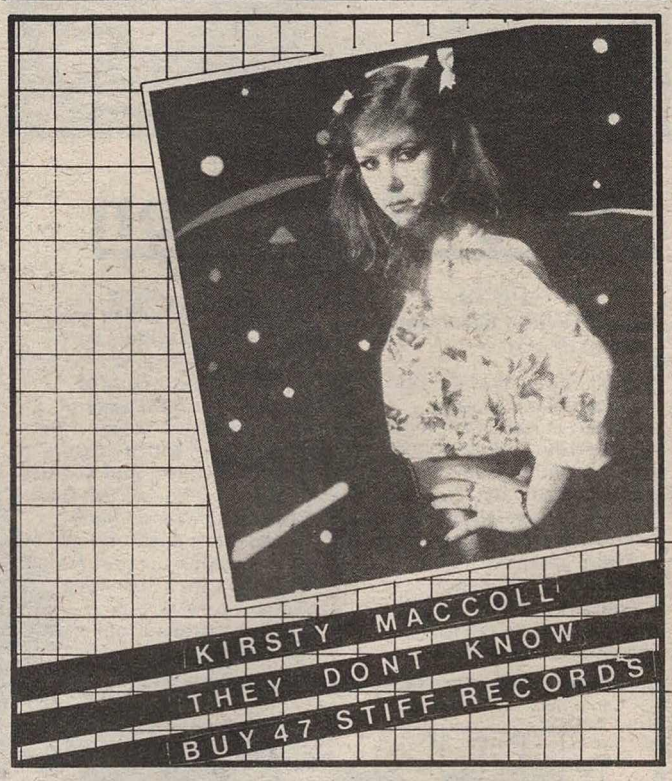

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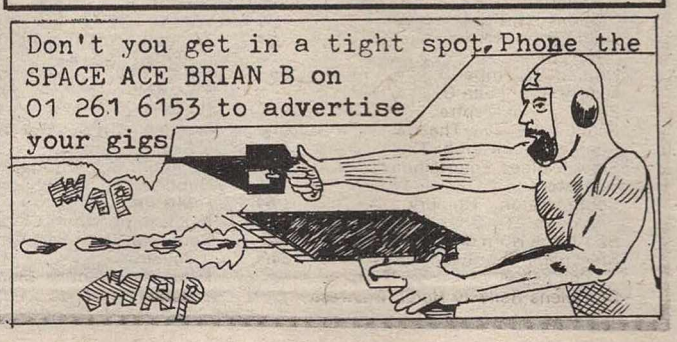
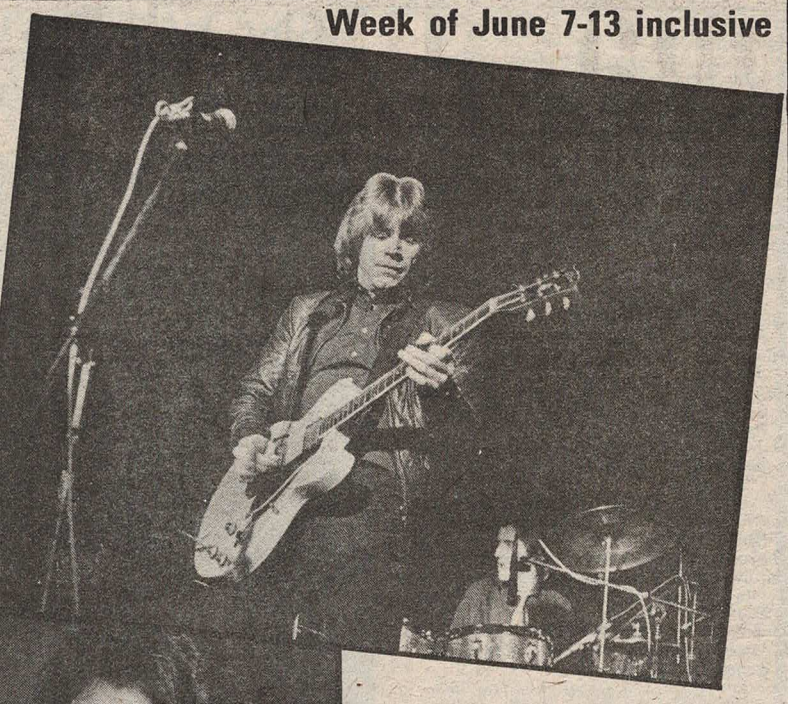


Compiled by Derek Johnson

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

— and three more big tours open

Week of June 7-13 inclusive



DIRE STRAITS *— the biggest success story of the year so far, on an international level — return home after their triumphs in America to headline a major concert tour, already a virtual sell-out. They open at Liverpool (Friday), Glasgow (Saturday), Edinburgh (Sunday), Sheffield (Monday) and Birmingham (Wednesday). The band's front man Mark Knopfler is pictured top left.*

ROCKPILE, *featuring Dave Edmunds (top right) and Nick Lowe, set out on their most important tour to date. They're topping at leading venues all round the country, the first of these being at Birmingham (Friday), Colchester (Saturday), Guildford (Sunday), Hastings (Monday), Cambridge (Tuesday) and Manchester (Wednesday). Support act is Lew Lewis Reformer (see over page).*

MANFRED MANN'S EARTH BAND *undertake one of their rare, but welcome, British outings — and their first since a recent personnel upheaval brought new members Chris Slade (drums) and Dave Flett (guitar) into the line-up. Their travels take them initially to Bristol (Thursday), Brighton (Friday), Portsmouth (Tuesday) and London Hammersmith (Wednesday).*

Thursday

Basildon 66 Club: **Sussex**
Birmingham Barley Mow: **Paradox**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Clinic**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Blackpool Jenkinsons Bar: **Bitch**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **The Crooks**
Brighton Sherry's: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers (for three days)**
Bristol Broomhill Youth Centre: **The X-Certs / The Review**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Manfred Mann's Earthband**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **The Gods**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Medium Medium**
Bristol Tiffany's: **The Wild Beasts / Shoes For Industry**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Canterbury College of Art: **The Special A.K.A.**
Chesterfield Fusion: **The Invaders**
Colne Union Hotel: **The Eyes**
Congleton Duke of Wellington: **Disco Students**
Coventry City Centre: **Mungo Jerry**
Coventry Tiffany's: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Acker Bilk Band**
Derby The Ajanta: **The Lurkers**
Douglas I.o.M. Palace Lido: **Dr. Feelgood**
Dundee University: **The Jags**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **Underhand Jones**
Gt. Yarmouth Mermaid Room doubling Neptune's Palace: **Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **The Police / The Cramps / Bobby Henry**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Take Away**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Soft Boys**
Hull Wellington Club: **Punishment Of Luxury**
Leeds Brannigan's: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
Liverpool Eric's: **The Cure**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Prince Hammer / Prince Far I / Creation Rebel**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Special Branch**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Agenda**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Cannibals**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Rudi & The Rialtos / Mr. Zero**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Streetband**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **Interference**
London Harrow Rd. Windor Castle: **The Clerks**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Essential Logic**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Lacey's Allstars**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Little Acre / Belt & Braces Band**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Martin Taylor & Ike Isaacs**
London Marquee Club: **Warm Jets**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **Capital Letters**
London Paddington Western Counties: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Putney Half Moon: **Noel Murphy**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Stan Greig Quartet**
London Southgate Royalty: **Rockhouse**
London St. Moritz Club: **Red Tape**
London Victoria The Venue: **Aviator**
london Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Big Chief**
London W.C.2 Institute of Education: **Cygnus**
Lyme Regis Dolphin Club: **Electric Direction / Generated Strangers**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Hi-Tension**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Basczax / Deja Vu**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **The Alwoodley Jets**
Newcastle The Red House: **Hepatitis**
Newcastle-under-Lyme Hemstalls Lane Inn: **Prey**
Norwich Boogie House: **After The Fire**
Norwich Cromwell's: **Johnny Nash**
Norwich Samson & Hercules: **The Knack**
Nottingham Heart Of The Midlands: **Sponooch (for three days)**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Hormones**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Lap Region**
Oxford Caribbean Club: **Crisis**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Michael Moore**
Scunthorpe Civic Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Tourists**
Slough Blues Entertainment Centre: **The Floaters**
Southampton Holbury Old Mill: **64 Spoons**
St. Albans Horn of Plenty: **The O.K. Band**
Stevenage The Swan: **Lee Fardon & The Legionaires**
St. Helens Railway Hotel: **Mistress**
Taunton Odeon: **George Hamilton IV**
Tonbridge The Harvester: **En Route**
Wellingborough British Rail Club: **Matchbox / Johnny & The Jailbirds**
Worthing The Balmoral: **The Tinsels**

Friday

Aberdeen University: **The Jags**
Basildon Towngate Theatre: **The Albion Band**
Bath Centre 69 Club: **The X-Certs / The Review**
Bedford Cranfield Technical College: **Soul Direction**
Belfast (Ardoyne) Shamrock Club: **Oxy & The Morons / Charge**
Birmingham (Balsall Heath) New Inn: **UB40**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Supercharge**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **The Traitors**
Birmingham (Handsworth) Rialto: **The Heptones**
Birmingham Odeon: **Rockpile with Dave Edmunds & Nick Lowe / Lew Lewis Reformer**
Birmingham Rialto: **Capital Letters**
Birmingham (Small Heath) The Sydenham: **The Crack**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Streetband**
Bolton Farnworth Club: **Shades**
Bournemouth The Pinecliff: **Mark Andrews & The Gents**
Bradford Royal Standard: **Disco Students**
Bradford University: **John Cooper-Clarke**
Brighton Dome: **Manfred Mann's Earthband**
Brighton Hanbury Arms: **The Parrots / Woody The Splinters**
Brighton Sussex University: **No Dice / Straight 8**
Bristol Folk Festival (for three days): **Peter Sarstedt / Jeremy Taylor / Johnny Coppin Band / Derek Brimstone / Alex Atterson / Earl Okin / Roy Harris / Downes & Beer and many more**
Brockenhurst Night Spot: **Electric Direction / Generated Strangers**
Burnley The In-Place: **Matchbox**
Burton 76 Club: **The Soft Boys**
Cardiff Troubadour: **Johnny Nash**
Cheltenham Glos. College of Art: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
Chester College: **Paradox**
Chichester Bishop Otter College: **Voyager**
Clacton St. Osyth's College: **The Hoovas**
Colchester Teachers Training College: **Writz**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **The Damned / The Ruts**
Douglas I.o.M. Palace Lido: **Dr. Feelgood**
Dundee Samantha's: **Shake**
Durham University: **Hi-Tension**
Guernsey Beau Sejour Leisure Centre: **Slade**
Guildford Royal Hotel: **Nicky & The Dots**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Medium Medium**
Ingatestone Youth Club: **Bastille**
Kettering North Park Club: **Johnny & The Jailbirds**
Kettering Windmill Club: **The Bearshank Band**
Kirklevington Country Club: **The Headboys**
Leeds Cosmos Club: **Black Gorilla**
Leigh Rugby Union Club: **Brian Dewhurst**
Lincoln A.J.'s Club: **Speedball / Peter Zear Band / Savage**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Dire Straits**
Liverpool Eric's: **Human League / The Flowers**
Liverpool The Pipeline: **Mistress**
London Acton King's Head: **Paz**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Roy St. John & The Huskies with Geraint Watkins/ Wipeout**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **London Blitz**
London Camden Music Machine: **Wild Horses**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Gerry McAvoy's Jam**
London City Polytechnic: **The Resistance**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Little Acre**
London Covent Garden The Basement: **School Girl Bitch / Split Screens**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Dangerous Rhythm**
London Hammersmith Odeao: **Iggy Pop**
London Kensington Queen College: **Mungo Jerry / 64 Spoons / Traitor's Gait**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Specials**
London Marquee Club: **Max Webster**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Jabula**
London Plumstead Green Man: **The Speedy Bears**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Deanery Quartet**
London Southbank Polytechnic: **Dog Watch**
London Tottenham The Spurs: **Agenda**
London Victoria The Venue: **Blue**
London West Hampstead Railway Hotel: **The Monochrome Set / The Soul Boys**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **The Police / The Cramps / Bobby Henry**
Manchester The Factory: **The Tourists**
Manchester The Hunting Lodge: **Miami Beast**
Manchester (Whitefield) The Albert: **Tanx**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **John Grimaldi's Cheap Flights**
New Brighton Riverside Ballroom: **Prey**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Newport The Village: **The Lurkers**
Northampton Nene College: **Radio Stars / After The Fire**
Norwich Boogie House: **The Russians**
Norwich Cromwells: **The Floaters**
Norwich Whites: **The Tunes**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellows: **Last Call**
Nottingham Festival: **Gaffa**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **Raymond Froggatt**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Lee Fardon & The Legionaires**
Oxford Oranges & Lemons: **The V.I.P.'s**
Penzance Gulval Meadery: **The Brainiac Five**
Poole Brewers Arms: **Tours**
Port Talbot 9 Volt Club: **Days Of Grace**
Preston Polytechnic: **Mike Absalom**
Scarborough Penthouse: **The Records / Local Operator**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Showbiz Kids**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **The Extras / C.P. Lee & Friends**
Southampton Holbury Old Mill: **Rebel**
Stafford The Yeoman: **Bright Eyes**
Stevenage The Swan: **Spring Offensive**
Stirling Albert Hall: **The Fakes / Those French Girls / The Ettes / Spiked Copy**
Stratford-on-Avon Ettingham Park: **The Distrainers**
Stratford-on-Avon Green Dragon: **Close Rivals / Deadly Toys**
Swansea Hafod Inn: **The Hoggs**
Swindon Brunal Rooms: **Light Of The World**
Taunton Cellar Bar: **Lies All Lies**
Uxbridge Brunal University: **The Stickers**
Uxbridge Unit One: **Take Away**
Watford Mex's: **Kitt, Frank, Chris & John**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **The Skids**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **The Cure**
The Wrekin Folk Festival (for three days): **The Watersons / Muckram Wakes / Sean Cannon / Pete & Chris Coe / Alistair Anderson and many more**

Saturday

Aberdeen University: **The Trendies**
Belfast Beachmount Leisure Centre: **Oxy & The Morons/Charge**
Birkenhead The Gallery: **Days Of Grace**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Hoi Polloi**
Birmingham Bournebrook: **The Outpatients**
Birmingham Hatchford School: **Armpit Jug Band**
Birmingham (King's Heath) Hare & Hounds: **Pete Scott**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Strider**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports**
Bishop Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Scorched Earth**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Zorro**
Bletchley Lakes Estate: **The Transistors**
Blyth Golden Eagle: **Roxoff**
Bournemouth Pinecliff Hotel: **Interference**
Bradford Royal Standard: **Disco Students**
Brentford Rolling Thunder Skatepark: **Dirty Weekend/XL5**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Bastille**
Brighton Cage Skate Park: **Nicky & The Dots/The Dodgems**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **The Wild Beasts**
Burton Paradise Room: **Paradox**
Cambridge College Of Art & Technology: **The Soft Boys**
Cannock Arthur Hampton Community Centre: **The Rezizters/UXB**
Cannock Troubadour: **64 Spoons**
Cardiff Troubadour Club: **Johnny Nash**
Carlisle Market Hall: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Chatham Central Hall: **George Hamilton**
Cheltenham Whitcombe Lodge: **Pressure Shocks/Medium Medium**
Cirencester Art College: **Electric Direction/Generated Strangers**
Colchester Essex University: **Rockpile with Dave Edmunds & Nick Lowe/Lew Lewis Reformer**
Eastbourne The Cavalier: **The Little Jimmies**
Exeter Routes: **John Cooper Clarke**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Dire Straits**
Great Sutton Bulls Head: **Prey**
Guernsey Beau Sejour Leisure Centre: **Slade**
Halifax Good Mood Club: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
Hastings Pier Pavilion: **The Purple Hearts/ The Fixations/The Teenbeats/The Scooters/Chicane**
Hatfield Forum Theatre: **The Albion Band**
Huddersfield Golcar Liberal Club: **Foggy**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Jerry The Ferret**
Ipswich Royal William: **Close Rivals-/Deadly Toys**
Kingsley Sports Club: **Dangerous Rhythm**
Kircaldy Birksgate Hotel: **Underhand Jones**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **The City Limits**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Agony Column**
Lincoln Hykeham Club: **Strange Days**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Hi-Tension**
Liverpool Eric's: **The Skids/The Edge**
Liverpool Moonstone: **Mistress**
Liverpool (Ormskirk) Edgehill College: **Another Pretty Face**
Liverpool Oscar's: **The Headboys**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Reg Laws-/Comet Street**
London Camden Music Machine: **Sussex**
London City Polytechnic: **The Distributors**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Rico**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Simon Townshend Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **After The Fire**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **London Zoo**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Tickets/Split Screens**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Pinpoint**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Brian James & The Brains**
London Marquee Club: **Max Webster**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Dog Watch**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **Eddie Cleanhead Vinson**
London Rainbow Theatre: **No Dice/ Straight 8**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bob Kerr's Jas Friends**
London Stoke Newington The Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London SW16 Philippa Fawcett College: **Traitors Gait**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Splitt Rivvit**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Gypp**
London W9 The Factory: **Mayibuye/Doll By Doll**
Loughborough Town Hall: **Johnny & The Jailbirds**
Luton Kingsway Hall: **Shades**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Status Quo**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The Cure**
Manchester (Withington) Rippingham Park: **Miami Beast**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **John Cooper-Clarke**
Newark Palace Theatre: **Paralex/Omen-/Kashmir/Wrecked Angle/Hamster Pastie/Rob Haynes**
Norwich East Anglia University: **The Tourists**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Sassafras**
Nottingham Rushcliffe Leisure Centre: **The Police/The Cramps/Bobby Henry**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **The Human League**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Spring Offensive**
Saddleworth Arts Festival: **The Jam/The Records**
Southport Arts Centre: **Mike Harding**
Stevenage Tiffany's: **Bilbo**
Stoke (Etruria) Rose & Crown: **Small Change**
Swindon (South Marston) Quarry Farm: **Wild Willy Barrett/Joe Brown/Rebel**
Torquay 400 Club: **Black Gorilla**
Waterside Folk Festival (Newbury): **Fred Jordan/The Watersons/Roy Harris/Peta Webb etc.**
Watford Mex's: **Sue Sands Diputs**
Winchester King Alfred College: **Mungo Jerry**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
York College of Ripon & St. John: **Little Acre**
York De Grey Rooms: **Sema 4/Section 237/The Wetts/Nicky Tube**

Sunday

Belfast Green Briar: **Oxy & The Morons/Charge.**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Disco Students**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **64 Spoons**

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Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**
Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: **The Crack**
Blackpool Jenkinson's Bar: **Days of Grace**
Brighton Buccaneer: **The Piranhas**
Brighton Centre: **The Stylistics**
Bristol Locarno: **The Skids**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Chelmsford Chancellor Hall: **The Lurkers**
Croydon Greyhound: **Johnny & The Jailbirds**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Dire Straits**
Farncombe The Three Lions: **The Little Jimmies**
Farnham Memorial Hall: **The Vapors/'Umpty's Balcony**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **Underhand Jones**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Rockpile with Dave Edmunds & Nick Lowe/Lew Lewis Reformer**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **The Damned/The Ruts**
Hull Humberside Theatre: **Agony Column**
Ipswich Royal William: **Close Rivals-/Deadly Toys**
Jacksdale Grey Topper: **The Headboys**
Kenilworth The Club: **Paradox**
Leeds Victoria Hotel (lunchtime): **Best Friends**
Lincoln Theatre Royal: **Mike Harding**
Liverpool United Biscuits Club: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
London Acton The Windmill: **Speedball**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Camden Brecknock: **Mark Andrews & The Gents**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Jack Bruce/Charlie Watts/Bob Hall/Sam Mitchell etc.**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Remus Down Boulevard**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The V.I.P.'s**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Famous Players**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Dog Watch**
London Finchley Torrington: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Supercharge**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Scandal**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Pinpoint**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Zorro**
London Marquee Club: **Linton Kwesi Johnson/Rico**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **Eddie Vinson**
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Lennie Felix**
London Stoke Newington Assembly Hall: **The Albion Band**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Police/The Cramps/Bobby Henry**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Midnite Follies Orchestra**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Status Quo**
Manchester (Stalybridge) Commercial Hotel: **Mistress**
Milton Keynes Bowl (afternoon): **The Transistors**
Newcastle The Red House: **Hot Snax**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Norwich Boogie House: **The Records/Local Operator**
Norwich Whites: **The Painkillers**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Muggins Fancy/Tim Norfolk**
Sheffield Top Rank: **Hi-Tension**
Southport Civic Hall: **Foggy**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Watford Bailey's: **The Floaters**
Wollaston Nags Head: **The Vye**
Yeovil Duke of York: **Lies All Lies**

MORE NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Chief Reformer

*The incredible **LEW LEWIS** dispenses a touch of Southend rock around the circuit this month, as he takes his aptly-named Reformer band on the road, appearing as special guests on the major tour by Rockpile (see previous page).*

Monday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Freebird**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **The Skids**
Birmingham Nite Out: **Dionne Warwicke (for a week)**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Video**
Bournemouth Capones: **Tours**
Bristol Stonehouse: **Easy Money**
Cambridge Clare College: **Supercharge**
Cambridge Downing College: **The Albion Band**
Cambridge University: **U.K. Subs**
Chester Smartyz: **The Records/Local Operator**
Coatbridge Beechwood Bar: **Underhand Jones**
Corby Shafts: **Medium Medium**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **John Cooper-Clarke**
Falkirk Town Hall: **Del Shannon/Johnny & The Hurricanes**
Guilford Civic Hall: **The Police/The Cramps/Bobby Henry**
Hastings Pier Pavilion: **Rockpile with Dave Edmunds & Nick Lowe/Lew Lewis Reformer**
Hull Scamps: **Stagefright**
Huncoate White Lion Hotel: **Brian Dewhurst**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Ipswich Tracey's: **The Addicts**
Leeds (Yeadon) The Peacock: **Days Of Grace**
Liverpool Kirklands: **051**
Liverpool The Crown: **The Clerks**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Rebel-/Wendy Tunes/Mick O'Connor**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Purple Hearts.**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Zorro**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Bilbo**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Fixations/Beggar**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Crooks/The Chords**
London Marquee Club: **Linton Kwesi Johnson/Rico**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The O.K. Band**
London Paddington Western Counties: **The Little Jimmies**
London Putney Half Moon: **Five Hand Reel**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Headboys/The Small Hours**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Status Quo**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Marital Aids**
Manchester Golden Garter: **The Grumbleweeds (for a week)**
Manchester The Factory: **The Drones**
Milton Keynes Crawford Arms: **The Cure**
New Brighton Golden Guinea: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
Newcastle Gosforth Hotel: **The Noise Toys/Arthur 2-Stroke/Treatment Room**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **Sabrejets**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Tiffany's: **The Pirates**
Rogate White Horse: **Mark Andrews & The Gents**
Sheffield City Hall: **Dire Straits**
Sheffield Top Rank: **The Damned/The Ruts**
Southend Zero 6: **Musicians Workshop**
Wolverhampton Sports Club: **Little Acre**
Worthing Assembley Hall: **Voyager**

Tuesday

Basingstoke Magnums: **Between Pictures**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Essential Logic**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **Human League/Scars/Au Pairs**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **Close Rivals/Deadly Toys**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Killer**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Belt & Braces Band**
Bolton Bussin: **The Reducers**
Brighton Top Rank: **The Lurkers**
Bristol Locarno: **The Police/The Cramps/Bobby Henry**
Cambridge Emmanuel College: **Rockpile with Dave Edmunds & Nick Lowe/Lew Lewis Reformer/Dog Watch/Little Acre/Chris Barber Band**
Cambridge Queen's College: **Hi-Tension/Black Slate**
Cambridge University: **U.K. Subs**
Chester Smartyz: **Days Of Grace**
Chippenham Neeld Hall: **Glaxo Babies/The Europeans/The X-Certs**
Durham Bede College: **Mungo Jerry**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **Friction**
Gravesend Woodville Hall: **Zorro**
Heywood Civic Hall: **Mike Harding**
Kilmarnock Grand Hall: **Del Shannon-/Johnny & The Hurricanes**
Kingston Noise Factory: **Speedball**
London Acton Kings Head: **The Clerks**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Pirates**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Jags**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Mark Andrews & The Gents**
London Country Cousin: **Gotham (for three weeks)**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Nick Plytas & The Hired Men**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **64 Spoons**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Fool**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **London Zoo**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Samaritans**
London Marquee Club: **The Headboys**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **The Bleak House**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Tony Lee Trio/Bill Le Sage**
London Stoke Newington Assembly Hall: **Heathcliffe**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **The London Cowboys**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Dafne & The Tenderspots**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Rebel**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Satus Quo**
Manchester The Factory: **Exodus**
Newcastle City Hall: **The Skids/Punishment Of Luxury**
Newcastle The Red House: **Roxoff**
Nottingham University: **Writz**
Plymouth Fiesta Suite: **Lip Service**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Manfred Mann's Earthband**
Preston Piper Club: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers (for five days)**
Reading Target Club: **Take Away**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Records/Local Operator**
Sheffield The Marples: **The Parts/The Stunt Kites**
Sheffiedl University: **The Yachts**
Swansea Circles: **The Cure**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **John Grimaldi's Cheap Flights**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Watford Mex's: **Parrs Pratts**
West Kirkby Black Horse Music Hall: **Foggy**

Wednesday

Birkenhead Gallery Club: **The Distrainers**
Birmingham Aston University: **Cosmotheka**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Days Of Grace**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **The Damned/The Ruts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Dire Straits**
Birmingham Railway HoteL: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **The Inmates/Tour de Force**
Bournemoth The Pinecliff: **Tours**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Dials**
Brighton Art College: **Peter & The Test Tube Babies**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Writz**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **Status Quo**
Charnock Richard Park Hall: **Foggy (for four days)**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Colchester Essex University: **The Headboys**
Derby Jimmy's: **Speed Trap**
Doncaster Yarborough Social Club: **Mungo Jerry**
Gloucester Roundabout: **Swinging Blue Jeans**
Hamilton Town Hall: **Del Shannon-/Johnny & The Hurricanes**
High Wycombe Towen Hall: **John Cooper-Clarke**
Leeds Marquis of Cranby: **Reflex**
Liverpool The Masonic: **051**
London Camden Music Machine: **U.K. Subs**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Sid Sideboard & The Chairs**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **64 Spoons**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Cramps/Vermillion & The Aces**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Plain Sailing**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Manfred Mann's Earthband**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Zorro**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Free Beer**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Tennis Shoes**
London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
London S.E.1 Duke of Clarence: **Speedball**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Johnny M & The Midnite Express**
London Southall White Hart: **Shades**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Albion Band**
London West Ealing Halway House: **Dangerous Rhythm**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Dog Watch/The Accelerators**
London Wimbledon F.C. Nelson's Club: **The Young Bucks**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Rockpile with Dave Edmunds & Nick Lowe/Lew Lewis Reformer**
Manchester Hazelgrove Centre: **Private Sector**
Manchester (Hyde) Queen's Hotel: **School Bus**
Newport Stowawy Club: **The Soft Boys**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellows: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Preston Polytechnic: **The Records/Local Operator**
Rayleigh Crocs: **The Cure**
Reading University: **Mike Absalom**
Salford The Champion: **Lies All Lies**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Cool Notes**
Solihull Golden Lion: **The Clinic**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Swinton Toll Path Inn: **Red Eye**
York Pop Club: **Patrik Fitzgerald**

Summer specials

KEVIN COYNE, the Robin Williamson Band, Five Hand Reel, Wizz Jones and Lip Service are among acts already set for the third Polgooth Fayre, being staged at a mid-Cornwall site two miles from the sea between St. Austell and Mevagissey, for three days from August 10. The event also includes theatre, dance, demonstrations, films, sideshows, fireworks — and more.

WILD WILLY BARRETT plays his first solo date since his split from John Otway his Saturday (9), when he appears in the 2CV Cross Concert at South Marston Quarry Farm, near Swindon in Wiltshire. Also on the bill are Joe Brown and London band Rebel. The event, which continues through Sunday, is a combination of motor racing and music — weekend tickets cost £2.75.

THE REAL THING headline a 'Summer Sensation' concert in a 3,000-capacity marquee in Heage, Derbyshire, on June 23 (8-11.30pm). The site's in the grounds of Chapel Farm, School Lane. There are a number of support acts, plus a licensed bar, and tickets are £4 (advance) and £4.50 (doors).

THE SEVENTH Berkshire Midsummer Folk Festival takes place for three days from June 22 at Whitehouse Farm, Spencer's Wood, near Reading. Among the many confirmed acts are Muckram Wakes, Bully Wee, Bill Caddick, Johnny Collins, Mike Yeates and the Celebrated Ratliffe Stout Band. Ample camping and parking. More details from 073521 2708.

LIVE DATES AND TOUR NEWS

CRAZY CAVAN & The Rhythm Rockers play Newport Kingsway Social Club (tonight, Thursday), **Llanmartin** Underwood Club (June 22), **Birmingham** The Sydenham (23), **Isle of Wight** Lakeside Club (24), **Sevenoaks** Black Eagle (25), **London Catford** The Squire (28), **Southend** Minerva (29), **Barkingside** Old Maypole (30), **Croydon** Greyhound (July 1 and 22), **Dundee** Caird Hall (2), **York** Oval Ball (4), **Leeds** Fforde Green (5), **Brighton** Lewes Road Inn (6), **Cromer** West Runton Pavilion (7), **London Southall** White Hart (11), **London Southgate** Royalty (12), **Guildford** Star Club (13), **London Kensington** Nashville (14), **London Camden** Dingwalls (21), **Rayleigh** Crocs (23), **Portsmouth** Collingwood Club (26), **Horncastle** Town Hall (27) and **Ilkeston** Concorde Club (28).

VOYAGER, who were to have toured with Roy Hill before he cancelled his dates, have now fixed gigs in their own right at **Chichester** Bishop Otter College (tomorrow, Friday), **Bristol** Granary (Saturday), **Worthing** Assembly Hall (June 11) and **Newport** Stowaway (12). Then, after a short European tour, they resume at **Port Talbot** Troubadour (June 23), **Worcester** Hideaway (25), **Birmingham** Westhill College (28), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (29), **Newbury** College (30), **London Victoria** The Venue (July 3), **Winchester** King Alfred College (4), **Burton** 76 Club (6), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (7), **Newport** Village (13), **Cromer** West Runton Pavilion (20) and **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (27). Their album 'Halfway Hotel' is issued by Mountain Records on June 15.

JABULA RIVERBOAT HOPS

JUBALA, the London-based South African band, are playing three special London gigs which are being filmed as part of a TV documentary about their music and work. The first is at the 100 Club tomorrow (Friday), and the other two are both cruises on the Thames aboard the "Chevening" on Sundays, July 1 and 15. Embarkation for the cruises is 6.30 pm at Charing Cross Pier (returning 11pm), and advance tickets at £3.50 are available from Jabula Music, 1A East Dulwich Road, London S.E.22. The 25-minute TV film will be screened later in the year.

a.k.a. The Specials

THE SPECIALS (formerly The Special A.K.A.) are lined up for an intensive gig series taking in **Canterbury** College of Art (tonight, Thursday), **London Kensington** Nashville (Friday), **Wolverhampton** Polytechnic (Saturday), **Manchester** Russell Club (June 15), **Huddersfield** Polytechnic (16), **Worcester** Hideaway (18), **Lincoln** A.J.'s (22), **Jacksdale** Grey Topper (23), **London Hammersmith** Palais (26), **Bournemouth** Town Hall (27), **London Kensington** Nashville (28), **Newport** The Village (29), **Cheltenham** Whitcombe Lodge (30), **Bournemouth** Capones (July 6), **Cheltenham** College of Art (7), **Edinburgh** Tiffany's (9), **Leeds** Fan Club (10), **Shrewsbury** Cascade Club (11), **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (13), **Liverpool** Eric's (14), **Chester** Smartyz (16), **Nottingham** Sandpiper (21), **Norwich** Boogie House (24), **York** Pop Club (25), **Bishops Castle** Three Tons (26), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (27), **Dudley** J.B.'s (28), **Newport** Stowaway (August 1), **Sheffield** Limit Club (3) and **Blackpool** Norbreck Castle (4).

64 SPOONS are back on the road again, and gigs set so far are at **Southampton** Holbury Old Mill (tonight, Thursday), **London Kensington** Queen Elizabeth College (Friday), **Cannock** Troubadour (Saturday), **Birmingham** Barrel Organ (Sunday), **London Fulham** Golden Lion (June 12), **London Covent Garden** Rock Garden (13), **Chatham** Van Dam Club (19), **Gosport** John Peel (21), **London Camden** Brecknock (27), **London** Marquee with The Records (28 and 29), **Watford** Palace (July 6), **Bradford** Princeville Club (19), **Sheffield** Limit (20), **Carlisle** Border Terrier (22) and the **Harlow** Festival (28).

GOTHAM CITY SWING BAND have dates at **London Fulham** Greyhound (June 20), **Leicester** Phoenix Theatre (23), **Bishops Stortford** Triad Leisure Centre (24), **Ipswich** Tracey's (25), **Leeds** Fan Club (26), **Manchester** The Factory (28), **Blackpool** Norbreck Castle (29) and **London Harrow Rd.** Windsor Castle (July 1).

Abba concerts —how to book

LONDON WEMBLEY Arena (November 5-10 inclusive). Prices £7.50 and £6.50. Tickets on sale to personal applicants from June 16, and preference will be given to callers at the Harvey Goldsmith Box-Office at Chappells, 50 New Bond Street (25p booking fee per ticket) — though they may also be obtained from the Wembley box-office. Postal bookings may be submitted immediately to Abba Box-Office, PO Box 4TL, London W1A 4TL — postal orders only, enclose SAE and allow four weeks for delivery.

STAFFORD Bingley Hall (November 11-12). Prices £7.50, £6 and £5. Tickets available by postal application only to Abba Concerts, 2 Swinbourne Grove, Withington, Manchester M20 9PP. Cheques and postal orders payable to "Kennedy Street Enterprises", and enclose SAE. Applications will be accepted from tomorrow (Friday).

GLASGOW Apollo (November 13). Prices £7.50, £6.50, £5 and £4.50. Available only by personal application to the Apollo box-office.

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday June 7th 40p
SPECIAL BRANCH
Dave Flett, Matt Irving, Mark Pinder

Friday June 8th 50p
GERRY McAVOY JAM
with friends & special guests

Saturday June 9th 50p
ALCOHOLICS
Dennis Stratton, Geoff Whitehorn, Walt Monaghan, John Rich, Matt Irving *with friends and special guests*

Sunday June 10th 40p
R.D.B.
+ DUTCH BOYS

Monday June 11th 50p
Mods Monday with
PURPLE HEARTS
+ BACK TO ZERO

Tuesday June 12th Free
MARK ANDREWS & THE GENTS

Wednesday June 13th Free
SID SIDEBOARD & THE CHAIRS

Thursday June 14th 40p
SPECIAL BRANCH
Dave Flett, Matt Irving, Mark Pinder

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OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

dog watch
Friday June 8th
SOUTHWARK
South Bank Poly
Saturday June 9th
STEVENAGE
The Swan
Sunday June 10th
EAST HAM
Ruskin Arms
Tuesday June 12th
CAMBRIDGE
Emmanuel College
Wednesday June 13th
WEST HAMPSTEAD
Moonlight Club
Band Enquiries:
Sound Scene Agency
01-261 9741/9774

THE TRIAD
Southmill Road
Bishops Stortford
presents on
Wednesday June 6th
THE INMATES
+ TOUR DE FORCE
Tickets £1.20 available at the door

CUDDLY TOYS
+ THE FOUR KINGS
Windsor Castle,
Harrow Road, W.9
Friday June 8th
Band Enquiries: 01-450 6651.

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday June 7th £1.00
NICKY & THE DOTS

Friday June 8th £1.00
THE PIRANHAS

Saturday June 9th & Sunday June 10th £1.00
PINPOINT

Monday June 11th 75p
THE BLUES BAND
Featuring Tom McGuinness, Hughie Flint & Paul Jones

Tuesday June 12th £1.00
PURPLE HEARTS

Wednesday June 13th & Thursday June 14th £1.00
INMATES

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Thursday June 7th
AVIATOR
On Stage 9.30 pm £3.00

Friday June 8th
BLUE
On Stage 9.30 pm £3.00

Saturday June 9
KOKOMO
On Stage 10 pm £3.00

Tuesday June 12th
GERRARD KENNY
Sold Out

Wednesday June 13th
Thursday June 14th
THE ALBION BAND
On Stage 9.30 pm £3.00

Friday June 15th
HI TENSION
On Stage 9.30 pm £3.25

Saturday June 16th
GREG KIHN
+ X-Dreamists
+ another support
Doors open 7 pm £3.00

SCANDAL
Shouldn't Be Allowd
Sat June 9th — Porterhouse Club, Retford
Sun June 10th — Windsor Castle, Harrow Road
Sat June 16th — Moonlight Club, West Hampstead
Band Enquiries: 01-804 2768

Hop Poles, Enfield
presents on Tuesday June 12th
THE CROOKS
+ The Mods
Admission £1 payable on the door.

0 5 1
at
KIRKLANDS, LIVERPOOL
Monday, June 11th
at 10pm

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CITY HALL, ST. ALBANS
Saturday June 23rd at 8pm
WAYNE COUNTY
& THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
+ TRADE SECRET
Tickets £1.75 in advance from Box Office 37 Chequer Street, St. Albans, tel 64511, (Cheques and POs made payable to St Albans District Council with sae) or £2 on door
Sat June 30th GORDON GILTRAP & BAND

QUEENSWAY (CIVIC) HALL, DUNSTABLE
Saturday June 16th at 8pm
THE REAL THING
+ LIGHT OF THE WORLD
Advance tickets £2.50 + 10p booking charge from Queensway Box Ofifce tel 603326, F L Moore's, Record Room, St Albans, Old Town Records Hemel Hempstead, or available on door

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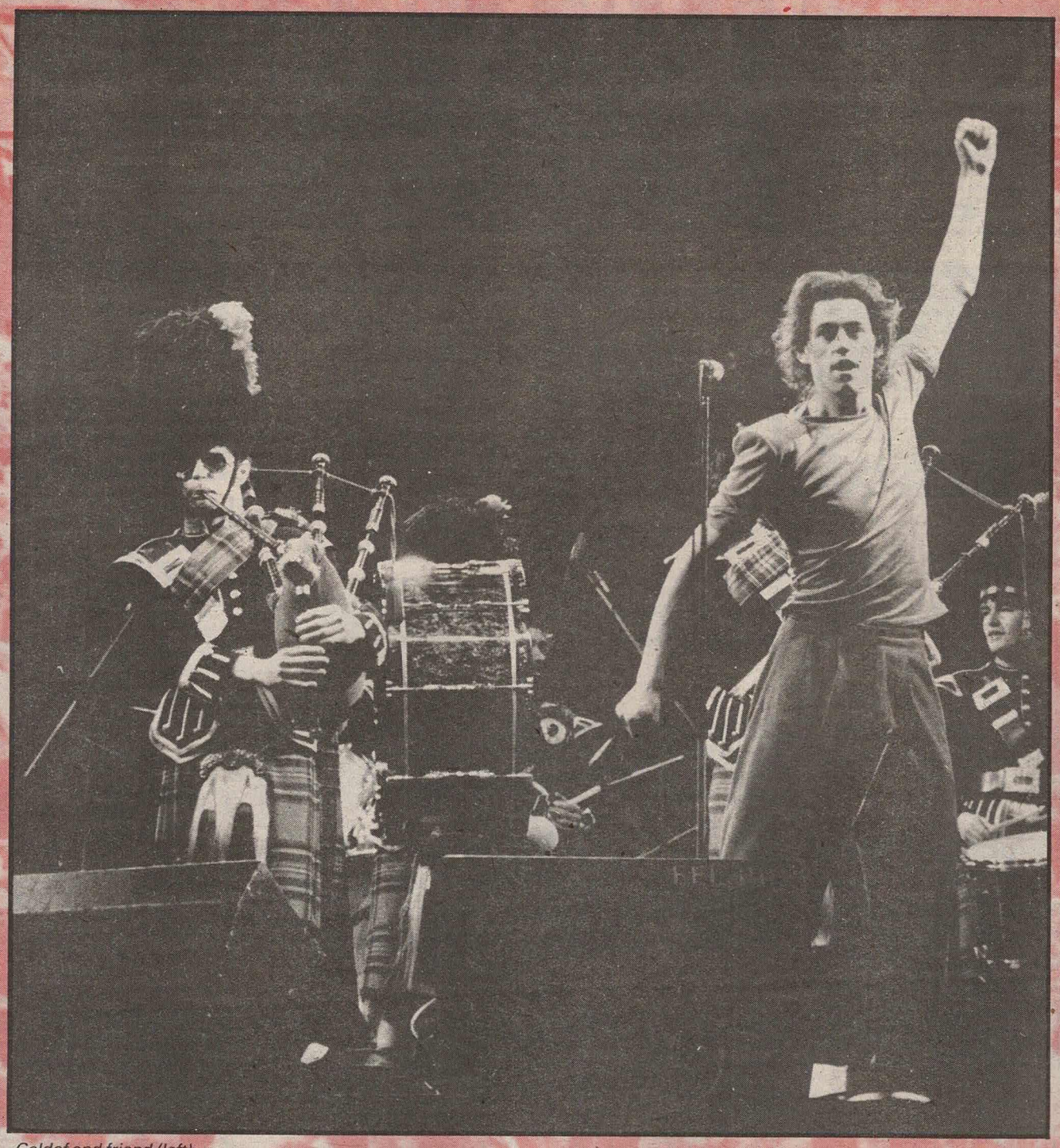
ON THE TOWN



Geldof and friend (left)

How The Irish Stormed The Loch

To the sound of the summer's first Jimmy! Bob's Brats beat all-comers at the Loch Lomond Rock Festival. Words: Glenn Gibson Pix: Laurie Evans

The trouble with festivals is daylight.

For most people, a really large event is like a beach picnic sitting near somebody with a radio. Anybody wanting to watch the show might catch a glimpse of a machine-head if the people in their line of vision all lean over to talk to their neighbours at precisely the same moment. Loch Lomond didn't have those problems, but starting at midnight might have produced some much needed atmosphere.

The Bear Park site couldn't handle enormous crowds, though for a moderate sized festival it's near perfect — a warped, egg-shaped compound with the stage at the pointed end and a hill at the back.

For the paying guests the choice is a pleasant, low-key day in a refugee camp with an endless series of ants on a matchbox playing music that you don't really want to hear. Alternatively, you can manoeuvre down to the front and be crushed against a barrier by tons of fidgetting humanity for 12 hours.

Football on TV meant only 17,000 people were prepared to face this choice on Saturday; most decided to forgo bodily comforts.

Blood Donor and The Edge failed to appear on the first day, Rockpile and Blue on the second. Dave Edmunds' burns from a dar radiator accident excuses Rockpile, no explanation was available, and no announcements were made about the others. The two bands on Saturday were replaced by Hi-Jax and Sore Throat.

Much of Sore Throat's set was marred by sounds which suggested the PA was being destroyed with sledge-hammers, and even when improved, the bass and drums still swamped everything. Nevertheless they were the best band we saw for hours.

The event was so well organised that it was running 15 minutes early at one point. Only a few minutes after Throat, local Glasgow band Hi-Jax evoked memories of times past.

This lot could've existed at any time in the last 12 years. Their buxom vocalist is apparently Henry Cooper's niece; and *that* will hopefully be their only chance of further publicity.

The first band to stimulate anything more than a polite, Pavlovian crowd reaction were UK Subs.

They're '76 punk throwbacks still shocking the masses in zips and chains. Depending on the saturation point for hardcore punk, there's little reason why they shouldn't do as well as their peers, especially since they finally have a record contract.

Playschool punks The Dickies came closest to inciting riots. Heavy beercan artillery drove those privileged with passes to crouch behind the barriers. Burly henchmen roughly hauled struggling punks from the crowd for minor infringements.

Apart from The Stanglers, The Dickies had Saturday's only encore; which they achieved by playing for 15 minutes, rushing off, having somebody yell a few words, and rushing back quicker than their usual space between songs.

Laugh with The Dickies. Laugh *at* The Dickies. It doesn't matter — they don't care *why* they're successful.

After the British and American extremes of punk from UK Subs and The Dickies, Chris Rea's huskily sincere ballads were virtually ignored by the crowd. And towards the end of his performance we heard the only piece of scandal of the entire weekend: Sneeky Pete's singer and guitarist were arrested and charged with indecent exposure while lying sozzled by the loch. That cheered us up.

Then the rains came.

Those with back-stage passes headed for beer and loafed in the VIP tent, leaving one auduence and any conscientious music writers to watch Third World, a band with most need of the sun. We got soft, sinuous, soulful reggae; ethnic colour added by incomprehensible announcements; criss-cross rhythms exploding with happiness (remember Afro-rock?) at the percussion breaks.

Festival conditions are not the time to judge a band, but Third World (a reasonably good reggae band) were at least a highlight of a weekend which ranged mainly from atrocious to adequate.

So it's not much of a compliment to say that The Skids were Saturday's best band.

The rain was particularly heavy at this point, causing vegetable dye to run from many a hairstyle. Maybe the suffering created a community spirit, since, once or twice during The Skids' 45 minutes, the festival almost seemed to become a special event.

I'd had visions of teeming hordes bellowing 'ALBERT TATLOCK!' as the perfect blank generation festival equivalent of 'Out Demons Out'. But The Skids didn't do that one; so instead they had to sing along with a fairly redundant 'All The Young Dudes'.

Musically they're a pop group with imagination, which is one of the best things to be. The potential which seemed to be there a year ago is partially dissipated with familiarity, a formularised sound and lyrical literary pretensions.

They got the best reaction of the day; widespread dancing and cheering. And with virtually every established Scottish band (aside from Nazareth) present, The Skids triumphed as sole representatives of 'alternative' Scotland.

Everything was still running to schedule. There had been no trouble, and the security minions had confined themselves to helping injured citizens escape the throng. Festival promoter John Caulfield had flown to London for Wembley and returned. The fence hadn't been stormed by armies of scuba-divers emerging from the loch. The rain had stopped and there were only 15 minutes to wait for Dr. Feelgood.

Everything was perfect. Only the lack of people disappointed the organisers. Only the lack of *anything exciting* disappointed the crowd.

Dr. Feelgood played for an hour in daylight. They ineffectively used the lights and played a predictable set to moderate reaction.

There's a limit to what can be said about four people on a stage who do nothing distinctive. Brilleaux has a certain slovenly style, and they have a few reasonable songs, all of which were performed near the end. But their success has always seemed to be more to do with coincidence and timing than anything else.

Special precautions were taken for The Stranglers: people with passes were shunted to inadequate viewing positions and security officers lined the stagefront, preparing for imminent siege. For *some* reason it never happened. The crowd, perhaps driven to apathy by their intensely dreary and depressing new music, even failed to applaud with any enthusiasm.

'Down In The Sewer', 'Hanging Around' and a few others reminded how good The Stranglers used to be. The new songs with titles like 'Genetics' and 'The Raven' were dismal; jerking layered mantric drones — oppressive, meandering music suitable for a Vincent Price movie directed by a humourless German.

For the first time a special show was arranged to give people some memories. The band produced a siren wail. Spotlights became searchlights following the nightlights of three planes flying in widely-spaced formation two miles up (so high that people wondered if they were there by coincidence). Around the stage area there were loud explosions and a great deal of red smoke.

It was all like a futuristic blitz on a film set; which was roughly the intended effect.

After that the poor, shell-shocked crowd had to put up with the Radio Forth roadshow, which was scheduled to strafe the tented hillsides with disco faves until 4.30am with the further prospect of awakening at six by the dawn chorus, or frothing hordes driven to frenzy by the promise of money for the first hundred people to arrive at seven and clean up the site for Sunday.

Sunday

Apart from the bands we had to sit through, Sunday was a great improvement. The weather was as good as could've been expected and, even though most of Saturday's punks seemed to have left, the numbers were supposedly up to 35,000.

The first band were the surprise of the weekend.

The dreadfully named Charley Browne are now the atrociously named Snapshots. I would've been suspicious in advance of anyone with such poor taste, except that I'd seen them a year before and knew how bland they really were. But they've improved into playing competent American FM pop, which doesn't suffer unduly in comparison with the Springsteen and Greg Kihn cover versions they do.

They're easily the best of the four Glasgow bands, and the only one which belongs in this decade.

We could've done with more bands like Cowboy International. Not that they were any kind of surprise success; but at least they looked good in an androgynous, Our Gang sort of way and sounded radical in comparison to the moribund second-raters who bloated so much of the bill.

Sadly, their set of quirky pop was cut short, particularly as this meant extra time for Underhand Jones, the last of the local bands.

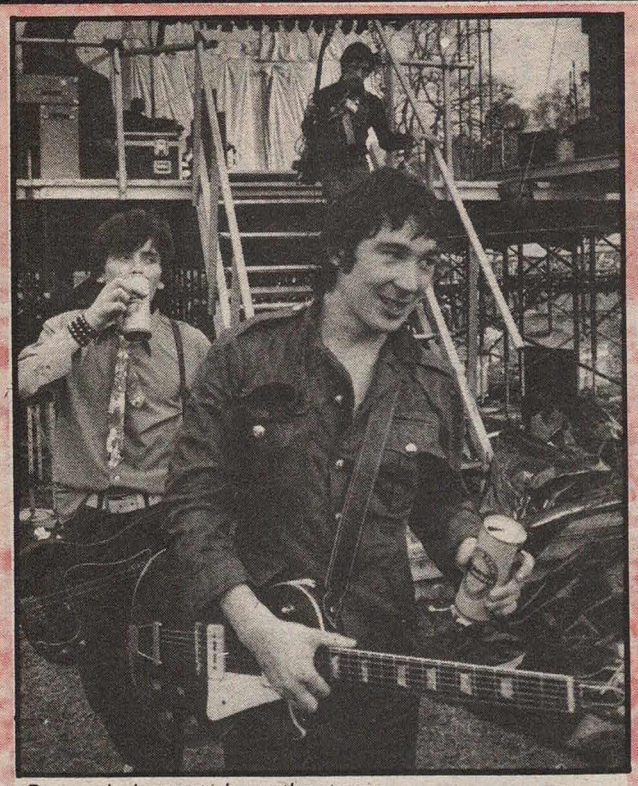
Underhand have songs ranging over the worst ills of the last decade. This occasion gave only a hint of how many styles they attempt — an approach intended to cater for those with catholic taste. So any Wishbone Ash fans who also enjoy watery Eagles, mock-reggae, mock-dowop, pomp rock, heavy metal and Gallagher & Lyle — *this* is the band you've been waiting for. I'd been wondering what had happened to the young musicians inspired more by Deep Purple than The Ramones or Stockhausen.

I want to forget what happened in the next three hours.

Dave Swarbrick's health nearly prevented Fairport from appearing at all. Conflicting rumours circulated backstage; a cancellation announcement was made, then retracted.

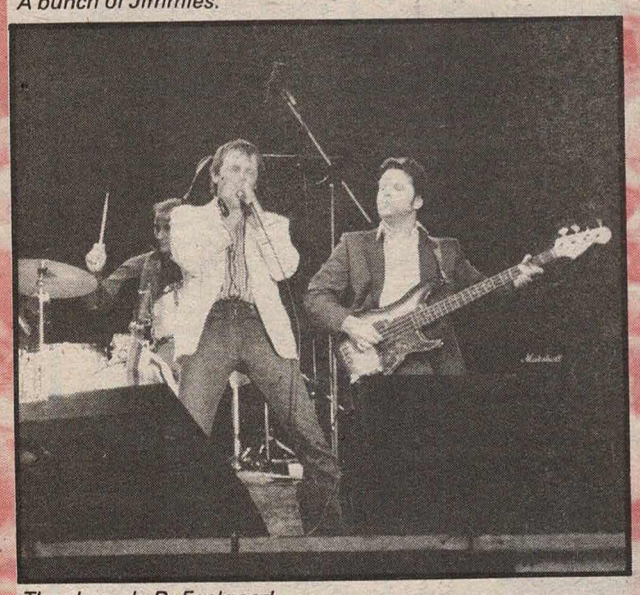
They finally played for 30 minutes, looking tired and old, and ran through ancient songs like 'Walk Awhile' and 'Meet On The Ledge'. I'd forgotten Fairport even existed until they announced a nine month farewell tour.

Violinski played Strathclyde University recently. After their third song 'Clog Dance', everybody cheered and left



Buzzcocks happy to leave the stage.

A bunch of Jimmies.



The slovenly Dr Feelgood.

for the bar. 'Clog Dance' is kept till last now, preceded by utterly unmemorable extremes of mundanity lasting 40 minutes, but seeming like hours.

I had hoped my previous encounter with Wild Horses was the last one. Since then they've improved in confidence and flash, and as the token HM band (Scottish besides) they earned a modestly enthusiastic reaction.

Near the stage you could feel the ground shake and your bones vibrate. I'm convinced I've suffered irreversible neural damage from 20 bands in two days spent, mainly, ten feet from the largest PA in Scotland.

Buzzcocks — the best singles band of the decade — played a festival set of greatest hits.

Pete Shelley was clearly annoyed at the lack of reaction (the punks having been replaced by an unsympathetic, silent majority audience) by regular exhortations and finally dedicating 'Boredom' to the festival, suggesting that the crowd sing it for the rest of the weekend.

Live, Buzzcocks rely exclusively on Shelley's audience rapport, otherwise it's just like listening to the records in uncomfortable surroundings. Many of the audience were uncomfortable and didn't even like the band.

"Well Angus, thank God that's over the noo."

After they decided to play on in defiance of time schedules they were wonderful.

Strange that such timeless, singalong pop can be so much better played with anger.

During the hour between Buzzcocks and The Average White Band, DJ Mr Superbad wrecked his chances of immortality with interminable ranting, arrogance and desperate foolishness which involved throwing his shoes at the audience.

Much to my surprise AWB were enormously popular with the audience. On the hill where I'd climbed to recover from shell-shock, people argued over the respective merits of AWB and Pink Floyd. Strong praise indeed — in certain circles.

The band looked healthy and affluent, and played impeccably for nearly two hours until dusk. Most of the songs moved at the same lazy tempo and had minimal lyrics where Hamish Stuart repeated the same phrase, usually celebrating spiritual satisfaction, for five minutes.

Early on I could detect subtle differences between the songs, even enjoy parts of some of them. But after the first hour it all merged into monotony and, eventually, sheer tedium with endless solos and introductions in the 17 minute dirges for which they are rightly infamous.

It's refined, late night music for elegant penthouses with Manhattan skyline views; luxurious music faultlessly played with no trace of excitement.

I expect lots of movie stars like them.

From my hill I could look over the site as dusk approached on a beautiful clear night. The air was chilled enough to inspire bonfires throughout the compound, increasing the refugee camp parallels, and for the first time it seemed like a special occasion.

The AWB's £5,000 firework display brought a little innocent magic to the night. It was like the end of Disneytime. It was better than most of the music.

Bob Geldof had promised special surprises.

By this time I was hoping for the most wildly over-the-top displays of money and technology; expecting barrage balloons, two mile high laser holograms, neutron bombs and the compound to be filled with foam. *Anything* to make the weekend exciting and memorable.

Instead, The Boomtown Rats put on the *only* show of the two days.

Starting with a slow song is either a sign of eccentricity or confidence. When it works as well as 'I Don't Like Mondays' it's some kind of major dramatic triumph. Mott The Hoople could do it at one time, but it does take a special kind of performer to pull it off. I was never impressed enough by The Boomtown Rats' music to bother going to see them, and I'm still not really, but Geldof is worth the admission price on his own.

He's a superlative, shameless showman; a star for the '80 s.

The rest of the band don't let him down, rushing around and looking more like the ideal rock band than any of their 19 predecessors.

Various trite devices are used throughout the show in attempts to qualify as spectacle: Laurie Evans and two others dragged onstage to be used as backing cameras for 'Having My Picture Taken'; a pipe band to provoke nationalist fervour and choruses of 'Flower of Scotland'; pogoing bears for 'She's So Modern'.

Despite all that, the first Scottish music festival ended as an occasion due to the bloody Irish!

SKIDS

Masquerade on tour at:

8 SLOUGH Centre Ballroom
9 LIVERPOOL Eric's (2 shows)
10 BRISTOL Locarno
11 BIRMINGHAM Digbeth Civic Hall
12 NEWCASTLE City Hall
14 MANCHESTER Apollo
16 GLASGOW Apollo
17 DUNFERMLINE Kinema Ballroom

SCARED TO DANCE
Skids album out now on Virgin Records. V2116

Penetration
Judy Nylon

New York

Pauline keeps having her sentences completed for her. She'll say, "This is our current single in England, it's called . . ." and someone in the audience will shout out " 'Danger Signs'!" Or, she'll ask, "What's next?" and several answers come, back: " 'Stone Heroes'!" . . . " 'Life's A Gamble'!"

"That's it," Pauline says and off they go.

But these records are only available here as imports and this three-night stand at Hurrah was Penetration's American debut. Yet they didn't start out as total strangers.

The key is Pauline, who's a natural for involving audiences and then turning observers into friends. Her singing is warm and open; her energetic stage-play an invitation to be a part of the act. And when the New York audience warily hesitated, she went to them — right out to the edge of the stage, bending down to sing into someone's eyes; making personal little gestures that were still big enough to reach the whole room.

The physical exuberance of her performance expressed some aggression but more joy. Even the stridency of 'Don't Dictate' seems to come more out of love than anger.

Pauline's appeal, combined with the band's punchy power, finally won the crowd over. Already so familiar, the various singles were therefore the most popular. But the real moment of triumph was 'Life's A Gamble' which had most of the crowd pogoing while Pauline sang goofy send-ups of the chorus, proving her irreverence even for the importance of her own lines.

Some new songs were also introduced. "You haven't heard this one," Pauline said. "Unless you get John Peel." They included 'She Is The Slave', 'Last Saving Grace' and 'Come Into The Open'.

Not all of Penetration's songs are in the same league as their classic singles, and the excitement of the Floyd-Purser guitar team fluctuated with the quality of the material. But a level of danceable, head-banging fun was maintained.

Judy Nylon, who opened on the last of the three nights, is a former member of Snatch and has put her voice to work behind Eno and John Cale. Her new band, which started out sounding more like an art-experiment, has developed into an intriguing dance-and-think rock unit.

Most of the rock is provided by former Nuns guitarist Alejandro Escavedo. The 'think' is in Nylon's songs, which are tightly structured and designed to make sharp little points.

Nylon cut a striking figure on stage, her severe demeanour complementing the austerity of the songs.

Richard Grabel

The Police

Glasgow

If The Cramps were older they'd probably have been in Andy Warhol films — one of them even looks like a fibreglass model of Joe Dallesandro with half of Human League vocalist Phil Oakley's hairstyle in aluminium dye.

Instead, they started a group.

You also get a post-Nico, vacant blonde and a singer who likes to slink around like a half-reptile vampire slave with epilepsy.

Punkabilly voodoo: the punk is NY attitude and mainly visual; the -abilly is the music — see the band, borrow the records; the voodoo is redolent of adverts for bat-shaped savoury snacks.

The Police had alerted the Apollo management that only the stalls would be needed for their gig. On the night, record numbers of people arrive to pay at the door and the concert is a sellout, crowding even the haunted upper balcony.

Unless this Glasgow audience is almost exclusively responsible for the relatively modest, belated success of 'Roxanne' and the album, The Police look like being the major surprise success of 1979. Who would've thought a former Cherry Vanilla backing band would be the ones to save the masses starved of standard rock?

Unfortunately, because of constant touring and Sting's involvement in films, there is an extreme shortage of new material. Which means they play a short show, only managing an hour due to all the songs being stretched out to include meandering dub-like jamming, Sting wailing "Yeah", "Woh" or "Rock Salmon" interminably.

This manoeuvre is apparently a sincere attempt at creating new forms of music.

Considering the amount of music which evolved from blues they could easily succeed with reggae. But I suggest that they save it for rehearsals until it's good enough to stun the world. Meanwhile they'll probably do more to popularise reggae than Bob Marley.

Despite that, The Police are an exciting rock band. Their material may be better as 'numbers' than songs, but that just means they're great live and make good party records.

The crowd are on their feet from the start, cracking the balconies and singing along with nearly everything — even when Andy Summers does his Stanley Holloway routine and recites 'Sally'.

The first three songs impressed me enormously, after that the jamming bores and slower songs intrude drearily in the name of pacing. Amidst those disappointments the newish 'Message In A Bottle' stands out as comparable to the singles in quality. Assuming, of course, that the dull parts are live padding.

The man responsible for The Police's wide appeal is bass player, actor, teenzine pinup, songwriter and possessor of what is currently *the* best white reggae voice — Sting. He will be famous and successful for years and years, though not in any flamboyant way; steady and dependable like his music.

The Police are good, but, despite their plans, I can't believe they'll ever be anything better than that. Besides, America likes boogie bands.

Glenn Gibson

Steel Pulse
Eclipse

Hammersmith Odeon

Since the June '78 release of the excellent 'Handsworth Revolution', Steel Pulse have come in for their fair share of critical stick.

Major points of contention have been the album's slick, crystalline production by Karl Pitterson of Wailers fame, slated as a conventional — so commercial — interpretation (aka — a cop-out); their predominantly white appeal (they haven't as yet won the respect of a black audience); and their failed attempts at a Handsworth / JA ethnical crossover.

They've even been described as "easy listening".

So what are we to believe? You get a band writing some of the most vibrant, melodic, articulate reggae music around, and any effort to do justice to its subtlety gets labelled as a concessionary

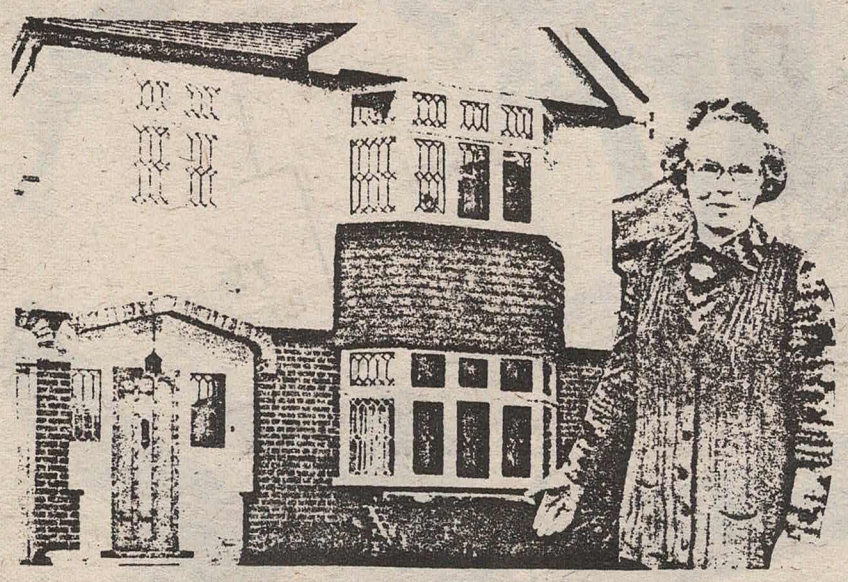
Enslaving New York

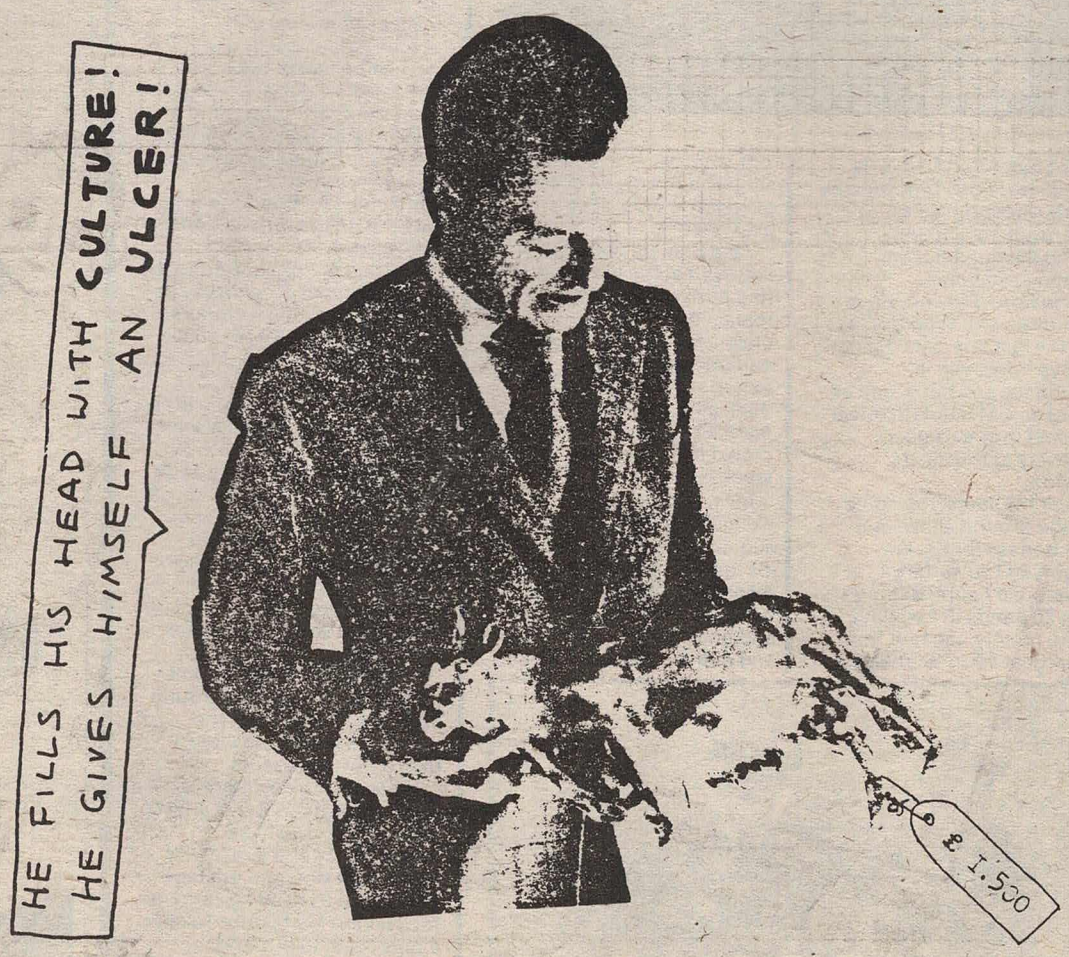
Personable Pauline. Pic Joe Stevens.

Single: AT HOME HE'S A TOURIST EMI 2956

ON THE OTHER SIDE:-

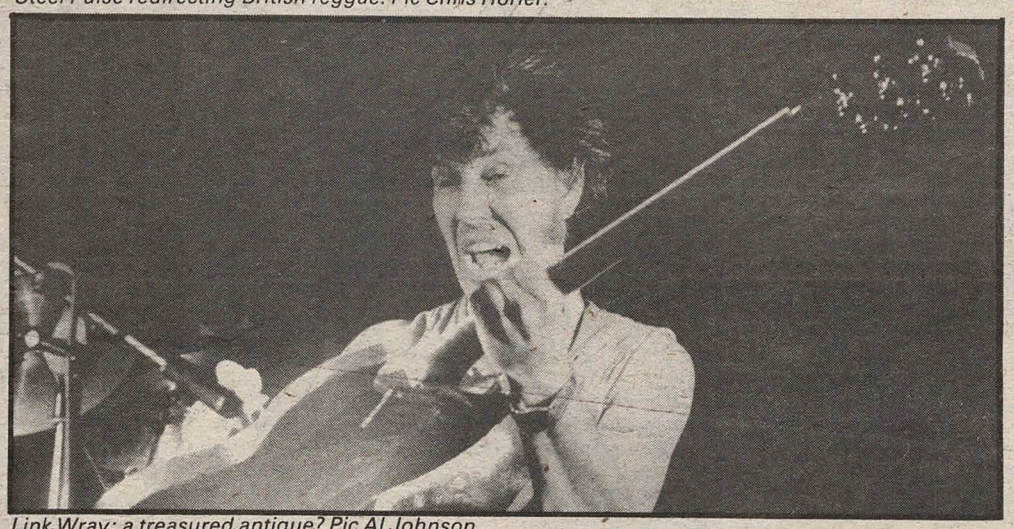
IT'S HER FACTORY





GANG OF FOUR

Steal Pulse redirecting British reggae. Pic Chris Horler.



Link Wray: a treasured antique? Pic Al Johnson.

cosmetics job and swiftly consigned to the dumper.

Seldom is it acknowledged that this was a conscious — and courageous — decision to *refine* British-born reggae for a largely white British audience; or that it was done with a sheer quality and originality that sets them apart from both their obvious JA influences and their British counterparts.

Most of the latter either fall for less sensitive methods of mass appeal, or seem content just to rehash archetypal roots reggae while draining it of any individuality or emotion.

Support band Eclipse are a prime example.

A sprawling seven-piece, they scuttle through safe, mid-paced percussive dub that sounds largely like a half-hearted tap dance on a tin roof. Their music is dry, brittle, predictable and ultimately as flat as the Rastaspeak didactics of 'Too Much War'.

Steel Pulse's recently acquired PR and MC — his dreadlocks crammed into a vast black felt hat — came close to summing it all up in his opening speech. With a breezy authority, he introduced them as "the band who's first album revolutionised reggae music". 'Redirected British reggae' might have been nearer the mark.

Richly lit in deep primary colours and with a perfectly descriptive sound mix, they drift on and gradually seduce the entire audience.

Visually, they're an incomprehensible mix of styles. Frontman David Hinds wears a red bowler and baggy, patched strides (appropriately in the shades of Selassie); Selwyn Brown is arched over his keyboards in a blue boiler-suit and chic, peaked cap; and the inscrutable Ronnie McQueen, his feet clumping mechanically in time with his bass lines, is wearing a woollen, Russian-type, pill-box hat with ear-flaps. Whatever their intention, it escapes me.

But take any one of their songs and you find every detail is immaculate and very carefully proportioned. Every instrument plays a melody: the keyboards are smooth and cohesive, and hardly a minute passes without you catching a bass line so good that it's almost a whole song in itself. Even the percussion is always so precise and intricate that you virtually take it for granted.

Most of all, it's the distinctive quality of their vocals that sets the band apart. They weave together, reinforcing and echoing each other, as inspired and evocative as the lyrics themselves.

The set showcases the upcoming album — 'Tribute To The Martyrs', all of which was new to me apart from the infectious 'Babylon Makes The Rules'. And it's to their credit that they finished with 'Sound System' instead of bowing out safely behind a definitive 'Ku Klux Klan'.

With British reggae, there's Steel Pulse and there's all the rest. The choice is yours.

Mark Ellen

Link Wray

Nottingham

The club contains a curious cross-section of humanity. Hairstyles range from total baldness to shoulder-length with matching beards for the men; from short and spiky to cascades of curls for the girls. Fashions include leather, flowered chiffon numbers and a large selection of trendy 'casuals'. There is a small, a *very* small, sprinkling of original fans with swept-back hair and spreading waists and tired wives.

Link Wray lets loose a few liquid notes. He's smiling, steps straight into 'Blue Suede Shoes' and runs through tracks from the album — the finely phrased 'Fever', 'Rawhide', a pumped-up, perfect interpretation of Dylan's 'Baby Blue' and 'Don't'.

He wears tight jeans, a studded belt, a silver cross and a vest with a picture of the young King. He hasn't escaped age: it hangs on his face, in the long lines from nose to full-lipped mouth; loose skin endows him with a kind of nobility.

Wray's worn Gibson hangs on him like an extra limb. He can keep it clean and articulate, make it chime, flash and cry; flood it in a beautiful blur of noise. He bends over the neck, his face folded into creases of agonised pleasure.

In an age familiar with dazzle and deception, Wray demonstrates the true versatility of the instrument. He uses his guitar to transmit *emotion*.

The volume is gradually increased and he slips into the crowd pleasers: 'Johnny B Goode', 'Peggy Sue', a medley on the same staccato beat and some numbers that I don't recognise . . . except in the flow of blood to my feet.

The ballads are less successful. Wray's voice, despite the sobbing and throbbing, veers too close to Clubland. Conversation buzzes through 'I Can't Help Falling In Love With You'.

Although adequate, the group are inevitably a back-drop for Wray's virtuosity. He's a generous leader, but when he's standing sidestage the voltage drops.

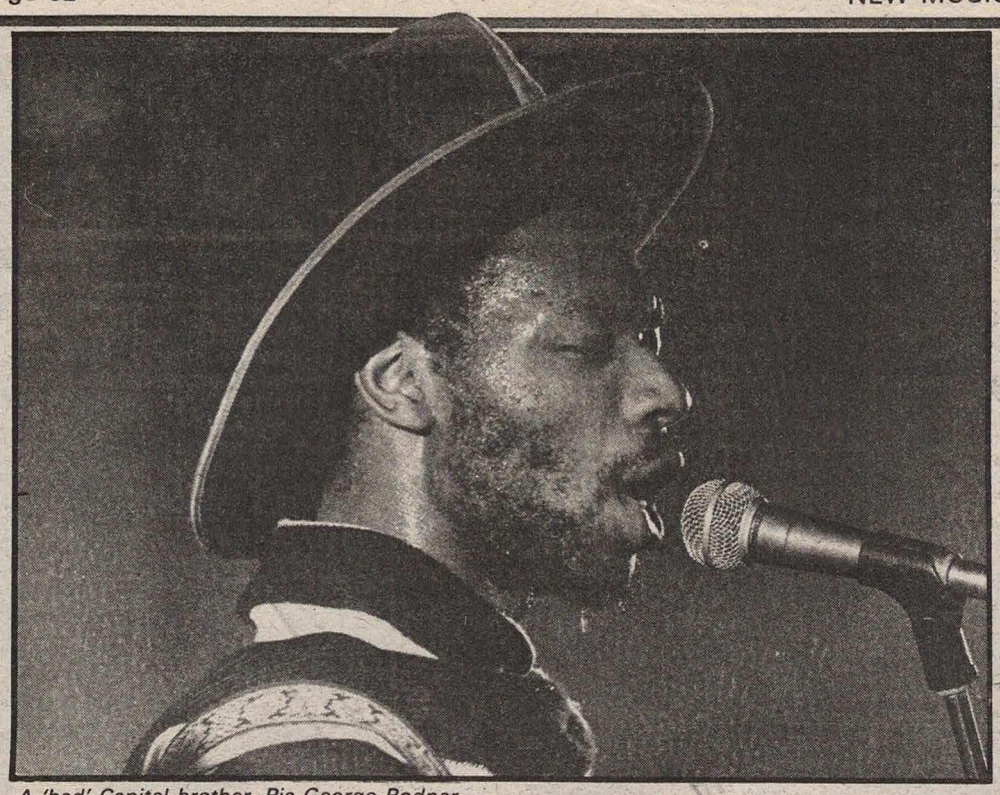
'Good, Good Lovin' ' is followed by 'Rumble'. Great swathes of sound cut through a moving crowd. Link mounts a monitor and leans out over the audience, bridging the gap between the generations. Blinking through blinding sweat he holds his screaming guitar against the low ceiling. Applause is unreservedly enthusiastic.

What worries me about Link Wray is his repertoire. He has 50 years from which to choose and it's nice to hear the ones you love from that era. He proves that he is both a past and present master, but he needs more new material to tighten a flaccid middle.

Without that he is in danger of being mistaken for a treasured antique.

Lynn Hanna

Oppression In The UK



A 'bad' Capital brother. Pic George Bodnar.

Capital Letters

Nashville

"Sometimes we're good, and sometimes we're bad," concludes Danny McKen after an hour on the boards, "and tonight we're *bad*."

Who are we to argue? 'Bad' does them an injustice; 'unimaginative' is a more appropriate label. Seven years on from their outset in Wolverhampton, this eight-piece black reggae band have refined a pleasant, efficient but indistinct sound.

They open with the romantic 'What Would You Do'. Roderick Harvey settles in behind a kit tuned-up to sound like a stack of tin cans; Earl Lynch adds a wavering, treble keyboard; and the rumbling dub bass saunters in, followed by maraccas, congas and a brittle rhythm guitar. Eventually, the lanky McKen strolls out and tacks on some wiry lead guitar figures with a tone like very early R 'n' B. He is flanked by the identical Pauline Spencer and Paulette Hayden, who complete the symmetry, swaying and wailing backing vocals.

They extend a medium-paced, light-headed, percussive dub rhythm for most of the set, only occasionally checking its momentum. No-one over-asserts themselves, no-one fades out of earshot; solos are kept sparse and immediate.

Their songs are clear, animated chronicles of oppression, set either in real or imaginary situations.

'Fire' suggests the imminent destruction of an ideal, unified state; 'Innocent Man (Daddy Was No Murderer)' is a dream sequence about an unjust conviction; and the slow, deliberately bluesy 'Rumours' is a Biblical reference to perpetual signs of hostility. 'Oh Politician' restates the theme of black oppression in the UK, and their next single, the excellent 'UK Skankin'', admits JA supremacy over British-born reggae bands.

They span a wide spectrum across an insular, slightly overworked theme, that deserves to be as well illustrated musically as it is in its lyrics. Capital Letters seem content to just chug along at a safe pace, feeding each idea into their rhythm machine and churning it out as indistinguishable dance music.

A sufficient cause for applause? Not yet.

Mark Ellen

Judas Priest Marseilles

Leicester

Marseilles have the pretensions, postures and, more importantly, the pounding pulse of HM. They play with verve and enthusiasm and should soon be more than mere support; but they're not breaking new ground.

Judas Priest are a brutal block of sound split by Rob Halford's ear-shredding squeals. Each number is finished with a crunching blow of noise; individual instruments are indistinguishable and insult is added to aural injury by a horribly deafening version of 'Green Manalishi'.

Name your poison, Priest will supply it: smoke-bombs; blinding light; an incongruous flood of dry-ice; even a theatrically frothing pint of beer.

Halford himself is a walking sartorial miracle. How does he stuff himself into those extraordinary garments?

Yet the bully-boys on stage are oddly distanced from the cruel cacophony they create. It hangs in the air. It liberates the crowd from self-consciousness. It is *menacing*.

Displaced figures move around each other in carefully rehearsed patterns. But Halford lacks animal grace so his strutting is studied and stilted.

K. K. Downing over-reaches himself. Reeling high-heeled around the stage, his gyrations are abruptly ended when, limbo-dancing with his howling guitar, he teeters stage-front and topples backwards into the arms of his adoring fans. He is extricated with some difficulty by roadies.

The second encore, performed stripped to the waist (bar the odd wrist-band, belt and strap or two) is "for you to sing". Halford joins in anyway: "Together we can take on all the world." An idle boast it seems since youths mounting the stage in a vain attempt to join their heroes are firmly repulsed.

Is there life beneath those layers of leather? I doubt it. Merely a skilful killing machine maintained by moneyed musicians and oiled by oodles of special effects.

I have never seen an act so studded with male symbols and so entirely lacking in true virility.

Lynn Hanna

Kleenex

Leeds

Alright, the revolution's over. Even the Swiss should know that.

Johnny did his job, Joe paid his dues, Jimmy paid his debt and Sid paid the price — now it's time for us all to grow up and quietly encourage inept little outfits like Kleenex to do the same and call it a day.

Having assimilated the crudest forms of British punk, Kleenex are now churning out appallingly trashy simulations in the evidently *sincere* belief that they're doing something worthwhile.

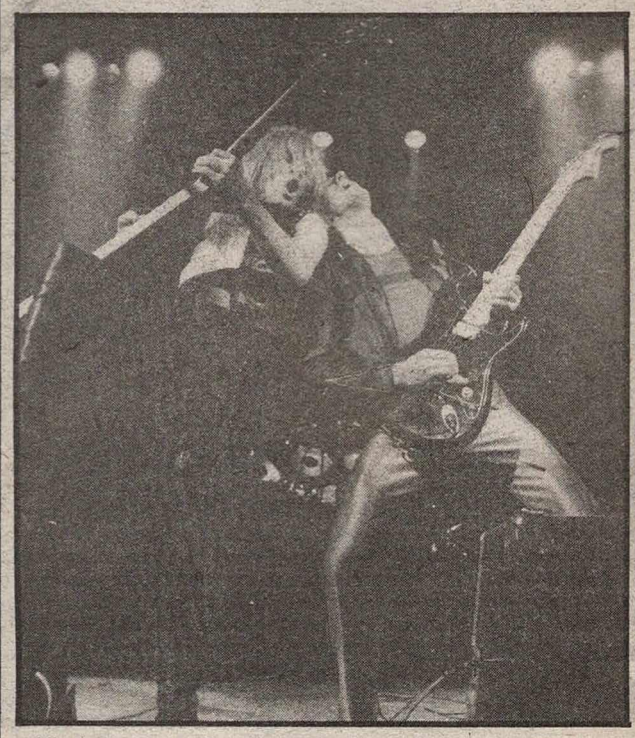
"Ein-Zwei-Drei-Fier!" screams Bulle Ogier deadringer Lislot Ha as Jaggeresque vocalist Regula Sing downs another coke as her idiosyncratic prelude to screaching another sequence of noisy nonsense, and guitarists Marlene Marder and Klaudia Schiff attempt to justify their ownership of Fenders. Safely-positioned punk rips in their tank-tops ram home the ape-factor, while their strikingly unpunk clothes and hairstyles show just how hard they've tried, and by how much they've missed.

Still, as long as there are punters dumb enough to want this kind of primitivism, there will be people dumb enough to play it. Kleenex went down well here, achieving two 'genuine' encores; but that says more about the punters' criteria than it does about the band's credibility as musicians.

And while the girls have the guts to get up and have a go — and for that reason alone, their achievement merits attention and a citation for a token blow in the name of rock sex-equality — musically, it's junk like this that puts female rock back to pre-Runaways.

Back home, they have a man-sized role, but *here?* Sanks, but as they say, no sanks.

Emma Ruth



All studs, no virility. Pic Kevin Cummins.

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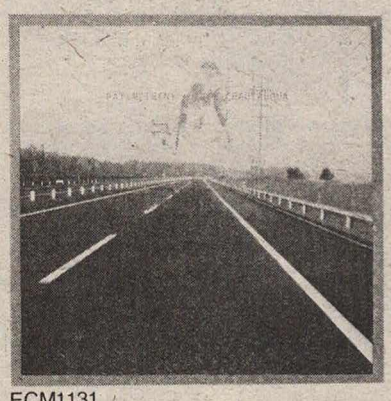

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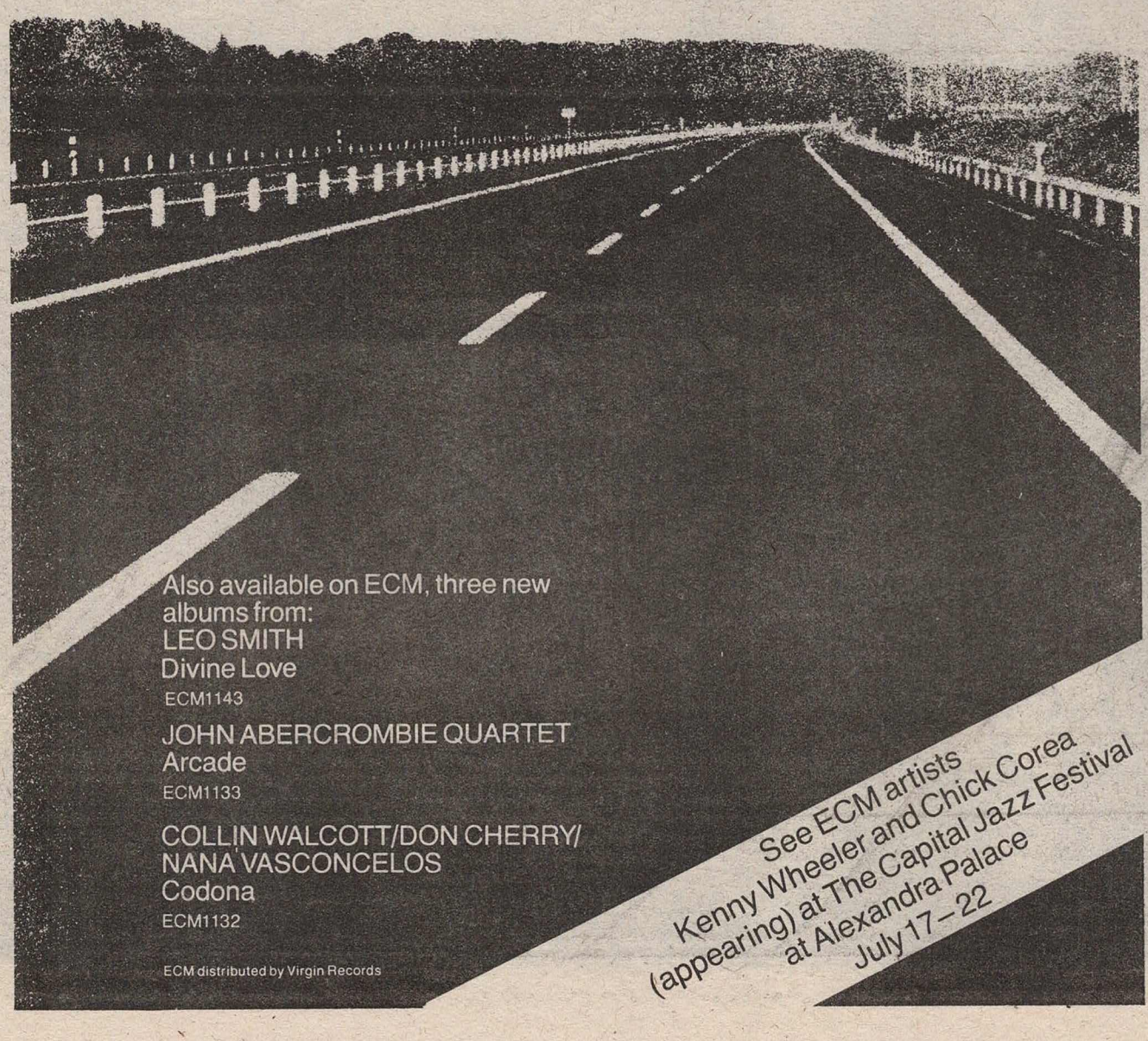

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The Sutherland Brothers New Album "When The Night Comes Down" and single "Easy Come, Easy Go"

Records

Single: CBS 7121
Album: CBS 83427
Cassette: 40-83427

Pic David Corio

Dobie's Grey Soul

Dobie Gray Interview

The Venue

Dobie Gray once sang great songs like 'Out On The Floor' and 'In Crowd'. They were great because they said things that young people could easily understand and relate to. You could dance to them, and Gray had such a *great* voice that he made singing them sound like the easiest thing in the world.

Well, he still has a great voice, but unfortunately he doesn't use it on great songs anymore. Now his repertoire comprises painfully mediocre material; and this plus an unremittingly dull and uninspired backing band, made Gray's visit here woefully inauspicious and disappointing.

What can you say about a set, the high point of which was the sickeningly maudlin 'Drift Away'? And what is there to say about a respected soul singer who presumably chose to front a group that boasts a lead guitarist who secretly aspires to jam with Status Quo?

Whatever criticism is levelled at the head of Gray (and there's room for plenty), it could not be said that the man and The Venue were unsuited; they were just perfect for each other.

Unfortunately this wasn't the case for the support act: new Virgin singing, Interview.

Interview did not do well. I can offer little encouragement for their sub-Costello blue-eyed cynicism; but I did sympathise. A room half-full of hamburger-munching, cocktail-slurping cool-ites must have been discouraging for any anxious and eager young band, and it would be unfair to draw any conclusions on the unfavourably biased evidence presented on a bad night The Venue.

But one thing is for sure: if it came down to a straight choice I know who I would check out a second time.

John Hamblett

Edwin Starr

Bailey's

Since his first trip to Britain around 1966, this likable veteran of the Detroit soul scene has been zapping back and forth across the Atlantic so often he'll soon log enough flying time to retire on a full pension from TWA.

Over the years he has taken a great delight in discovering the regional idiosyncrasies of our isle and is now adept at shuffling his well-thumbed pack of assets into the most suitable permutation for-any given venue. As a result he's still a 'name attraction' on his regular circuit, and more entertaining than those of his contemporaries who come blundering into Britain with inflexible something-for-everyone routines that satisfy no-one.

In reward for devotion to duty, Dame Fortune has kindly dealt him a couple of new aces for his pack since he toured here with Isaac Hayes last autumn. Oldie-but-goodie? *Pshaw!* Ladeez and gents, please now welcome THE NEW KING OF DISCO, MR. EYE-TO-EYE CONTACT, with his brand new smash, HAPPY RADIO!!!

But don't worry, he's as pukka as ever.

Sporting a revamped, eight-piece band of considerable clout, a natty blue denim suit and the cheery confidence of a man who knows all the right moves and still enjoys making them, he boisterously juggled his past ('Stop Her On Sight', 'Headline News', '25 Miles', 'War') with his current hits without dropping a brick. He hauled punters on stage to join in the chorus, had 'em looning round the club in a Contact-conga, and generally got as much out of his show as the paying public.

An evening with Edwin Starr is like sitting in on an old pals reunion party. That may not be your idea of a good time but it'll do me, oh, let's say once a year.

Cliff White

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EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

Hi-fi chick laid bare

WHO'S the chick on the BASF TV tape ad? Has she sung with any bands and has she made any recordings? **PETE WELSH, Bridgwater, Somerset.**

● **The chanteuse in question is none other than Janita 'Jenny' Haan, who was lead vocalist on Babe Ruth's first three albums before she split to form an ill-fated outfit known as Jenny Haan's Lion. Recently, lured by the subtle means of an EMI pay-cheque, she returned to the studios to cut a single, 'We Drove Them All Mad'/'Forgotten Dreams' (EMI 2949, released May 25), the latter title being the self-penned tonsil-tester that Jenny belts out in the cause of good frequency response. The three albums she cut with Babe Ruth were 'First Base' (Harvest SHSP 4022), 'Amar Caballero' (SHVL 812) and 'Babe Ruth' (SHSP 4038), all of which are now deleted. However, EMI did come up with a 'Best Of Babe Ruth' (Harvest, SHSM 2019) in '77 and if their grim reaper of a sales computer hasn't yet moved into action, this one may well be still available.**

Lately, Jenny, who's Hertfordshire born — though she spent a great chunk of her life in the land of Colonel Sanders and promoted peanut vendors — has moved to Yorkshire where she's working on material for a projected album.

CAN YOU supply me with any info on singer Joanne Carlin? I know she used to be on HTV's *Sweet Somerset* but I cannot find any of her albums, even though I've tried hard to locate some. Can you supply a complete album discography? **DAVE WALLACE, Carntyne, Glasgow.**

● **Joanne, who initially worked around the Midlands area, sharing club dates with the likes of Jasper Carrott and Harvey, was at one time a part of The Natural Acoustic Band. Eventually she headed for London, a secretarial job and a place in a bed-sit land where she just dropped out — "I was smoking quite a lot of dope at that time and became like just . . . nothing." After a small number of club dates, she moved to the West Country, got things together once more and began touring in a musical called *The Pilgrim*, which also featured Paul Jones, Peter Straker and Paul Nicholas.**

Following appearances in *Rage* (a show about Ruth Ellis, the last woman to be hanged), plus HTV's *Musical Thunderbox* and *Sweet Somerset*, she worked on Stackridge's 'Mr Mick' album and signed to DJM Records, cutting a couple of singles plus a Hugh Murphy-produced album titled 'Fancy That' (DJF 20508 — 1977).

Next came more *Sweet Somerset* spots and a prestigious tour with Don McLean — at which point Joanna dropped her stage name and once more became Melanie Harrold, which is what her mum named her in the first place. As Mel Harrold, she has since cut a second album, once more produced by Hugh Murphy. Originally scheduled as 'By Any Other Name', this too has suffered from the name-change outbreak and recently appeared in the shops as 'Blue Angel' (DJF 20550). Both 'Blue Angel' and 'Fancy That' can be ordered from any record dealer.

A MATE of mine reckons that a 'Led Zeppelin Live' album is available on an Italian import. However, none of the shops I've tried has even heard of it — can you help? **J. HUNT, Slough, Berks.**

● **Thing is, 'Led Zeppelin' (Joker 3721), the album you have in mind, is a kind of semi-bootleg and cannot be imported into Britain, though it seems it conforms to Italy's somewhat odd laws of copyright. This problem came to a head a couple of years ago when one importer shipped in a huge batch of Dylan releases on Joker. He convinced a number of British dealers that the albums were legal — which under Italian law they were — but later received a nasty shock when the CBS legal department moved into action.**

I've never seen a copy of the 'Led Zeppelin' album myself but *The Complete Bootleg Checklist And Discography* (Babylon Books) claims that it is a copy of the US Trade Mark Of Quality boot known as 'Stairways To Heaven' (TMOQ 73017) recorded at the LA Forum on June 25, 1972. The songs contained on the disc, which is apparently recorded in excellent stereo, are: 'Immigrant Song', 'Stairways To Heaven', 'What It Is And What Should Never Be', 'Whole Lotta Love', 'Boogie Woogie', 'Travellin' Moma', 'That's Alright Now Mama', 'Minnesota Blues', 'Little Honey Bee' and 'Lemon Song'.

Incidentally, *The Complete Bootleg Checklist* claims to have located no less than 37 different Led Zep boots, though this number pales in significance alongside the 176 credited to The Beatles!

I KNOW that at least two books have been written about the life of Janis Joplin. Unfortunately I don't know their titles or even who wrote them. Can you come to my aid? **WENDY PHIPPS, Aylesbury, Bucks**

INFO please about Janis Joplin and the bands she worked with — Big Brother And The Holding Company, Kozmic Blues and The Full Tilt Boogie Band. Which of her albums are still available? **ORTON, Ferryhill Station, Co Durham**

● **Perhaps the best Joplin biog is *Buried Alive* by Myra Freidman, who worked for Albert Grossman (Janis's manager) from 1968 until the time of Janis's death in October, 1970. Originally published here by Star Books, the tome is now available in the U.S. Morrow version, available from Compendium, 234 Camden High Street, London N.W.1 (01-267-1525). Other Joplin books have included the somewhat sordid *Going Down With Janis*, penned by Peggy Caserta, and the well-illustrated *Janis* by David Dalton, but both of these are currently out-of-print.**

Big Brother were one of the early San Francisco outfits. Comprising Sam Andrew (guitar), James Gurley (guitar), Pete Albin (bass) and David Getz (drums), they — through S.F. musical community mainwheel Chet Powers — signed Janis as lead vocalist just at a time it seemed likely she would become a member of The 13th Floor Elevators. Following the success of Big Brother's 'Cheap Thrills' album in 1968, Janis became a solo act and began working with various ever-changing back-up squads, the last of which was The Full Tilt Boogie Band — John Till (guitar), Ken Pearson (organ), Richard Bell (piano), Brad Campbell (bass) and Clark Pierson (drums).

All of the albums Janis cut under her own name are still available here — these being 'I Got Dem Ol' Kozmic Blues' (CBS 63546), 'In Concert' (CBS 67241), 'Janis — Original Soundtrack.' (CBS 88115), 'Pearl' (CBS 64188) and 'Greatest Hits' (CBS 65470), a compilation which includes material cut with Big Brother, Kozmic Blues Band and The Full Tilt Boogie Band. Of the earlier Big Brother releases, 'Cheap Thrills' (CBS 63392) is still available, though 'Big Brother And The Holding Company' (London SH 8377) has been long since deleted.

IS THERE a 10cc fan club or appreciation society? If so, could you provide details? JAN AND FRAN, Chichester, W. Sussex.

● **Since they revoked my Saturday morning cinema club membership card — which entitled me to a free visit on my birthday — I haven't really been turned on by various clubs and organisations. Nevertheless, as Lol and Graham have promised me a signed photograph of Jonathan King if I co-operate, I will reveal to one and all that 10 CC do indeed possess a fan club. The gent to contact is Alan Dawes, whose address is P.O. Box 50, London E18 1AX. I'm informed that the club is really well organised and supplies biogs, discographies, membership cards, newsletters, photographs, stickers — in fact, just about enough litter to ruin the whole British ecology.**

Send A.D. an S.A.E. and full details will be on your doorstep before you can say "andromonoesious". And if you have any problems with the latter then contact Ian Penman, not yours truly.

JENNY HAAN: BASF test case . . . *Pic GUS STEWART*

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DIRE STRAITS

■ *From page 33*

being some kinda clever technical deal."

Withers nods: "Naturally, things were a little strained the first day we went in the studio, but after that it was unbelievably easy."

Dylan had the structures all worked out beforehand, and pianist Barry Beckett charted individual parts for Knopfler, Withers and bassist Tim Drummond in double-quick fashion. To further expedite matters, Withers reveals, the Zim relies heavily on succinct studio jargon.

"The rhythm's either in the pocket or it's not. Each individual has a part, and a song might only call for parts one and three. Or, as happened on one song, nobody had a part. Dylan sang while only Barry Beckett played."

"The songs," remarks Knopfler, "are so strong to begin with that they almost automatically dictate the parts. However, there's no set method. Making records with Bob Dylan is just another method."

During one session Dylan confided in Withers that he was considering making home records — in much the same way as plain folk made home movies.

"It's more professional," was his theory.

On another occasion, Dylan gifted Knopfler with a few unrecorded compositions just in case he was short of a song or two.

According to Knopfler, it took under a fortnight to record the Dylan album and just about three weeks for Dire Straits to complete 'Communique.'

"I could never get a nine months pregnancy about making any record," he says. "The guts get drained out of it. You get to the point where you think to yourself, it's only a bleedin' record anyway . . . and maybe you're gonna make another one some day . . . it's really not *that* important."

Of his role as composer he says his writing often tends to be scrappy and fragmented. Prolific, he is not.

As a result, he hasn't stockpiled a backlogue of original material. Basically, he writes to order.

"I don't think music sits very well for any length of time. And that's what I don't like about our records ... some of the songs on our first album were really old, and by the time the record is in the shop you're bored with it. It's as if you're forever moving backwards. Then, you get stuck into the work routine of actually touring around the world playing that same old stuff.

"Writing, recording your own stuff, and then going out and playing it before an audience means something, but at the same time it's really just a little bit of nonsense that's going on right now.

"I personally don't visualise myself going around doing all this for more more than two or three years. There are much more important things in life. You see, the thing that often bothers me about this whole thing is that values get so distorted.

"When you're directly involved you don't want what you are or what you're doing to be effected . . . you don't want the basic newness to go. So you have to concentrate on what you are and not what other people make you out to be."

To a man, Dire Straits admit that just about everyone they've encountered has some preconception about the band and, their apparent lack of any tangible image only aggravates the situation.

Says Bicknall: "People used to say to me, what are you gonna do with *them* when they appear on *Top Of The Pops* . . . what are you gonna do about their image. Well, Mark isn't Freddie Mercury. He doesn't want to wear tights even though he looks very good in them. But this stupid attitude still prevails that if you're on television, if you're on *Top Of The Pops* then you *must* wear a bright red shirt with little bits of glitter stuck on it. As far as I can gather, I don't think Dire Straits fans give a toss about what they look like."

Mark Knopfler admits he can dig the thinking behind the images that many bands project and in some instances gets off on it.

"I might get blown away by a Sex Pistols' single or a great rock 'n' roll record like The Dictators' 'Baby, Let's Twist', but I wouldn't ever dream of trying to force a whole bunch of images on either myself or the rest of the band so that we could fit comfortably into some kinda image slot.

"Far too many people relate to fashion and style as being much more important than the actual music is alleges to represent."

Returning to the topic of preconceptions, Mark Knopfler continues.

"I'm sure that in the beginning a lot of record companies didn't think we were worth signing. They had preconceptions about what we were . . . If you're fortunate, the more they learn about you, the more chances there are that they'll adjust their sights.

"Personally, I've never been bothered about what label people wanna pin on us. We're just a four piece rock 'n' roll band. The one thing our American tour taught me was just how complacent and how utterly boring that whole scene is."

● *All lyrics, copyright Straightjacket Songs/Rondor Music.*

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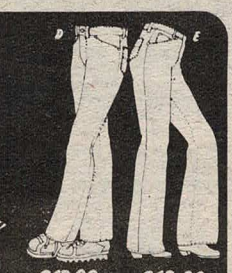
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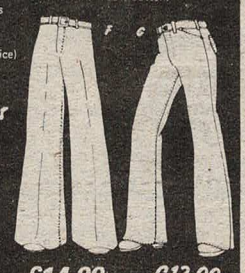
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NICK "SLOW Death, Man"(!) Kent fans, please contact me if you are into Nick's brilliant journalism and lifestyle. — Nigel Lockwood, 14 Cobnar Road, Sheffield S8 8QB. "Chinese Shadows" for Number One!!!

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Do you know that the earth is travelling round the sun at a speed of 780 miles a *minute?*. The sun is travelling round the milky way at a speed of 780,000,000,000 miles a *second*. The universe is expanding at the rate of 850 billion cubic kilometres every millionth of a second and I get booked for doing 73 m.p.h. on the A93 on me bike. Are you listening, God?
DIB DOB, Edinburgh.
Sorry? — GOD.

Can I be the first to say that Elvis Costello is nice.
LIZ, Resident of Eric's, Liverpool.
You certainly can — CSM.

I'm sick of bogus people writing to your mag and using my name.
ELVIS COSTELLO, Liverpool.

I bet this bag is full of irate Bowiephiles whining about MacKinnon's largely uninformative and irrelevant 'Lodger' review. The package, indeed. I'm sick of people whining about *NME* being middleclass / trendy / clever / socialist etc. When did you ever bother saying you were middle or any other class? You could be titled Etonians or bogcleaners for all I care. Anybody emitting said whining noise is surely implying the v. loathsome and hyper-middleclass opinion that only middleclass types could be intelligent or witless enough to be in journalism, or whatever it is you profess to be in. Me, I'd like to be in a milk bath with Julie Burchill. *(And Tony as well? — CSM).*
I'm sick of people whining whenever *NME* includes anything other than music. If music's part of our ('sub') culture, and music journalism's about reflecting that culture, and on that culture — shades of Penman — then it's smart to cover related items, i.e. anything any section of young people are going to enjoy. This from someone who doesn't much care about football. C'mon, Julie, stir that milk.
I'm sick of people whining. Especially these heavy metal persons. What kind of shampoo does Ted Nugent use? Head and Arsoles? Does he have specially manufactured reinforced concrete combs? If I was clever enough I'd just write a smartass oneliner. How can these people take themselves seriously? Who was the patronising, or maybe just sentimental, artist person who got confused by a Parsons review of his single and wrote in saying, "Don't change?" What's he want you to do? Stagnate?
I'll stop whining now.
VINCE DILDO, Poxford.

I really don't know, Angus. Bowie is certainly a better dancer than I am . . . but wait a minute! I'm probably a better angler than he is. Mmm — see what you mean. Sorry Angus.
DAVE GRANDY, Nottingham.
Aren't we twigging something here? — ROMAN POLANSKI.

Captain's log: Star date 13.5.79. Beamed down for a shit.
CAPTAIN KIRK
But . . . — CSM.

I'll go along with that.
E. LUSIVE, North of Watford.
Gd! — CSM.

I have been buying your paper for over three years and I haven't seen a single word written about the Talbot Bros, Terry and John. I realise it is unfashionable to print articles on genuine sincere musicians but I'd have thought you could at least spare a paragraph just to let their fans know if they are still recording. So *NME*, if you hear of any recent recordings made by John or Terry, I would be most grateful if you could print it in your paper.
A. Parkinson, Wigan, Lancs.
. . . but you can't win 'em all. — CSM

On reading last week's *NME* and finding that Zeppelin were at last playing a concert in Britain, my reaction was, I suppose similar to most people — one of delight. I immediately wrote a cheque for £7.50 and sent for a ticket without thinking twice. But then I started to think. After four years of nothing, Zeppelin decide to play one prestigious concert near London where they will receive all the acclaim and publicity they need to get back in the public eye with the minimum of work.
Remembering that the last concerts in Britain were also in London — huge hall, minimum of nights needed, total of five concerts — I would like to ask the members of the band a few questions. Do you realise for someone staying up in Scotland how much it costs to see you live — once you've added up the ticket price, bus fares, meals, etc.? It comes to around £25, which is a lot of money for three hours' music.
Alright, I'll be at Knebworth, just as I was at Earls Court. I still think you are the best rock band and definitely worth making an effort to see. But couldn't you make an effort to reply to this letter. If not, just give me a wave at Knebworth — I'll be one of the thousands who have paid over £20 to stand in a field, probably half a mile from the stage, more than likely being soaked by the soft English rain, just for the privilege of seeing Led Zeppelin's one concert of 1979. Sometimes I wonder if I'm altogether sane!
Dave Shard, Scotland.
Perfectly — JIMMY PAGE.

So, it's 'Zep Ticket Mania' huh? How absolutely amazing that after four years, and these particular four years, we are subjected to an exact replica of the sort of hype and bullshit we got over the Earl's Court debacle. Even more amazing (and sad), is that they'll get away with it 'cos we're just so dumb. 'The most incredible ticket demand in my experience,' I hear. Oh yeah. S'funny, 'cos I seem to remember a similar statement about Earl's Court. Only it was crap, pure and utter crap. I happened to have a spare ticket which I simply couldn't sell, until in desperation I managed to get 50p for it. And there's more . . . no doubt the more easily conned (or bought) papers, no names, squire, no names, will bring out all the old 'Incredible Story of the World's most @£&)' rock band, special EXCLUSIVE FREE 55-page pull out (cont p. etc). Grovel grovel lick lick.
Well, sod 'em. I don't wanna read about them, and I don't wanna see them. How dare a band think that it's okay to just waltz in after four years, play one measly show at which only a few thousand people will be able to see properly, and then piss off with the takings to America for another few years. Remember the word 'touring', lads? Evidently not. And as for us, well, if the 'New Wave' t'ing has shown us anything, surely it has shown us that we are mindless fools to fall for this sort of thing.
I mean: surely you can all see the almighty humour, IF NO-ONE WENT!!!! It'd be better even than putting Led Zeppelin, Peter Grant *et al* on double secret probation! Better even than refusing to go see them if they played in me own garage. Ha ha ha. So to all you 'Fans' of this, this, this, umm, um "SUPERGROUP", I say (cont).
Stuart Martin, Southampton.
PS. Double secret probation!!!
And now, the moment in our show when A&M recording artists write to the Bag! — CSM

What else could this woman have but Dickie envy? (in reference to the Dickie Leeds Polytechnic review): So the sun never sets on our Anglo Punk Empire, huh? This review was the biggest load of elitist, fascist dogma I have ever laid eyes on. So Lenny's "patronising the poor ignorant punters of Sticksville," eh? 'Sticksville' (Leeds), happens to be a large, bustling city, population 748,000. That surely must comprise a sizeable portion of your readership. So who's patronising whom, Frau Emma? A bad review I can live with. You're entitled to your own "educated guess". But don't subject my audience to your pseudo-intellectual snubbery.
So you don't approve of the execution of our ridiculous manifesto or "raison d'etre"? "Rainson d'etre" indeed. How gauche. Are all your readers bi-lingual? For someone so concerned with the preservation of English punk rock heritage one would expect to find a review written in that same language. So you think I've "Mocked the memory" of traditional British punk? Ask youself this. Is it the memory of the "teeny punks" who came to Leeds (they were very much alive), or the memory of something YOU believe to be dead? After all, I really don't care if you criticise me, that's what you're paid for, but don't beat your fucking dead horse with my fans.
Leonard Graves Phillips, The Dickies.
Which fans were those, Lenny? This next geezer, for example? — CSM

We went to St. George's Hall, Bradford, expecting to see an average concert after paying £2 for a ticket the size of a stamp. It was Friday, 18th May, 7.30 p.m. We entered the door and were given a free badge. It had a picture of a monkey and the words "The Dickies Banana Split". We thought we were on to something, not paying 30p for a badge. We *were* disappointed. No support turned up and despite this there were no apologies from the American Punk Stars (long live The Jam!). The stage show was the worst I have seen, but I suppose if Mickey Mouse masks, surgical masks, squeaky carrots and unstable organs appeal to you it could have been good. After 45 minutes they pissed off backstage as if they thought they'd earned their £2. Soon came the chants of "Rip Off" and "We want our money back", which I might add I found more inspiring than the concert itself. At least you could hear the words. If this lousy show is all the Dicks, I mean Dickies, can produce they can stay in Disneyland shoving their Banana Splits up their arses.
DISGUSTED DICKIES FAN, Bradford.

I have noticed a highly disturbing tendency lately, namely that the group of people we doctors call "Heavy Metal Casualties" have actually evolved enough to write letters, and yes, even, ah "get-it-together" to post them to your august periodical. These life-forms are emotionally immature and worship a strange species of North American dinosaur, known as Rushosaurus and T. Nugent, who are not yet extinct despite their small brain capacity. Their followers are highly anti-social, bellowing their war-cry "Wah" and measuring their group status by the size of their, ah genitalia. My professional advice to these people (bill sent later) is to "toss off back to *Snouds*" and leave us decent people in peace and quiet to listen to our own musical favourites. I quite like this Dury chappie, a real, ah "meanmutha", eh?
DOCTOR BLOODMONEY (or how I got along after Thatcher — not easy).
Well, it's one way to make a Dick of yourself — imposter! — CSM

In relation to all the letters printed in The Bag on 26th May, I've just heard on good authority that Ted Nugent is a working class Tory who scored the winning goal for Gillingham in the 1924 F.A. Cup Final.
ALAN
Did Gillingham have a winning goal in the 1924 F.A. Cup Final? — CSM
Dunno, do I? I'm still sober. — MONTY

CSM, the Muhamed Ali of the rock 'n' roll typewriter once again made *NME* worth buying. His piece on the New Barbarians was great journalism, if only for the fact that it stirred me out of my comatose state to actually put pen to paper.
First of all, I neither know nor care what the current scumview is from 'all the rock and roll sleazepits in all the rock and roll cities' but I do know that Ron Wood is a likeable but basically mediocre strummer while Keith Richards is, well!! You know already. Mr. Rock 'n' Roll walks into the room elegantly wasted blah blah blah. You may sneer at all *this* but somehow I just can't see Mick Jones lasting the pace never mind writing or at least half a dozen *essential* rock anthems.
Which made CSM's observations on the man all the more depressing, His description of Richards' hotel room flake out, while the vultures scavenged away at his possessions was the saddest and most harrowing thing I've read in ages. (Incidentally, Charlie, what were *you* doing while all this was taking place? Jotting it down in the interests of journalism? Trying to revive Keith?
Or joining in with the rest of the scavengers?
Anyway, it shook me up. It made me see Richards not as a rock 'n' roll godhead as I've previously always viewed him, but as a rather pathetic person, stumbling through middle age, putting his body through the same old shit that he was probably doing 20 years ago, only now it's not hip anymore. It's just not cute to see a guy approaching 40 desperately clawing on to the last remnants of his youth.
Did you really have to write about all that, Charlie? Didn't you realise that Keith's resentment of new wave stems from his fear of it, not any likes or dislikes of the music as such? I don't want to think about Keith Richards getting old, I don't want to read about it and I certainly wouldn't want to witness it. Time just *isn't* on his side.
Tony Ratcliffe, London NW4.
Nor anybody else's, Tone. While Keith was flaked I left him to it, but, no, I didn't rifle his stash (got *some* pride, me). I reckon you're absolutely dead-on right about KR's attitude towards New Wave, though. — CSM.

FRONTLASH!

Incorporating the **ZEPPELIN BAGLASH** and other items not numerous enough to mention

What makes it really hard to bear is, it's been edited by CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY, c/o THE BAG, NME, Hip Buildings, 5-7 Carnaby St., (snigger), London, W1.

T-ZERS

The snapper snapped. Lene Lovich turns her Kodak Brownie on photographer Martin Cleaver — so non-plussed that he momentarily lost his focus — on the Amsterdam set of the Cha Cha! movie (starring Nina Hagen). This film is, of course, the sequel to the phenomenally successful Cha!, the rags to riches story of a singing Bolivian gorilla who rose from the steamy jungles to the Grammy Awards in six short months last year before falling prey to the excesses of showbiz life (smoking bananas etc). It won no Oscars.

Dear Friend, this is a chain letter. Please read this column in its entirety and, having done so, mail it off together with your complete record collection to five leading concert promoters. **Mr Bannister** of Cheshunt did just that five years ago and today he finds himself in receipt of many thousands of pounds plus the inner security that only being a **Led Zeppelin** promoter can bring one. We do not suggest that the two events are connected but is that a risk you can afford to take? A **Mr Goldsmith** of Newbury ignored a letter such as this and, over the next 60 years, all of his teeth fell out! Together with the above instructions we also would advise you read the following and hang on its every word . . .

(It's OK Neil, I think we've got 'em for another week.)

The snow lay six feet deep in Moscow but thanks to his traditional footwear **Elton John** strode high above it. As the Iron Curtain withers in the face of Elt's banner waving sets and the string of dates currently being played by **The Pope Group** in Poland *(There seems to be some confusion here — Ed),* we sit stunned at Mr Dwight's revelations of life on the Russki road. "We all thought we'd be locked in our rooms every night," our rugged rug-head began, "but it was just the opposite. We went everywhere, got drunk every night and listened to **Sex Pistols** records . ." Apparently the Reds are very interested in shipping across the likes of **Clapton, McCartney, Diamond** and **Floyd.** Altogether now — THEY'RE YOURS! THEY'RE YOURS! . . .

Along more savoury lines we bring you romance. Hand in hand, trissing to the Ladies' Comfort Station and back again we observe **Siouxsie Sioux** and companion **Wayne County,** who enjoyed each other's company at the *Zig-Zag* Tenth Anniversary Party at London's The Venue. Some confusion surrounds woman Wayne's choice of new name. Latest betting: 6/4 Sharon, 3/1 Jayne, 100/30 Derby . . .

And while that pair are making up, nostalgia for a giant breaking up. Officially we may now hold a minute's silence for **Little Feat,** who for many of us once stood alone in the face of the early '70s. Mumbling about "taking Feat as far as it could go", band member and sometime decoy for the whaling fleet **Lowell George** seems unhappy, but resigned, to the parting. The real last Little Feat album is still undergoing a few touch up's and possible titles include 'Down On The Farm' and 'Duck Lips' . . .

Ned Nugent on his upcoming LP: "There's shit on this record **Mozart** wishes he could have thought of . . ." Fact: The new Ned Nugent album features a **George Harrison** song! . . .

Consider this: In San Francisco, **Starship** play in the park, girls in long flowered dresses dance with their arms waving over their heads, dogs scamper wearing colourful bandanas, guys nod cross-legged on the floor, there are eight to ten thousand present. The date was 12th May 1979 and the new style JS go through the turns, while in the crowd ex-Jeffs **Jorma Kaukonen, Jack Casady, Marty Balin** and **Grace Slick** look on. **Craig Chaquico** — one of the 'new, rocking' Stars — struts thus: "I don't have to play all that limp dick stuff that might sell millions of albums but it sure don't go over live". Hmmm. Seems like a nice boy . . .

So why was everyone so excited over rock existing in Russia? We hear that rock exists in the USA! Let it be known that despite corporate pressure, anti-punk hogwash and Rolling Stone(s), **The Clash's** second album has notched up 200,000 sales over *there.* Now CBS plan to re-issue the first LP complete with all the missing single noises ...

Punk rocker **Elvis Costello** turned down a chance to gig with the **New Barbarians** (same as the Old Barbarians etc). This further blow to Stateside Showbiz morale resulted from Elv feeling that he deserved a rest ...

Joining Declan in the rest home will be **Phil Lynott** who caused the cancellation of the last three dates of **Thin Lizzy's** Euro Tour. In Amsterdam our Guinness-like hero contracted food poisoning and very badly, too. Last seen, he and band chum **Scott Gorham** were aboard a silver bird to Nassau where Lynott's solo album is under the hammer. Oh, the pace of it all. Oh, my aching feet. Oh, my tummy hurts. Oh *(Shut Up — Ed)* ...

Boulevard magazine has dropped dead, ducky ...

Still alive, but smelling funny, is **Frank Zappa** who appears hell bent to inflict his sense of humour — turned sideways it disappears — onto his offspring. Already the Mother has children called **Moon Unit, Dweezil** and **Ahmet Rodan** and a fourth is on the way. If it's a boy then **Burt Reynolds** will be the name; if it's a girl he'll settle for **Clint Eastwood** ...

Cheap Trick, who turned down the offer of **The Ramones** parts in the *Rock 'n' Roll High School* movie, have accepted a celluloid venture called *Over The Edge* to which they'll contribute the score. And Columbia have plans for Trick to star in a projected movie name of *Big Broadcast Of 1990* which itself was written by **Richard Whitley** and **Russ Dvonch** of RNRHS penmanship. (Dvonch? Does **Frank Zappa** know this man?)...

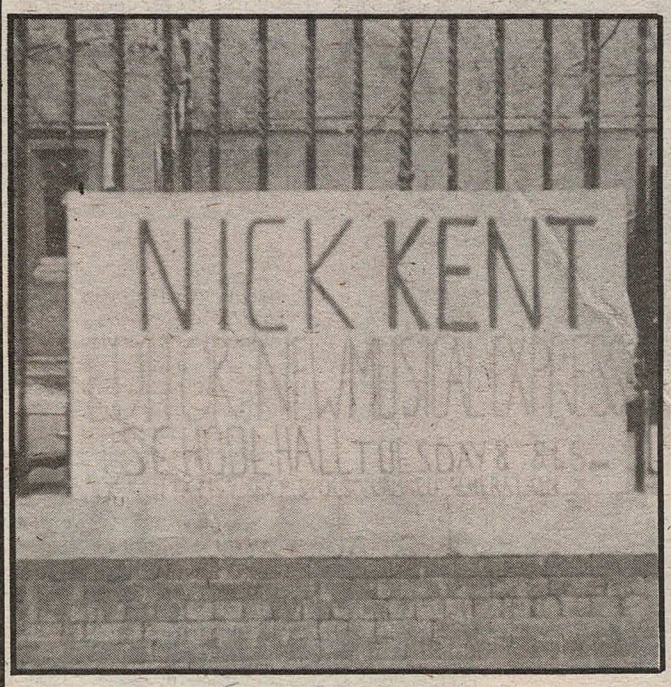
During a **Jerry Lee Lewis** gig in Louisville, the ancient Cod was due to introduce onstage Lieutenant Governor **Thelma Stovall** who is running as candidate for governor. The crowd started booing, for reasons best known to locals, and JLL tried to calm them with: "You can boo if you want to, but he seems like a nice fella to me." When it was tactfully pointed out that the in-the-wings guest was in fact a female, the boos turned to laughter. Lewis bowed his head. "Oh scuze me ... it's a woman." Then, in an attempt to recover face, "But ain't nothing wrong with that!" **Hugh Cornwell** writes: In this week's *NME* you can find **Raincoats, B52's, Mother's Finest, Rickie Lee Jones, Fatal Microbes** and **Patti Smith!** Not a bollock between them — what kind of Man's magazine are you running there, **McNeill?** ...

Never mind the bollocks here's the balls up. Contrary to reports elsewhere the final score at Loch Lomond was **Stranglers** 12,498, **Boomtown Rats** 14,600 ...

Blondie producer **Mike Chapman** had his ears removed three years ag-er ... sorry, that reads, had his ears insured three years ago for 10 million US dollars ...

Staying in the manor of big bucks, pray list while we unfold a tale. Last Friday the **William Hickey** column of the *Daily Express* rang and made an appointment with *NME's* own **Danny Baker.** On arrival at Dan's luxury flat in Peckham, the *Express* chap made himself at home and, after much bush beating, informed our man that the gossip column had learned that Baker and one **Elton John,** of the Ukraine, had been sharing a colourful courtship dance for some two summers. Moreover, it was suggested by the Hickey scribe that Disco Dan had lived with Reg for some time and Elt had got him the job on *NME.* The point of the exercise being that the *Express* would pay an undisclosed, but considerable, sum for a 'My Life With Elton' type splash. Baring all his tattoos, and rising to his full 6'7", Daniel shattered the Fleet St scoop. "I think someone's been winding you up, pal," Baker answered in his deepest tones, "Liking Disco and keeping cats don't make you a bad person. I can't help you in the old brown hatter stakes — wish I could for that money ..."

Immediately realising his blunder, the Hickey scribbler rang his office and disappointed all. Coming soon in *NME!* **'Muddy** and Me' by **CSM, 'Chas, Dave** and **Monty',** 'Moments with **Dillinger'** by **Penny Reel,** 'The Real **Elvis'** by **Nick Kent** and 'The Truth About **Ian Penman'** by Ian Penman! ...



And so Nick Kent adds another string to his bow. The "ex-guitarist Sex Pistols, Damned and Generation X" (huh?), also "Editor, New Musical Express" (huh huh), now lays claim to another title — Lecturer, Eton School (retd. hurt). Yes, friends, this is no ordinary school railings we see above — these are the hallowed grounds of yer aetual Eton itself, pictured by reader Day Tripper of Surrey.

In the event, the world famous Visiting Professor Emeritus Nicholas Kent never got to deliver his treatise — entitled "The Sex Pistols, Damned and Generation X — their part in my downfall". When the big night came, the professor was understood to be either asleep or else perhaps doing his laundry.

When quizzed by ***T-Zers*** *he expressed his sincere apologies for failing to show up, adding that "basically I forgot, and anyway I had no intention of shacking up at Eton for the night — I mean they wouldn't ask Elton John to crash in the bloody library would they?"*

Elton who?

Nick Kent is 14. And Neil Spencer wants his job back.

And yet another great NME exclusive — captured in action, it's the legendary Ian Fant, four-year-old lead singer with Hitchin band Boingies Go Beat. Is this what Professor Kent's been looking so hush-hush about, as he rushes off every evening to rehearse with the "new Sex Pistols"? Watch this space.

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BETTER BADGES

TOP TEN

This week		Last week
1	Rock Against Thatcher	(1)
2	Clash Police	(2)
3	Jam (Mod cons)	(7)
4	Jam (Tube Station)	(6)
5	S.L.F.	(5)
6	Jam (Red)	(3)
7	Undertones	(4)
8	Kleenex	(–)
9	Siouxsie	(–)
10	Gang Of Four	(–)

Competition winners
1st — £5. Harder! harder! and now the width! Mr Great Person of Gwent.
2nd — £3. You are 'ed injury of the Surrey Vomit and I claim my blow on the head. Noel Jones of Kingston.
3rd — £2. Hang on a minute fellas my shoelace is undone!

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